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THE
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EIGHT VOLUMES.

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Middle Temple, Esq.
Author of the
History of the
Theatre of the
City of London.

U. O. N. O. N.
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MDCCLXXI.
Price 1s. 6d.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
JANE SHORE.

Written in Imitation of
SHAKESPEAR'S STYLE.

By N. ROWE, Esq;

——— *Conjux ubi pristinus illi
Respondet Curis.*

VIRG.

THE NINTH EDITION.

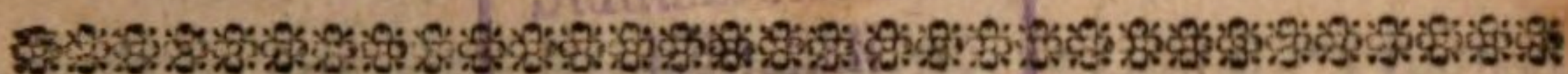


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TO HIS
GRACE the DUKE
OF
QUEENSBERRY and DOVER,
Marquis of BEVERLEY, &c.

MY LORD,

❖❖❖❖ Have long lain under the greatest Obliga-
❖ I ❖ tion to Your Grace's Family, and nothing
❖ ❖ has been more in my Wishes, than that
❖❖❖❖ I might be able to discharge some Part, at
least, of so large a Debt. But your Noble Birth and
Fortune, the Power, Number, and Goodness of
those Friends you have already, have placed You in
such an Independency on the rest of the World,
that the Services I am able to render to Your Grace
can never be advantageous, I am sure not necessary,
to You, in any Part of Your Life. However, the
next Piece of Gratitude, and the only one I am
capable of, is the Acknowledgment of what I owe:
And as this is the most public, and indeed the only
Way I have of doing it, Your Grace will pardon
me if I take this Opportunity to let the World
know, the Duty and Honour I had for Your Illus-
trious Father. It is, I must confess, a very tender
Point to touch upon; and, at the first Sight, may
seem an ill-chosen Compliment, to renew the Me-
mory of such a Loss, especially to a Disposition so
sweet and gentle, and to a Heart so sensible of filial
Piety, as Your Grace's has been, even from Your

earliest Childhood. But perhaps this is one of those Grievs by which the Heart may be made better ; and if the Remembrance of his Death bring Heaviness along with it, the Honour that is paid to his Memory by all good Men, shall wipe away those Tears, and the Example of his Life, set before Your Eyes, shall be of the greatest Advantage to Your Grace in the Conduct and future Disposition of Your Own.

In a Character so amiable as that of the Duke of QUEENSBERRY was, there can be no Part so proper to begin with, as that which was in him, and is in all good Men, the Foundation of all other Virtues, either Religious or Civil, I mean Good-nature : Good-nature, which is Friendship between Man and Man, Good-breeding in Courts, Charity in Religion, and the true Spring of all Beneficence in general. This was a Quality he possessed in as great a Measure as any Gentleman I ever had the Honour to know. It was this natural Sweetness of Temper, which made him the best Man in the World to live with, in any Kind of Relation. It was this made him a good Master to his Servants, a good Friend to his Friends, and the tenderest Father to his Children. For the last, I can have no better Voucher than Your Grace ; and for the rest, I may appeal to all that have had the Honour to know him. There was a Spirit and Pleasure in his Conversation, which always enlivened the Company he was in ; which, together with a certain Easiness and Frankness in his Disposition, that did not at all derogate from the Dignity of his Birth and Character, rendered him infinitely agreeable. And as no Man had a more delicate Taste of natural Wit, his Conversation always abounded in Good-humour.

For those Parts of his Character which related to the Public, as he was a Nobleman of the first Rank, and a Minister of State, they will be best known by the great Employments he passed through ; all which
he

D E D I C A T I O N.

v

he discharged worthily as to himself, justly to the Princes who employed him, and advantageously for his Country. There is no Occasion to enumerate his several Employments, as Secretary of State, for *Scotland* in particular, for *Britain* in general, or Lord High Commissioner of *Scotland*; which last Office he bore more than once; but at no Time more honourably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the present Age, and for Posterity, than when he laid the Foundation for the *British* Union. The Constancy and Address which he manifested on that Occasion, are still fresh in every body's Memory; and perhaps when our Children shall reap those Benefits from that Work, which some People do not foresee and hope for now, they may remember the Duke of QUEENSBERRY with that Gratitude, which such a Piece of Service done to his Country deserves.

He shewed, upon all Occasions, a strict and immediate Attachment to the Crown, in the legal Service of which, no Man could exert himself more dutifully nor more strenuously: And, at the same Time, no Man gave more bold and more generous Evidences of the Love he bore to his Country. Of the latter, there can be no better Proof, than the Share he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful Respect, and unshaken Fidelity, which he preserved for her present Majesty, even to his last Moments.

With so many good and great Qualities, it is not at all strange that he possessed so large a Share, as he was known to have, in the Esteem of the Queen, and her immediate Predecessor; nor that those great Princes should repose the highest Confidence in him: And at the same Time, what a Pattern has he left behind him for the Nobility in general, and for Your Grace in particular, to copy after!

Your Grace will forgive me, if my Zeal for Your Welfare and Honour (which no body has more at

Heart than myself) shall press You with some more than ordinary Warmth to the Imitation of Your Noble Father's Virtues. You have, my Lord, many great Advantages, which may encourage You to go on in Pursuit of this Reputation : It has pleased God to give You naturally that Sweetness of Temper, which, as I have before hinted, is the Foundation of all good Inclinations. You have the Honour to be born, not only of the greatest, but of the best Parents; of a Gentleman generally beloved, and generally lamented ; and of a Lady adorned with all Virtues that enter into the Character of a good Wife, an admirable Friend, and a most indulgent Mother. The natural Advantages of Your Mind, have been cultivated by the most proper Arts and Manners of Education. You have the Care of many Noble Friends, and especially of an excellent Uncle, to watch over You in the Tenderness of Your Youth. You set out amongst the first of Mankind, and I doubt not but Your Virtues will be equal to the Dignity of Your Rank.

That I may live to see Your Grace eminent for the Love of Your Country, for Your Service and Duty to Your Prince ; and, in convenient Time, adorned with all the Honours that have ever been conferred upon Your Noble Family : That You may be distinguished to Posterity, as the bravest, greatest, and best Man of the Age You live in, is the hearty Wish, and Prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most Obedient, and

most Faithful, Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

*T*O Night, if you have brought your good old Taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English Feast:
A Tale, which, told long since in homely wise,
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle Eyes.
Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,
Because recording Ballads chaunt her Name;
Those venerable ancient Song-Enditers
Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers:
They caterwaul'd in no Romantick Ditty,
Sighing for Phillis's, or Chloe's Pity.
Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christian Name—'twas Jane.
Our Numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gain'd in Verse, we've lost in Prose.
Their Words no Shuffling, Double-Meaning knew,
Their Speech was homely, but their Hearts were true.
In such an Age, Immortal Shakespear wrote,
By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught;
With rough majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength and Nature made Amends for Art.
Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;
And in these Scenes has made it more his Care
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.
Yet for those gentle Beaux who love the Chime,
The Ends of Acts still gingle into Rhime.
The Ladies, too, he hopes will not complain,
Here are some Subjects for a softer Strain,
A Nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd Swain.
What most he fears, is, lest the Dames should frown,
The Dams of Wit and Pleasure about Town,
To see our Picture drawn unlike their own.
But lest that Error should provoke to Fury
The hospitable Hundreds of Old Drury,
He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's Defence,
She dole'd about the charitable Pence,
Built Hospitals, turn'd Saint, and dy'd long since.

*For her Example, whatsoe'er we make it,
 They have their Choice to let alone or take it,
 Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,
 To weep so sorely, for a Sin so sweet :
 Or mourn and mortify the pleasant Sense,
 To rise in Tragedy two Ages hence.*



Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1765.

Duke of Gloster,
 Lord Hastings,
 Catesby,
 Sir Richard Ratcliffe,
 Bellmour,
 Dumont,

Mr. Love.
 Mr. Holland.
 Mr. Parsons.
 Mr. Ackman.
 Mr. Packer.
 Mr. Havard.

Alicia,
 Jane Shore.

Mrs. Cibber.
 Mrs. Yates.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

Duke of Gloster,
 Lord Hastings,
 Catesby,
 Sir Richard Ratcliffe,
 Bellmour,
 Dumont,

Mr. Clarke.
 Mr. Smith.
 Mr. Anderson.
 Mr. Davis.
 Mr. Gibson.
 Mr. Ross.

Alicia,
 Jane Shore,

Mrs. Ward.
 Miss Macklin.

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

S C E N E L O N D O N.

THE

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
JANE SHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Tower.*

*Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe,
and Catesby.*

GLOSTER.

❀❀❀❀ H U S far Success attends upon our Councils,
❀ T ❀ And each Event has answer'd to my Wish ;
❀ ❀ The Queen and all her upstart Race are quell'd ;
❀❀❀❀ *Dorset* is banish'd, and her Brother *Rivers*
Ere this lies shorter by the Head at *Pomfret*,
The Nobles have, with joint Concurrence, nam'd me
Protector of the Realm: My Brother's Children,
Young *Edward* and the little *York*, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, Sirs,
Does not this Business wear a lucky Face ?
The Sceptre and the Golden Wreath of Royalty
Seem hung within my Reach.

Ratcl. Then take 'em to you,
And wear 'em long and worthily: You are
The last remaining Male of princely *York*,
(For *Edward's* Boys, the State esteems not of 'em,)
And therefore on your Sov'reignty and Rule
The Common-Weal does her Dependance make,
And leans upon your Highness' able Hand.

Cat. And yet To-morrow does the Council meet
To fix a Day for *Edward's* Coronation.
Who can expound this Riddle ?

Glost. That can I.

Those Lords are each one my approv'd good Friends,
Of special Trust and Nearness to my Bosom ;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the State,
Their Zeal goes on no further than we lead,
And at our Bidding stays.

Cat. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the Foremost in his Power,
Of whom I wish your Highness were assur'd.
For me, perhaps it is my Nature's Fault,
I own I doubt of his Inclining much.

Gloft. I guess the Man at whom your Words wou'd
Hastings—— [point :

Cat. The same.

Gloft. He bears me great Good-will.

Cat. 'Tis true, to you, as to the Lord Protector
And *Gloster's* Duke, he bows with lowly Service:
But were he bid to cry, God save King *Richard*,
Then tell me in what Terms he would reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the Man, and found him :
I know he bears a most religious Reverence
To his dead Master *Edward's* Royal Memory,
And whither that may lead him, is most plain.
Yet more——One of that stubborn Sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an Opinion,
They call it Honour, Honesty, and Faith,
And sooner part with Life than let it go.

Gloft. And yet this tough impracticable Heart,
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd Girl;
Such Flaws are found in the most worthy Natures ;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering She
Shall make him amble on a Gossip's Message,
And take the Distaff with a Hand as patient
As e'er did *Hercules*.

Rat. The fair *Alicia*,
Of noble Birth and exquisite of Feature,
Has held him long a Vassal to her Beauty.

Cat. I fear, he fails in his Allegiance there;
Or my Intelligence is false, or else
The Dame has been too lavish of her Feast,
And fed him till he loaths.

Gloft. No more, he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings.

L. Hast. Health and the Happiness of many Days
Attend upon your Grace.

Gloft. My good Lord Chamberlain !
We're much beholden to your gentle Friendship.

L. Hast. My Lord, I come an humble Suitor to you.

Gloft. In right good time. Speak out your Pleasure freely.

L. Haft. I am to move your Highness in behalf
Of *Shore's* unhappy Wife.

Gloft. Say you, of *Shore*?

L. Haft. Once a bright Star that held her Place on
The first and fairest of our *English* Dames, [high :
While Royal *Edward* held the sov'reign Rule.
Now sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
Her waining Form no longer shall incite
Envy in Woman, or Desire in Man.
She never sees the Sun, but thro' her Tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long Night away.

Gloft. Marry! the Times are badly chang'd with her
From *Edward's* Days to these. Then all was Jollity,
Feasting and Mirth, light Wantonness and Laughter,
Piping and Playing, Minstrelsy and Masquing;
'Till Life fled from us like an idle Dream,
A Shew of Mommery without a Meaning.
My Brother, Rest and Pardon to his Soul,
Is gone to his Account, for this his Minion,
The Revel-rout is done——But you were speaking
Concerning her——I have been told, that you
Are frequent in your Visitation to her.

L. Haft. No farther, my good Lord, than friendly Pity,
And tender-hearted Charity allow.

Gloft. Go to: I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the Distress'd——On with your Tale.

L. Haft. Thus it is, gracious Sir, that certain Officers,
Using the Warrant of your mighty Name,
With Insolence unjust, and lawless Power,
Have seiz'd upon the Lands, which late she held
By Grant from her great Master *Edward's* Bounty.

Gloft. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard;
And tho' some Counsellors of forward Zeal,
Some of most ceremonious Sanctity,
And bearded Wisdom, often have provok'd
The Hand of Justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still, in kind Compassion of her Weakness,
And tender Memory of *Edward's* Love,
I have with-held the merciless stern Law
From doing Outrage on her helpless Beauty.

L. Haft. Good Heav'n, who renders Mercy back for Mercy,
With open handed Bounty shall repay you:
This gentle Deed shall fairly be set foremost, To

To screen the wild Escapes of lawless Passion,
And the long Train of Frailties Flesh is Heir to.

Gloft. Thus far the Voice of Pity pleaded only :
Our farther and more full Extent of Grace
Is given to your Request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her Grievs.
She shall be heard with Patience, and each Wrong
At full redress'd. But I have other News
Which much import us both, for still my Fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours ; Our common Foes,
The Queen's Relations, our new-fangled Gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty Crests—That for your Privacy.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Jane Shore's House.

Enter Bellmour and Dumont.

Bell. How she has liv'd you have heard my Tale already,
The rest your own Attendance in her Family,
Where I have found the Means this Day to place you,
And nearer Observation best will tell you.
See with what sad and sober Cheer she comes.

Enter Jane Shore.

Sure, or I read her Visage much amiss,
Or Grief besets her hard. Save you, fair Lady,
The Blessings of the cheerful Morn be on you,
And greet your Beauty with its opening Sweets.

J. Sb. My gentle Neighbour ! your good Wishes still
Pursue my hapless Fortunes : Ah ! good *Bellmour* !
How few, like thee, enquire the Wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity ?
Like thee reserve their Raiment for the Naked,
Reach out their Bread to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix their pitying Tears with those that weep ?
Thy Praise deserves a better Tongue than mine,
To speak and bless thy Name. Is this the Gentleman,
Whose friendly Service you commended to me ?

Bell. Madam, it is.

J. Sb. A venerable Aspect !

[*Aside.*

Age fits with decent Grace upon his Visage,
And worthily becomes his Silver Locks ;
He wears the Marks of many Years well spent,

Of

Of Virtue, Truth well try'd, and wise Experience ;
 A Friend like this, would suit my Sorrows well.
 Fortune, I fear me, Sir, has meant you ill, [*To Dumont.*
 Who pays your Merit with that scanty Pittance,
 Which my poor Hand and humble Roof can give.
 But to supply these golden Vantages,
 Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
 A just Regard and Value for your Worth,
 The Welcome of a Friend, and the free Partnership
 Of all that little Good the World allows me.

Dum. You over-rate me much ; and all my Answer
 Must be my future Truth ; let that speak for me,
 And make up my Deserving.

J. Sb. Are you of *England* ?

Dum. No, gracious Lady, *Flanders* claims my Birth ;
 At *Antwerp* has my constant Biding been,
 Where sometimes I have known more plenteous Days
 Than those which now my failing Age affords.

J. Sb. Alas! at *Antwerp*! -- Oh forgive my Tears! [*Weeping.*
 They fall for my Offences ——— and must fall
 Long, long ere they shall wash my Stains away.
 You knew perhaps — oh Grief! oh Shame! -- my Husband.

Dum. I knew him well — but stay this Flood of Anguish,
 The senseless Grave feels not your pious Sorrows :
 Three Years and more are past, since I was bid,
 With many of our common Friends, to wait him
 To his last peaceful Mansion. I attended,
 Sprinkled his clay-cold Corse with holy Drops,
 According to our Church's rev'rend Rite,
 And saw him laid, in hallow'd Ground, to rest.

J. Sb. Oh ! that my Soul had known no Joy but him,
 That I had liv'd within his guiltless Arms,
 And dying slept in Innocence beside him !
 But now his honest Dust abhors the Fellowship,
 And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Lady *Alicia*
 Attends your Leisure.

J. Sb. Say I wish to see her. [*Exit Servant.*
 Please, gentle Sir, one Moment to retire,
 I'll wait you on the Instant ; and inform you
 Of each unhappy Circumstance, in which

Your

Your friendly Aid and Counsel much may stead me.

[*Exeunt Bellmour and Dumont.*

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Still, my fair Friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these Sighs heave after one another,
These trickling Drops chase one another still,
As if the posting Messengers of Grief
Could overtake the Hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back?

J. Sb. No, my *Alicia*,
Heaven and his Saints be witness to my Thoughts,
There is no Hour of all my Life o'erpast,
That I could wish should take its Turn again.

Alic. And yet some of those Days my Friend has known,
Some of those Years might pass for golden Ones,
At least if Womankind can judge of Happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in Empire,
Whose Beauty is our sov'reign Good, and gives us
Our Reasons to rebel, and Pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a Monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a Conqueror, and young,
Bound in our Chains, and sighing at our Feet?

J. Sb. 'Tis true, the Royal *Edward* was a Wonder,
The goodly Pride of all our *English* Youth;
He was the very Joy of all that saw him.
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
Impassive Spirits, and angelic Natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human Weakness,
Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his Talking.
But what had I to do with Kings and Courts?
My humble Lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all Mankind,
The bravest, and most lovely, was my Curse.

Alic. Sure, something more than Fortune join'd your Loves;
Nor could his Greatness, and his gracious Form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the Sweetness
And Beauty of my Friend.

J. Sb. Name him no more:
He was the Bane and Ruin of my Peace.
This Anguish and these Tears, these are the Legacies
His fatal Love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my *Alicia*, thou wilt see me,
E'er yet a few short Days pass o'er my Head,

Aban-

Abandon'd to the very utmost Wretchedness.
 The Hand of Pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
 Of what was left for needy Life's Support;
 Shortly thou wilt behold me poor and kneeling
 Before thy charitable Door for Bread.

Alic. Joy of my Life, my dearest *Shore*, forbear
 To wound my Heart with thy foreboding Sorrows,
 Raise thy sad Soul to better Hopes than these,
 Lift up thy Eyes, and let them shine once more,
 Bright as the Morning Sun above the Mist.
 Exert thy Charms, seek out the stern Protector,
 And sooth his savage Temper with thy Beauty:
 Spite of his deadly, unrelenting Nature,
 He shall be mov'd to pity and redress thee.

J. Sh. My Form, alas! has long forgot to please;
 The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd;
 No Roses bloom upon my fading Check,
 Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;
 But haggard Grief, lean-looking fallow Care,
 And pining Discontent, a rueful Train,
 Dwell on my Brow, all hideous and forlorn.
 One on'y Shadow of a Hope is left me;
 The noble-minded *Hastings*, of his Goodness,
 Has kindly underta'en to be my Advocate,
 And move my humble Suit to angry *Gloster*.

Alic. Does *Hastings* undertake to plead your Cause?
 But wherefore should he not? *Hastings* has Eyes;
 The gentle Lord has a right tender Heart,
 Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
 And catching the soft Flame from each new Beauty;
 But yours shall charm him long.

J. Sh. Away, you Flatterer!
 Nor charge his gen'rous Meaning with a Weakness,
 Which his great Soul and Virtue must disdain.
 Too much of Love thy hapless Friend has prov'd,
 Too many giddy foolish Hours are gone,
 And in fantastic Measures danc'd away:
 May the remaining few know only Friendship.
 So thou, my dearest, truest, best *Alicia*,
 Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle Heart,
 A Partner there; I will give up Mankind,
 Forget the Transports of encreasing Passion,
 And all the Pangs we feel for its Decay.

Alic.

Alic. Live! live and reign for ever in my Bosom, [*Embracing*
 Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own;
 And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
 Ye Saints that once were Women here below,
 Be Witnesses of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
 Which here to this my other self I vow.
 If I not hold her nearer to my Soul,
 Than every other Joy the World can give,
 Let Poverty, Deformity, and Shame,
 Distraction and Despair seize me on Earth,
 Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter,
 Nor taste the Bliss of your celestial Fellowship.

J. Sb. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
 Therefore these Jewels, once the lavish Bounty
 Of Royal *Edward's* Love, I trust to thee;

[*Giving a Casket.*

Receive this all, that I can call my own,
 And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
 That if the State's Injustice should oppress me,
 Strip me of all, and turn me out a Wanderer,
 My Wretchedness may find Relief from thee,
 And Shelter from the Storm.

Alic. My all is thine;

One common Hazard shall attend us both,
 And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
 But let thy fearful doubting Heart be still,
 The Saints and Angels have thee in their Charge,
 And all Things shall be well. Think not, the good,
 The gentle Deeds of Mercy thou hast done,
 Shall die forgotten all; the Poor, the Pris'ner,
 The Fatherless, the Friendless, and the Widow,
 Who daily own the Bounty of thy Hand,
 Shall cry to Heav'n, and pull a Blessing on thee;
 Ev'n Man, the merciless Insulter Man,
 Man, who rejoices in our Sex's Weakness,
 Shall pity thee, and with unwonted Goodness
 Forget thy Failings, and record thy Praise.

J. Sb. Why should I think that Man will do for me
 What yet he never did for Wretches like me?
 Mark by what partial Justice we are judg'd:
 Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
 And such the Curse intail'd upon our Kind,

That

That Man, the lawless Libertine, may rove,
 Free and unquestion'd through the Wilds of Love;
 While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
 If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
 If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,
 And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray,
 Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
 And one false Step entirely damns her Fame:
 In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before;
 She sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *continues.*

Enter Alicia.

[*Speaking to Jane Shore as entering.*

Alic. NO farther, gentle Friend; good Angels guard
 you,

And spread their gracious Wings about your Slumbers.
 The drowsy Night grows on the World, and now
 The busy Craftsmen and o'er-labour'd Hind
 Forget the Travail of the Day in Sleep:
 Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness;
 With meagre discontented Looks they sit,
 And watch the wasting of the Midnight Taper.
 Such Vigils must I keep, so wakes my Soul,
 Restless and self-tormented! Oh false *Hastings*!
 Thou hast destroy'd my Peace. [*Knocking without.*
 What Noise is that!
 What Visitor is this, who with bold Freedom,
 Breaks in upon the peaceful Night and Rest,
 With such a rude Approach?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One from the Court,
 Lord *Hastings* (as I think) demands my Lady.

Alic. *Hastings*! Be still my Heart, and try to meet him
 With his own Arts: With Falshood—But he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings.

[*Speaks to a Servant as entering.*

L. Hast. Dismiss my Train, and wait alone without.

Alicia

Alicia here! Unfortunate Encounter!

But be it as it may.

Alic. When humbly, thus,
The Great descend to visit the Afflicted,
When thus unmindful of their Rest, they come
To sooth the Sorrows of the midnight Mourner,
Comfort comes with them, like the golden Sun,
Dispels the fallen Shades with her sweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy House of Care.

L. Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a Courtesy,
Nor let the Coldness of Delay hang on it,
To nip and blast its Favour, like a Frost;
But rather chose, at this late Hour, to come,
That your fair Friend may know I have prevail'd;
The Lord Protector has receiv'd her Suit,
And means to shew her Grace.

Alic. My Friend! my Lord.

L. Hast. Yes, Lady, yours: None has a Right more ample
To task my Pow'r than you.

Alic. I want the Words,
To pay you back a Compliment so courtly;
But my Heart guesses at the friendly Meaning,
And wo't not die your Debtor.

L. Hastings. 'Tis well, Madam.
But I would see your Friend,

Alic. O thou false Lord!
I would be Mistress of my heaving Heart,
Stifle this rising Rage, and learn from thee
To dress my Face in easy dull Indifference:
But two't not be, my Wrongs will tear their Way,
And rush at once upon thee.

L. Hast. Are you wise?
Have you the Use of Reason? Do you wake?
What means this Raving? this transporting Passion?

Alic. O thou cool Traitor! thou insulting Tyrant.
Dost thou behold my poor distracted Heart,
Thus rent with agonizing Love and Rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken, and abandon'd,
Left like a common Wretch, to Shame and Infamy,
Giv'n up to be the Sport of Villains Tongues,
Of laughing Parasites, and lewd Buffoons;

And

And all because my Soul has doated on thee
With Love, with Truth, and Tenderneſs unutterable!

L. Haſt. Are theſe the Proofs of Tenderneſs and Love?
Theſe endless Quarrels, Diſcontents, and Jealouſies,
Theſe never-ceaſing Wailings and Complainingſ,
Theſe furious Starts, theſe Whirlwinds of the Soul,
Which every other Moment riſe to Madneſs?

Alic. What Proof, alas! have I not giv'n of Love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy Arms?
Have I not ſet at nought my noble Birth,
A ſpotleſs Fame, and an unblemish'd Race,
The Peace of Innocence, and Pride of Virtue?
My Prodigality has giv'n thee all;
And now I've nothing left me to beſtow,
You hate the wretched Bankrupt you have made.

L. Haſt. Why am I thus purſu'd from Place to Place,
Kept in the View, and croſs'd at every Turn?
In vain I flee, and like a hunted Deer,
Scud o'er the Lawns, and haſten to the Covert;
E'er I can reach my Safety, you o'ertake me
With the ſwift Malice of ſome keen Reproach,
And drive the winged Shaft deep in my Heart.

Alic. Hither you fly, and here you ſeek Repoſe;
Spite of the poor Deceit, your Arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, Midnight Viſits.

L. Haſt. If you are wiſe, and prize your Peace of
Mind,
Yet take the friendly Counſel of my Love;
Believe me true, nor liſten to your Jealouſy,
Let not that Devil, which undoes your Sex,
That curſed Curioſity ſeduce you,
To hunt for needleſs Secrets, which neglected,
Shall never hurt your Quiet; but once known,
Shall ſit upon your Heart, pinch it with Pain,
And baniſh the ſweet Sleep for ever from you.
Go to——be yet advis'd——

Alic. Doſt thou in Scorn,
Preach Patience to my Rage? And bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented Idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'ſt wrong'd me——Ruin ſeize thee,
And ſwift Perdition overtake thy Treachery;
Have I the leaſt remaining Caule to doubt?

Haſt

Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy Falshood?
 To hide it, might have spoke some little Tendernefs,
 And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
 But thou disdain'st the Weaknefs of Humanity,
 Thy Words, and all thy Actions, have confess'd it;
 Ev'n now thy Eyes avow it, now they speak,
 And insolently own the glorious Villainy.

L. Hast. Well then, I own my Heart has broke your
 Chains.

Patient I bore the painful Bondage long,
 At length my gen'rous Love disdains your Tyranny;
 The Bitternefs and Stings of taunting Jealousy,
 Vexatious Days, and jarring, joyless Nights,
 Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer Shelter,
 Where he may rest his weary Wings in Peace.

Alic. You triumph! do! And with gigantic Pride
 Defy impending Vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
 No more his Arm shall roll the dreadful Thunder,
 Nor send his Lightnings forth: No more his Justice
 Shall visit the presuming Sons of Men,
 But Perjury, like thine, shall dwell in Safety.

L. Hast. Whate'er my Fate decrees for me hereafter,
 Be present to me now, my better Angel!
 Preserve me from the Storm which threatens now,
 And if I have beyond Attonement sinn'd,
 Let any other Kind of Plague o'ertake me,
 So I escape the Fury of that Tongue.

Alic. Thy Pray'r is heard—I go—but know, proud
 Lord,

Howe'er thou scorn'st the Weaknefs of my Sex,
 This feeble Hand may find the Means to reach thee,
 Howe'er sublime in Pow'r, and Greatnefs plac'd,
 With royal Favour guarded round and grac'd;
 On Eagle's Wings my Rage shall urge her Flight,
 And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost Height;
 Then like thy Fate, superior will I sit,
 And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my Feet;
 See thy last Breath with Indignation go,
 And tread thee sinking to the Shades below. [*Ex. Alic.*]

L. Hast. How fierce a Fiend is Passion; with what
 Wildnefs,

What Tyranny untam'd, it reigns in Woman!

Unhappy Sex! whose easy yielding Temper
 Gives Way to ev'ry Appetite alike:
 Each Gust of Inclination, uncontroll'd,
 Sweeps thro' their Souls and sets them in an Uproar;
 Each Motion of the Heart rises to Fury,
 And Love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage
 As terrible as Hate, and as destructive.
 So the Wind roars o'er the wide, fenceless Ocean,
 And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep,
 Alike from *North*, from *South*, from *East*, from *West*;
 With equal Force the Tempest blows by Turns
 From ev'ry Corner of the Seaman's Compass.
 But soft ye now——for here comes one disclaims
 Strife and her wrangling Train; of equal Elements,
 Without one jarring Atom was she form'd,
 And Gentleness, and Joy, make up her Being.

Enter Jane Shore.

Forgive me, fair One, if officious Friendship
 Intrudes on your Repose, and comes thus late,
 To greet you with the Tidings of Success.
 The princely *Gloster* has vouchsaf'd your Hearing,
 To-morrow he expects you at the Court;
 There plead your Cause with never-failing Beauty,
 Speak all your Grievs, and find a full Redress.

J. Sh. Thus humbly let your lowly Servant bend.

[Kneeling.]

Thus let me bow my grateful Knee to Earth,
 And bleis your noble Nature for this Goodness.

L. Hast. Rise, gentle Dame, you wrong my Meaning
 much,

Think me not guilty of a Thought so vain,
 To sell my Courtesy for Thanks like these.

J. Sh. 'Tis true, your Bounty is beyond my speaking:
 But tho' my Mouth be dumb, my Heart shall thank you;
 And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
 Mourning and bleeding for my past Offences,
 My fervent Soul shall breath one Prayer for you,
 If Prayers of such a Wretch are heard on high,
 That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
 The Grace and Goodness you have shewn to me.

L. Hast. If there be ought of Merit in my Service,
 Impute it there where most 'tis due, to Love;

Be

Be kind, my gentle Mistress, to my Wishes,
And satisfy my panting Heart with Beauty.

J. Sb. Alas! my Lord——

L. Hast. Why bend thy Eyes to Earth?
Wherefore these Looks of Heaviness and Sorrow?
Why breathes that Sigh, my Love? And wherefore falls
This trickling Show'r of Tears, to stain thy Sweetness?

J. Sb. If Pity dwells within your noble Breast,
(As sure it does) oh speak not to me thus.

L. Hast. Can I behold thee, and not speak of Love?
Ev'n now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy Softness steals upon my yielding Senses,
Till my Soul faints, and sickens with Desire;
How canst thou give this Motion to my Heart,
And bid my Tongue be still?

J. Sb. Cast round your Eyes
Upon the high-born Beauties of the Court;
Behold, like opening Roses, where they bloom,
Sweet to the Sense, unfully'd all and spotless;
There choose some worthy Partner of your Heart,
To fill your Arms, and bless your virtuous Bed,
Nor turn your Eyes this Way, where Sin and Misery,
Like loathsome Weeds, have over-run the Soil,
And the Destroyer, Shame, has laid all waste.

L. Hast. What means this peevish, this fantastic Change?
Where is thy wonted Pleasantness of Face,
Thy wonted Graces, and thy dimpled Smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy Wit, and sportive Mirth?
That chearful Heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And cast a Day of Gladness all around thee?

J. Sb. Yes, I will own I merit the Reproach;
And for those foolish Days of wanton Pride,
My Soul is justly humbled to the Dust:
All Tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my Guilt, to urge my Infamy,
And treat me like that abject Thing I have been.
Yet let the Saints be Witnesses to this Truth,
That now, tho' late, I look with Horror back,
That I detest my wretched Self, and curse
My past polluted Life. All judging Heav'n
Who knows my Crimes, has seen my Sorrow for them.

L. Hast.

L. *Haft.* No more of this du'll Stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with Penance,
When the decaying Sense is pall'd with Pleasure,
And weary Nature tires in her last Stage ;
'Then weep and tell thy Beads, when alt'ring Rheums
Have stain'd the Lustre of thy starry Eyes,
And failing Palsies shake thy wither'd Hand.
The present Moments claim more gen'rous Use ;
Thy Beauty, Night and Solitude reproach me,
For having talk'd thus long—Come let me press thee,

[*Laying hold on her.*

Pant on thy Bosom, sink into thy Arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious Fold.

J. *Sb.* Never! by those chaste Lights above, I swear,
My Soul shall never know Pollution more ;
Forbear, my Lord!—Here let me rather die, [*Kneeling.*
Let quick Destruction overtake me here,
And end my Sorrows and my Shame for ever.

L. *Haft.* Away with this Perverseness,—'tis too much,
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous Affectation. [*Striving.*

J. *Sb.* Retire! I beg you leave me—

L. *Haft.* Thus to coy it! ———
With one who knows you too.

J. *Sb.* For Mercy's Sake——

L. *Haft.* Ungrateful Woman! Is it thus you pay
My Services? ———

J. *Sb.* Abandon me to Ruin ——
Rather than urge me——

L. *Haft.* This Way to your Chamber ; [*Pulling her.*
There if you struggle——

J. *Sb.* Help! O gracious Heaven!
Help! Save me! Help! [*Crying out.*

Enter Dumont, he interposes.

Dum. My Lord! for Honour's Sake——

L. *Haft.* Hah! What art thou?—Be gone!

Dum. My Duty calls me
To my Attendance on my Mistress here.

J. *Sb.* For Pity let me go——

L. *Haft.* Avaunt! Base Groom——
At Distance wait, and know thy Office better.

Dum. Forego your Hold, my Lord! 'tis most unmanly
This Violence——

L. *Haft.* Avoid the Room this Moment,

Or

Or I will tread thy Soul out.

Dum. No, my Lord——

The common Ties of Manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the Defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless Woman.

L. Hast. And dost thou know me, Slave?

Dum. Yes, thou proud Lord!

I know thee well, know thee with each Advantage,
Which Wealth or Power, or noble Birth can give thee.
I know thee too for one who stains those Honours,
And blots a long illustrious Line of Ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a Woman.

L. Hast. 'Tis wond'rous well! I see, my faint-like Dame,
You stand provided of your Braves and Ruffians,
To man your Cause, and bluster in your Brothel.

Dum. Take back the foul Reproach, unmanner'd Railer!
Nor urge my Rage too far, lest thou should'st find
I have as daring Spirits in my Blood
As thou, or any of thy Race e'er boasted;
And tho' no gaudy Titles grac'd my Birth,
Titles, the servile Courtier's lean Reward,
Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft
The Hire which Greatness gives to Slaves and Sycophants,
Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever King did when he made a Lord.

L. Hast. Insolent Villain! Henceforth let this teach thee
[*Draws and strikes him.*

The Distance 'twixt a Peasant and a Prince.

Dum. Nay then, my Lord! (*drawing*) Learn you by this
how well

An Arm resolv'd can guard its Master's Life. [*They fight.*

J. Sb. Oh my distracting Fears! Hold, for sweet Heav'n.

They fight, Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.

L. Hast. Confusion! baffled by a base-born Hind!

Dum. Now, haughty Sir, where is our Difference now?
Your Life is in my Hand, and did not Honour,
The Gentleness of Blood, and inborn Virtue
(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my Bosom, I should take the Forfeit.
But wear your Sword again; and know, a Lord
Oppos'd against a Man, is but a Man.

L. Hast. Curse on my failing Hand! Your better Fortune
Has

Has given you Vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your Triumph may be bought with dear Repentance. [*Exit.*

J. Sb. Alas! What have you done! Know you the Power,
The Mightiness that waits upon this Lord?

Dum. Fear not, my worthiest Mistress: 'tis a Cause,
In which Heav'n's Guards shall wait you. O pursue,
Pursue the sacred Counsels of your Soul,
Which urge you on to Virtue; let no Danger,
Nor the incumbring World, make faint your Purpose.
Assisting Angels shall conduct your Steps,
Bring you to Bliss, and crown your End with Peace.

J. Sb. Oh that my Head were laid, my sad Eyes clos'd,
And my cold Corse wound in my Shroud to rest;
My painful Heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a Moment's Peace till then.

Dum. Wou'd you be happy? Leave this fatal Place,
Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighbourhood;
Where Innocence is sham'd, and blushing Modesty
Is made the Scorn's Jest; where Hate, Deceit,
And deadly Ruin, wear the Masques of Beauty,
And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure.

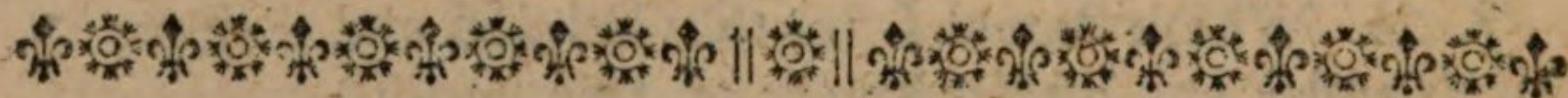
J. Sb. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of Friends, and all the Means of Life bereft?

Dum. Bellmour, whose friendly Care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little Peaceful Refuge,
Far from the Court and the tumultuous City.
Within an antient Forest's ample Verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful Dwelling,
Built for Convenience and the Use of Life:
Around it Fallows, Meads and Pastures fair,
A little Garden, and a limpid Brook,
By Nature's own Contrivance seem dispos'd;
No Neighbours, but a few poor simple Clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning Priest:
No Faction, or Domestic Fury's Rage,
Did e'er disturb the Quiet of that Place,
When the contending Nobles shook the Land
With *York* and *Lancaster's* disputed Sway.
Your Virtue there may find a safe Retreat
From the insulting Pow'rs of wicked Greatness.

J. Sb. Can there be so much happiness in store!
A Cell like that is all my Hopes aspire to.

Haste then, and thither let us take our Flight,
E'er the Clouds gather, and the wintry Sky
Descends in Storms to intercept our Passage.

Dum. Will you then go? you glad my very Soul;
Banish your Fears, cast all your Cares on me;
Plenty and Ease, and Peace of Mind shall wait you,
And make your latter Days of Life most happy.
Oh, Lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your Dangers,
And how my Heart rejoices at your Safety.
So when the Spring renews the flow'ry Field,
And warns the pregnant Nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest Shelter of the Wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful Brood;
Where no rude Swains her shady Cell may know,
No Serpents climb, nor blasting Winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen Place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the Grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning Night,
And loves it with a Mother's dear Delight. [Exeunt.]



A C T .III. S C E N E . I.

S C E N E *the Court.*

Enter Alicia with a Paper.

Alic. **T**HIS Paper to the great Protector's Hand,
With Care and Secrecy must be convey'd;
His bold Ambition now avows its Aim,
To pluck the Crown from *Edward's* infant Brow,
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless *Hastings* adverse to his Hopes,
And much devoted to the Orphan King;
On that I build: This Paper meets his Doubts,
And marks my hated Rival as the Cause
Of *Hasting's* Zeal for his dead Master's Sons.
Oh Jealousy! Thou Bane of pleasing Friendship,
Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms;
How does thy Rancour poison all our Softness,
And turn our gentle Natures into Bitterness?
See where she comes! Once my Heart's dearest Blessing,
Now

Now my chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty,
Loath that known Face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter Jane Shore.

J. Sb. Now whither shall I fly to find Relief?
What charitable Hand will aid me now?
Will stay my failing Step, support my Ruins,
And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?
Oh, my *Alicia*!

Alic. What new Grief is this?
What unforeseen Misfortune has surpriz'd thee?
That racks thy tender Heart thus?

J. Sb. O! *Dumont*!

Alic. Say! What of him?

J. Sb. That friendly, honest Man,
Whom *Bellmour* brought of late to my Assistance,
On whose kind Cares, whose Diligence and Faith,
My surest Trust was built, this very Morn
Was seiz'd on by the cruel Hand of Power,
Forc'd from my House, and born away to Prison.

Alic. To Prison, said you! Can you guess the Cause?

J. Sb. Too well, I fear. His bold Defence of me
Has drawn the Vengeance of Lord *Hastings* on him.

Alic. Lord *Hastings*! Ha!

J. Sb. Some fitter Time must tell thee
The Tale of my hard Hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining Hopes.
Within this Paper is my Suit contain'd;
Here, as the princely *Gloster* passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble Knees,
And move him for Redress.

[*She gives the Paper to Alicia, who opens and
seems to read it.*]

Alic. [*Aside.*] Now for a Wile,
To sting my thoughtless Rival to the Heart;
To blast her fatal Beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjur'd *Hastings*' Eyes:
The Wanderer may then look back to me,
And turn to his forsaken Home again:
Their Fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[*Pulling out the other Paper.*]

J. Sb. But see the great Protector comes this Way,
Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers,

Give me the Paper, Friend.

Alic. [*Aside.*] For Love and Vengeance!

[*She gives her the other Paper.*]

Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Catesby, Courtiers and other Attendants.

J. Sh. [*Kneeling.*] O Noble *Gloster*, turn thy gracious Eye,
Incline thy pitying Ear to my Complaint,
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless Woman,
Intreats a little Bread for Charity,
To feed her Wants, and save her Life from perishing.

Glost. Arise, fair Dame, and dry your wat'ry Eyes.

[*Receiving the Paper, and raising her.*]

Beshrew me, but 'twere Pity of his Heart,
That could refuse a Boon to such a Suitress.
Y'have got a noble Friend to be your Advocate;
A worthy and right gentle Lord he is,
And to his Trust most true. This present, now,
Some Matters of the State detain our Leisure;
Those once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs Redress. Go to! be comforted.

J. Sh. Good Heav'ns repay your Highness for this Pity,
And show'r down Blessings on your Princely Head.
Come my *Alicia*, reach thy friendly Arm,
And help me to support that feeble Frame,
That nodding totters with oppressive Woe,
And sinks beneath its Load. [*Exit J. Shore and Alic.*]

Glost. Now by my Hollidame!
Heavy of Heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is when rude Calamity
Lays its strong Gripe upon these mincing Minions;
The dainty gew gaw Forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the Shock. What says her Pape? [*seeming to read.*]
Ha! What is this? Come nearer *Ratcliffe*! *Catesby*!
Mark the Contents, and then divine the Meaning. [*He reads.*]
Wonder not, Princely *Gloster*, at the Notice
This Paper brings you from a Friend unknown;
Lord *Hastings* is inclin'd to call you Master,
And kneel to *Richard*, as to *England's* King;
But *Shore's* bewitching Wife misleads his Heart,
And draws his Service to King *Edward's* Sons:
Drive her away, you break the Charm that holds him,
And he, and all his Powers, attend on you.

Rat.

Rat. 'Tis wonderful!

Cat. The Means by which it came,
Yet stranger too!

Gloft. You saw it given but now.

Rat. She could not know the Purport.

Gloft. No, 'tis plain——

She knows it not, it levels at her Life;
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling Harlot! Dear she should abide it.

Cat. What Hand so'er it comes from, be assur'd,
It means your Highness well——

Gloft. Upon the Instant,
Lord *Hastings* will be here; this Morn I mean
To prove him to the Quick; then if he flinch,
No more but this, away with him at once,
He must be mine or nothing——But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well. [*They whisper.*

Enter Lord Hastings.

L. Hast. This foolish Woman hangs about my Heart,
Lingers and wanders in my Fancy still;
This Coyneſs is put on, 'tis Art and Cunning,
And worn to urge Desire——I must possess her:
The Groom, who lift his saucy Hand against me,
E'er this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' Example,
And teach her Beauty not to scorn my Pow'r.

Gloft. This do, and wait me e'er the Council sits.

[*Exeunt Rat. and Cateſ.*

My Lord, y'are well encountred, here has been
A fair Petitioner this Morning with us;
Believe me she has won me much to pity her:
Alas; her gentle Nature was not made
To buffet with Adversity. I told her,
How worthily her Cause you had befriended;
How much for your good Sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

L. Hast. Your Highness binds me ever to your Service.

Gloft. You know your Friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our Power. But of this enough,
For we have other Matters for your Ear:
The State is out of Tune; distracting Fears,
And jealous Doubts jar in our public Counsels;

Amidst the wealthy City, Murmurs rise,
 Lewd Railings, and Reproach, on those that rule;
 With open Scorn of Government; hence Credit,
 And public Trust 'twixt Man and Man are broke.
 The golden Streams of Commerce are with-held,
 Which fed the Wants of reedy Hinds, and Artizans,
 Who therefore curse the Great, and threat Rebellion.

L. Hast. The resty Knaves are over-run with Ease,
 As plenty ever is the Nurse of Faction:
 If in good Days like these, the headstrong Herd
 Grow madly wanton and repine; it is
 Because the Reins of Power are held too slack,
 And reverend Authority of late
 Has worn a Face of Mercy more than Justice.

Gloſt. Beshrew my Heart! but you have well divin'd
 The Source of these Disorders. Who can wonder
 If Riot and Mis-rule o'erturn the Realm,
 When the Crown fits upon a Baby Brow?
 Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral Cry,
 And Sum of all Complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well
 With *England* (thus you talk) while Children govern.

L. Hast. 'Tis true the King is young, but what of that?
 We feel no Want of *Edward's* riper Years,
 While *Gloſter's* Valour and most Princely Wisdom
 So well supply our Infant Sovereign's Place,
 His Youth's Support, and Guardian to his Throne.

Gloſt. The Council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
 Have plac'd a Pageant Scepter in my Hand,
 Barren of Power, and subject to controul;
 Scorn'd by my Foes, and Useless to my Friends,
 Oh, worthy Lord! were mine the Rule indeed,
 I think I should not suffer rank Offence
 At large to lord it in the Common Weal;
 Now wou'd the Realm be rent by Discord thus,
 Thus Fear and Doubt betwixt disputed Titles.

L. Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
 A Doubt like this——

Gloſt. Ay, marry, but there is——
 And that of much Concern. Have you not heard
 How on a late Occasion, Doctor *Shaw*
 Has mov'd the People much about the Lawfulness
 Of *Edward's* Issue? By right grave Authority

Of Learning and Religion, plainly proving,
 A bastard Scion never should be grafted
 Upon a royal Stock; from thence, at full
 Discoursing on my Brother's former Contract
 To Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, long before
 His jolly Match with that same buxom Widow
 The Queen he left behind him——

L. Haft. Ill befall

Such meddling Priests who kindle up Confusion,
 And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples;
 By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect Spite to Peace.
 Did not the King,
 Our Royal Master *Edward*, in Concurrence
 With his Estates assembled, well determine
 What Course the Sovereign Rule should take henceforward?
 When shall the deadly Hate of Faction cease,
 When shall our long divided Land have Rest,
 If every peevish, moody Malecontent
 Shall set the senseless Rabble in an Uproar?
 Fright them with Dangers, and perplex their Brains,
 Each Day with some fantastic giddy Change?

Gloft. What if some Patriot for the public Good,
 Should vary from your Scheme, new-mould the State?

L. Haft. Curse on the innovating Hand attempts it!
 Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heaven
 In thy great Day of Vengeance! Blast the Traitor
 And his pernicious Counsels; who for Wealth,
 For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,
 Would plunge his Native Land in Civil Wars.

Gloft. You go too far, my Lord.

L. Haft. Your Highness' Pardon——

Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
 When *York* and *Lancaster* drew forth the Battles;
 When like a Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,
 And cast besides some common way a Spectacle
 Of Horror and Affright to Passers by,
 Our groaning Country bled at ev'ry Vein,
 When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd;
 When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd;
 When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
 And swept away Distinction; Peasants trod
 Upon the Necks of Nobles: Low were laid

The reverend Crozier, and the holy Mitre,
 And Desolation cover'd all the Land;
 Who can remember this, and not, like me,
 Here vow to sheath a Dagger in his Heart,
 Whose damn'd Ambition would renew those Horrors,
 And set, once more, that Scene of Blood before us?

Gloft. How now! so hot!

L. Haft. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Gloft. Is then our Friendship of so little Moment,
 That you could arm your Hand against my Life?

L. Haft. I hope your Highness does not think I mean it,
 No, Heaven forefend that e'er your Princely Person
 Should come within the Scope of my Resentment.

Gloft. O! noble *Hastings*! Nay, I must embrace you;
[Embraces him.]

By holy *Paul*! y'are a right honest Man;
 The Time is full of Danger and Distrust,
 And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
 Too apt for Jealousy and light Surmise,
 If when I meant to lodge you next my Heart,
 I put your Truth to trial. Keep your Loyalty,
 And live your King and Country's best Support:
 For me, I ask no more than Honour gives,
 To think me yours, and rank me with your Friends.

L. Haft. Accept what Thanks a grateful Heart should pay,
 O! Princely *Gloster*! judge me not ungentle,
 Of Manners rude and insolent of Speech,
 If, when the public Safety is in Question,
 My Zeal flows warm and eager from my Tongue.

Gloft. Enough of this: To deal in wordy Complement
 Is much against the Plainness of my Nature;
 I judge you by my self, a clear true Spirit,
 And, as such, once more join you to my Bosom;
 Farewell, and be my Friend. [Exit Gloster.]

L. Haft. I am not read,
 Not skill'd and practis'd in the Arts of Greatness,
 To kindle thus, and give a Scope to Passion.
 The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
 Ev'n on the tend'rest Point; the Master-string
 That makes most Harmony or Discord to me.
 I own the glorious Subject fires my Breast,
 And my Soul's darling Passion stands confest;

Beyond or Love's or Friendship's sacred Band,
 Beyond myself I prize my native Land :
 On this Foundation would I build my Fame,
 And emulate the *Greek* and *Roman* Name ;
 Think *England's* Peace bought cheaply with my Blood,
 And die with Pleasure for my Country's Good. [Exit.]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *continues.*

Enter Duke of Gloster, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Glost. **T**HIS was the Sum of all ; that he would brook
 No Alteration in the present State ;
 Marry ! at last, the testy Gentleman
 Was almost mov'd to bid us bold Defiance ;
 But there I dropt the Argument, and changing
 The first design and Purport of my Speech,
 I prais'd his good Affection to young *Edward*,
 And left him to believe my Thoughts like his.
 Proceed we then in this fore-mention'd Matter,
 As nothing bound or Trusting to his Friendship.

Rat. Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd
 This Lord had stood with us. His Friends are wealthy,
 Thereto, his own Possessions large and mighty ;
 The Vassals and Dependants on his Power
 Firm in Adherence, ready, bold and many ;
 His Name had been of Vantage to your Highness,
 And stood our present Purpose much in stead.

Glost. This wayward and perverse declining from us,
 Has warranted at full the friendly Notice,
 Which we this Morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
 This puling whining Harlot rules his Reason,
 And prompts his Zeal for *Edward's* Bastard Brood.

Cat. If she have such Dominion o'er his Heart,
 And turn it at her Will, you rule her Fate ;
 And should by Inference and apt Deduction,
 Be Arbiter of his. Is not her Bread
 The very Means immediate to her Being,
 The Bounty of your Hand ? Why does she live,
 If not to yield Obedience to your Pleasure,
 To speak, to act, to think as you command ?

Rat. Let her instruct her Tongue to bear your Message ;
Teach every Grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluding Eyes to gloat for you ;
His ductile Reason will be wound about
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the Yoke, and yield exact Obedience.

Gloſt. Your Counsel likes me well, it shall be followed.
She waits without, attending on her Suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone. [*Ex. Rat. and Cat.*
How poor a thing is he, how worthy Scorn,
Who leaves the Guidance of Imperial Manhood
To such a paltry Piece of Stuff as this is !
A Moppet made of Prettiness and Pride ;
That oftner does her giddy Fancies change,
Than glittering Dew drops in the Sun do Colours——
Now shame upon it ! Was our Reason given
For such a Use ! To be thus puff'd about
Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather.
The Sport of every whiffling blast that blows ?
Beswore my Heart, but it is wondrous strange ;
Sure there is something more than Witchcraft in them,
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

Enter Jane Shore.

Oh ! You are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your Grievance : And tho' some there are,
Nay, and those great Ones too, who wou'd enforce
The Rigour of our Pow'r to afflict you,
And bear a heavy Hand, yet fear not you,
We've ta'en you to our Favour, our Protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from Mishap.

J. Sh. The Blessings of a Heart with Anguish broken,
And rescu'd from Despair, attend your Highness.
Alas ! my gracious Lord, what have I done
To kindle such relentless Wrath against me ?
If in the Days of all my past Offences,
When most my Heart was list'd with Delight,
If I with-held my Morsel from the Hungry,
Forgot the Widow's Want, and Orphan's Cry ;
If I have known a Good I have not shar'd,
Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion with me,
Let my worst Enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the Succour, which I gave not then.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
Who ſay you meddle in Affairs of State:
That you preſume to prattle, like a Buſy-body,
Give your Advice, and teach the Lords o'th' Council
What fits the Order of the Common-weal.

J. Sh. Oh that the Buſy World, at leaſt in this,
Would take Example from a Wretch like me!
None then would waſte their Hours in foreign Thoughts,
Forget themſelves, and what concerns their Peace,
To tread the Mazes of Fantaſtic Falſhood,
To haunt her idle Sounds and flying Tales,
Thro' all the giddy noiſy Courts of Rumour;
Malicious Slander never would have lieſure
To ſearch with prying Eyes for faults abroad,
It all, like me, conſider'd their own Hearts,
And wept the Sorrows which they found at home.

Gloſt. Go to! I know your Pow'r, and tho' I truſt not
To ev'ry Breath of Fame, I'm not to learn
That *Hafterings* is profeſs'd your loving Vaſſal.
But fair beſal your Beauty: Uſe it wiſely,
And it may ſtand your Fortunes much in ſtead,
Give back your forfeit Land with large Increaſe,
And place you high in Safety and in Honour:
Nay, I could point a Way, the which purſuing,
You ſhall not only bring yourſelf Advantage,
But give the Realm much worthy Cauſe to thank you.

J. Sh. Oh! where or how?—Can my unworthy Hand
Become an Inſtrument of Good to any?
Inſtruct your lowly Slave, and let me fly
To yield Obedience to your dread Command.

Gloſt. Why, that's well ſaid--Thus then--Oh ſerve me well,
The State, for many high and potent Reaſons,
Deeming my Brother *Edward's* Sons unfit
For the Imperial Weight of *England's* Crown——

J. Sh. Alas! for Pity.

[*Aſide*]

Gloſt. Therefore have reſolv'd
To ſet aſide their unavailing Infancy,
And veſt the Sov'reign Rule of abler Hands.
This, tho' of great Importance to the Public,
Hafterings for very Peeviſhneſs and Spleen,
Does ſtubbornly oppoſe.

J. Sh. Does he? Does *Hafterings*?

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Ay, *Hastings*.

J. Sb. Reward him for the noble Deed, juſt Heavens:
For this one Action, guard him and diſtinguiſh him
With ſignal Mercies, and with great Deliverance,
Save him from Wrong, Adverſity and Shame.
Let never-fading Honours flouriſh round him,
And conſecrate his Name ev'n to time's End:
Let him know nothing elſe but Good on Earth:
And everlaſting Bleſſedneſs hereafter.

Gloſt. How now!

J. Sb. The poor forſaken, Royal little Ones!
Shall they be left a Prey to ſavage Power?
Can they liſt up their harmleſs Hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for Help, and not be heard?
Impossible! O gallant generous *Hastings*,
Go on, purſue! Aſſert the ſacred Cauſe:
Stand forth, thou Proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And ſave the friendleſs Infants from Oppreſſion.
Saints ſhall aſſiſt thee with prevailing Prayers,
And warring Angels combate on thy Side.

Gloſt. You're paſſing rich in this ſame heav'nly Speech,
And ſpend it at your Pleaſure. Nay, but mark me!
My Favour is not bought with Words like theſe.
Go to——you'll teach your Tongue another Tale.

J. Sb. No, tho' the Royal *Edward* has undone me,
He was my King, my gracious Maſter ſtill;
He lov'd me too, tho' twas a guilty Flame,
And fatal to my Peace, yet ſtill he lov'd me;
With Fondneſs, and with Tenderneſs he doated,
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles.
And can I——O my Heart abhors the Thought!
Stand by, and ſee his Children robb'd of Right?

Gloſt. Dare not, ev'n for thy Soul, to thwart me further;
None of your Arts, your Feigning, and your Foolery;
Your dainty, ſqueamiſh Coying it to me.
Go——to your Lord, your Paramour, be gone;
Liſp in his Ear, hang wanton on his Neck,
And play your monkey Gambols o'er to him:
You know my Purpoſe, look that you purſue it,
And make him yield Obedience to my Will.
Do it——or woe upon thy Harlot's Head!

J. Sb. Oh that my Tongue had ev'ry Grace of Speech,
Great

Great and commanding as the Breath of Kings,
 Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing
 As soft Persuasion to a Love-sick Maid :
 That I had Art and Eloquence divine !
 To pay my Duty to my Master's Ashes,
 And plead till Death the Cause of injured Innocence.

Gloſt. Ha ! Do'ſt thou brave me, Minion ! Do'ſt thou know
 How vile, how very a Wretch, my Pow'r can make thee ;
 That I can let looſe Fear, Diſtreſs and Famine,
 To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-hounds thro' the World ;
 That I can place thee in ſuch abject State,
 As Help ſhall never find thee ; where repining,
 Thou ſhall ſit down, and gnaw the Earth for Anguiſh,
 Groan to the pitileſs Winds without Return,
 Howl like the midnight Wolf amidſt the Deſert,
 And curſe thy Life in Bitterneſs and Miſery ?

J. Sb. Let me be branded for the public Scorn,
 Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a Vagabond,
 Be friendleſs and forſaken, ſeek my Bread
 Upon the barren Wild, and deſolate Waſte,
 Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears ;
 E'er I conſent to teach my Lips Injuſtice,
 Or wrong the Orphan, who has none to ſave him.

Gloſt. 'Tis well——we'll try the Temper of your Heart,
 What ho ! Who waits without ?

Enter Ratcliffe, Cateſby, and Attendants.

Rat. Your Highneſs' Pleaſure——

Gloſt. Go ſome of you, and turn this Strumpet forth !
 Spurn her into the Street, there let her periſh,
 And rot upon a Dunghill. Thro' the City
 See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of Death,
 Preſume to give her Comfort, Food, or Harbour ;
 Who miniſters the ſmalleſt Comfort, dies.
 Her Houſe, her coſtly Furniture and Wealth,
 The Purchase of her looſe luxurious Life,
 We ſeize on, for the Profit of the State.
 Away ! Be gone !

J. Sb. O thou moſt righteous Judge——
 Humbly behold, I bow myſelf to thee,
 And own thy Juſtice in this hard Decree,
 No longer then my ripe Offences ſpare,
 But what I merit, let me learn to bear.

Yet

Yet since 'tis all my Wretchedness can give,
 For my Past Crimes my forfeit Life receive;
 No Pity for my Suff'rings here I crave,
 And only hope Forgiveness in the Grave.

[*Exit. J. Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.*

Gloster. So much for this. Your Project's at an End. [*To Rat.*
 This idle Toy, this Hilding scorns my Power,
 And sets us all at naught. See that the Guard
 Be ready at my Call——

Rat. The Council waits
 Upon your Highness' Leisure.——

Gloster. Bid them enter.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Bishop of Ely, L. Hastings and others, as the Council. The Duke of Gloster takes his Place at the upper end, then the rest sit.

Derb. In happy Time are we assembled here,
 To point the Day, and fix the solemn Pomp,
 For placing *England's* Crown with all due Rites,
 Upon our Sov'reign *Edward's* youthful Brow.

L. Hast. Some busy meddling Knaves, 'tis said there are,
 As such will still be prating, who presume
 To carp and cavil at his royal Right;
 Therefore I hold it fitting, with the soonest
 T'appoint the Order of the Coronation;
 So to approve our Duty to the King,
 And stay the Babbling of such vain Gainsayers.

Derby. We all attend to know your Highness' Pleasure.
 [*To Gloster*

Gloster. My Lords! A Set of worthy Men you are,
 Prudent and just, and careful for the State:
 Therefore to your most grave Determination,
 I yield myself in all Things; and demand,
 What Punishment your Wisdom shall think meet
 T'inflit upon those damnable Contrivers,
 Who shall with Potions, Charms, and witching Drugs,
 Practise against our Person and our Life.

L. Hast. So much I hold the King your Highness' Debtor,
 So precious are you to the Common-weal,
 That I presume, not only for myself,
 But in Behalf of these my noble Brothers,
 To say, whoe'er they be, they merit Death.

Gloster.

Gloſt. Then judge yourſelves, convince your Eyes of Truth;
Behold my Arm thus blaſted, dry and wither'd,
[*Pulling up his Sleeve.*

Shrunk like a foul Abortion and decay'd,
Like ſome untimely Product of the Seasons,
Robb'd of its Properties of Strength and Office.
This is the Sorcery of *Edward's* Wife,
Who in Conjunction with that Harlot *Shore*.
And other like confed'rate midnight Haggs,
By Force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
And Conjurations horrible to hear,
Call Fiends and Spectres from the yawning Deep,
And ſet the Miniſters of Hell at work,
To torture and deſpoil me of my Life.

L. Haſt. If they have done this Deed——

Gloſt. If they have done it!

Talk'ſt thou to me of If's, audacious Traitor!
Thou art that Strumpet Witch's chief Abettor,
The Patron and Complotter of her Miſchiefs,
And join'd in this Contrivance for my Death.
Nay ſtart not, Lords,——What ho! a Guard there, Sirs!

Enter a Guard.

Lord Haſtings, I arreſt thee of High Treason,
Seize him and bear him inſtantly away.

He ſha'not live an Hour. By holy *Paul*!

I will not dine beſore his Head be brought me:

Ratcliffe, ſtay you, and ſee that it be done.

The reſt that love me, riſe and follow me,

[*Exeunt Gloſter, and Lords following.*

Manent Lord Haſtings, Ratcliffe, and Guard.

L. Haſt. What! and no more but this---how, to the Scaffold!

Oh gentle *Ratcliffe*! tell me, do I hold thee?

Or if I dream, what ſhall I do to wake,

To break, to ſtruggle thro' this dread Confuſion?

For ſurely Death itſelf is not ſo painful

As is this ſudden Horror and Surprize.

(ſolute,

Rat. You heard, the Duke's Commands to me were ab-
Therefore, my Lord, addreſs you to your Shrift,
With all good Speed you may. Summon your Courage,
And be yourſelf; for you muſt die this Inſtant.

L. Haſt. Yes, *Ratcliffe,* I will take thy friendly Counſel,
And die as a Man ſhould; 'tis ſomewhat hard,

To

To call my scatter'd Spirits home at once :
 But since what must be, must be——let Necessity
 Supply the Place of Time and Preparation,
 And arm for the Blow. 'Tis but to die,
 'Tis but to venture on one common Hazard
 Which many a Time in Battle I have run ;
 'Tis but to do, what, at that very Moment,
 In many Nations of the peopled Earth,
 A thousand and a thousand shall do with me :
 'Tis but to close my Eyes and shut out Day-light ;
 To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
 No longer to behold the Tyrant *Gloster*,
 And be a weeping Witness of the Woes,
 The Desolation, Slaughter and Calamities,
 Which he shall bring on this unhappy Land.

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Stand off! and let me pass——I will, I must,
 Catch him once more in these despairing Arms,
 And hold him to my Heart—O *Hastings!* *Hastings!*

L. Hast. Alas! why com'st thou at this dreadful Moment,
 To fill me with new Terrors, new Distractions,
 To turn me wild with thy distemper'd Rage,
 And shock the Peace of my departing Soul?
 Away, I prithee leave me!

Alic. Stop a Minute——
 'Till my full Grievs find Passage.——Oh the Tyrant!
 Perdition fall on *Gloster's* Head and mine.

L. Hast. What means thy frantic Grief?

Alic. I cannot speak——
 But I have murder'd thee——Oh I could tell thee!

L. Hast. Speak and give ease to thy conflicting Passions:
 Be quick, nor keep me longer in Suspence,
 Time presses, and a thousand crowding Thoughts
 Break in at once! this way and that they snatch,
 They tear my hurry'd Soul: All claim Attention,
 And yet not one is heard. Oh speak, and leave me,
 For I have business wou'd imploy an Age,

Alic. That, that's my Grief——'tis I that urge thee on,
 Thus haunt thee to the Toil, sweep thee from Earth,
 And drive thee down this Precipice of Fate.

L. Hast. Thy Reason is grown wild. Could thy weak Hand
 Bring on this mighty Ruin? If it could,

What

What have I done so grievous to thy Soul,
So deadly, so beyond the Reach of Pardon,
That nothing but my Life can make Attonement?

Alic. Thy cruel Scorn had stung me to the Heart,
And set my burning Bosom all in Flames :
Raving and mad I flew to my Revenge,
And writ I know not what——told the Protector,
That *Shore's* detested Wife by Wiles had won thee,
To plot against his Greatness——He believ'd it,
(Oh dire Event of my pernicious Counsel)
And while I meant Destruction on her Head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine,

L. Haft. Accursed Jealousy !
O merciless, wild and unforgiving Fiend !
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd Mischief,
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its Rage,
For there is none so deadly ; doubly curs'd
Be all those easy Fools who give it harbour ;
Who turn a Monster loose among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or spotted Pestilence ;
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell.

Alic. If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own Falshood ;
Curse the lewd Maxims of thy perjur'd Sex,
Which taught thee first to laugh at Faith and Justice,
To scorn the solemn Sanctity of Oaths,
And make a Jest of a poor Woman's Ruin :
Curse thy proud Heart, and thy insulting Tongue,
That rais'd this fatal Fury in my Soul,
And urg'd my Vengeance to undo us both.

L. Haft. Oh thou Inhuman ! turn thy Eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive Beams :
Why shou'd I curse thee with my dying Breath ?
Be gone ! and let me sigh it out in Peace.

Alic. Canst thou——oh cruel *Hastings*, leave me thus !
Hear me, I beg thee—I conjure thee, hear me !
While with an agonizing Heart, I swear
By all the Pangs I feel, by all the Sorrows,
The Terrors and Despair thy Loss shall give me,
My Hate was on my Rival bent alone.
Oh ! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,
A Danger to thy Life, I would have dy'd,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare

My ready faithful Breast to save thee from it.

L. Hast. Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's just Award,
While thy insatiate Wrath and fell Revenge,
Pursu'd the Innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold! the Mischief falls on thee and me;
Remorse and Heaviness of Heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting Anguish be thy Portion:
For me the Snares of Death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor Moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender Thought remaining,
Fly to thy Closet, fall upon thy Knee,
And recommend my parting Soul to Mercy.

Alic. Oh! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in Gentleness and Pity to me, [Kneeling.
And in Compassion of my strong Affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
'The fatal Rashness of ungovern'd Love?
For oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee
Beyond my Peace, my Reason, Fame and Life,
Desir'd to death, and doated to Distraction,
This Day of Horror never should have known us.

L. Hast. Oh! Rise, and let me hush thy stormy Sorrows,
[Raising her.

Affwage thy Tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy Fair-One.
I see the Hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me,
And, in mysterious Providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaken Hand.
Most righteous Doom! for oh! while I behold thee,
Thy Wrongs rise up in terrible Array,
And charge thy Ruin on me; thy fair Fame,
Thy spotless Beauty, Innocence and Youth,
Dishonour'd, blasted and betray'd by me.

Alic. And does thy Heart relent for my undoing?
Oh! that inhuman *Gloster* could be mov'd,
But half so easily as I can pardon!

L. Hast. Here then exchange we mutually Forgiveness.
So may the Guilt of all my broken Vows,
My Perjuries to thee be all forgotten,
As he e my Soul acquits thee of my Death,
As here I part without one angry Thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest Tenderness,

Mourn-

Mourning the Chance of our disastrous Loves,
And begging Heav'n to bleis and to support thee.

Rat. My Lord, dispatch; the Duke has sent to chide me
For loitering in my Duty——

L. Hast. I obey.

Alic. Infatiate, savage Monster! Is a Moment
So tedious to thy Malice? Oh! repay him,
Thou great Avenger, give him Blood for Blood:
Guilt haunt him! Fiends pursue him! Lightning blast him,
Some horrid, cursed kind of Death o'ertake him,
Sudden, and in the Fulness of his Sins!
That he may know how terrible it is,
To want that Moment he denies thee now.

L. Hast. 'Tis all in vain, this Rage that tears thy Bosom,
Like a poor Bird that flutters in its Cage,
That beat'st thyself to Death. Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me,
Thy Agonies are added to my own,
And make the Burthen more than I can bear.
Farewell——Good Angels visit thy Afflictions,
And bring thee Peace and Comfort from above.

Alic. Oh! stab me to the Heart, some pitying Hand,
Now strike me dead——

L. Hast. One thing I had forgot——
I charge thee by our present common Miseries,
By our past Loves, if yet they have a Name,
By all thy Hopes of Peace here and hereafter,
Let not the Rancour of thy Hate pursue
The Innocence of thy unhappy Friend;
Thou know'st who 'tis I mean; Oh! should'st thou wrong her,
Just Heav'n shall double all thy Woes upon thee,
And make 'em know no End——Remember this
As the last warning of a dying Man:
Farewell for ever! [The Guards carry Hastings off.

Alic. For ever? Oh! For ever?
Oh! Who can bear to be a Wretch for ever!
My Rival too! His last Thoughts hung on her,
And as he parted, left a Blessing for her:
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever!
No; since her fatal Beauty was the Cause
Of all my Suff'rings, let her share my Pains;
Let her, like me, of ev'ry Joy forlorn,

Devote when such a Wretch was born :
 Like me to Desarts and to Darknes run,
 Abhor the Day, and curse the golden Sun ;
 Cast every Good, and ev'ry Hope behind ;
 Detest the Works of Nature, loath Mankind :
 Like me, with Cries distracted fill the Air
 Tear her poor Bosom, rend her frantic Hair ;
 And prove the Torments of the last Despair.

[Exit.]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *the Street.**Enter Bellmour, Dumont and Shore.**Sb.* YOU saw her then?

Bell. I met her as returning
 In solemn Penance from the public Cross.
 Before her, certain rascal Officers,
 Slaves in Authority, and Knaves of Justice,
 Proclaim'd the Tyrant *Gloster's* cruel Orders,
 On either Side her march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
 Who with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
 Did ever and anon by turns upbraid her,
 And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation.
 Around her, numberless the Rabble flow'd,
 Shouldring each other, crowding for a View,
 Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling ;
 Some pitying, but those, alas ! how few !
 The most, such iron Hearts we are, and such
 The base Barbarity of human Kind,
 With Insolence and lewd Reproach pursu'd her,
 Hooting and railing, and with villainous Hands
 Gath'ring the Filth from out the common Ways,
 To hurl upon her Head.

Sb. Inhuman Dogs !
 How did she bear it ?

Bell. With the gentlest Patience ;
 Submissive, sad, and lowly was her Look ;
 A burning Taper in her Hand she bore,
 And on her Shoulders carelessly confus'd
 With loose Neglect her lovely Tresses hung ;

Upon

Upon her Cheek a faintish Flush was spread,
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with Pain.
While bare-foot as she trod the flinty Pavement,
Her Footsteps all along were mark'd with Blood.
Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining;
Her streaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
Except when in some bitter Pang of Sorrow,
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent Zeal to raise,
And beg that Mercy Man deny'd her here.

Sb. When was this piteous Sight?

Bell. These last two Days.

You know my Care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy Means of your Deliverance,
Which but for *Hastings'* Death I had not gain'd.
During that Time, altho' I have not seen her.
Yet divers trusty Messenger I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit Convenience
To give her some Relief; but all in vain;
A churlish Guard attends upon her Steps,
Who menace those with Death that bring her Comfort,
And drive all Succour from her.

Sb. Let 'em threaten;

Let proud Oppression prove its fiercest Malice;
So Heav'n befriend my Soul, as here I vow
To give her Help, and share one Fortune with her.

Bell. Mean you to see her, thus, in your own Form?

Sb. I do.

Bell. And have you thought upon the Consequence?

Sb. What is there I should fear?

Bell. Have you examin'd

Into your inmost Heart, and try'd at leisure
The sev'ral secret Springs that move the Passions?
Has Mercy fixt her Empire there so sure,
That Wrath and Vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a Husband's Name, and bid
That wakeful Dragon, fierce Resentment sleep?

Sb. Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my Memory?
To conjure up my Wrongs to Life again?

I have long labour'd to forget myself,
To think on all Time, backward, like a Space,
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had Being;
But thou hast peopled it again; Revenge

And

And Jealousy renew their horrid Forms,
Shoot all their Fires, and drive me to Distraction.

Bell. Far be the Thought from me! my Care was
only

To arm you for the Meeting: Better were it
Never to see her, than to let that Name
Recall so gotten Rage, and make the Husband
Destroy the gen'rous Pity of *Dumont*.

Sb. Oh! thou hast set my busy Brain at work,
And now she musters up a Train of Images,
Which to preserve my Peace I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep Oblivion——Oh! that Form!
That Angel-face on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her! till my Soul
With very Eagerness went forth towards her,
And issu'd at my Eyes——Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the *Indian* Mine,
Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields,
What was there Art could make, or Wealth could buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her Beauty?
What could her King do more?——And yet she fled.

Bell. Away with that sad Fancy——

Sb. Oh! that Day!

The Thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, *Bellmour*, when the Royal Spoiler
Bore her in Triumph from my widow'd Home!
Within his Chariot by his Side she sat,
And listen'd to his Talk with downward Looks,
'Till sudden as she chanc'd aside to glance,
Her Eyes encounter'd mine——Oh! when my Friend!
Oh! who can point my Grief and her Amazement!
As at the Stroke of Death, twice turn'd she pale,
And twice a burning Crimson blush'd all o'er her;
Then with a Shriek Heart-wounding loud she cry'd,
While down her Cheeks two gushing Torrents ran
Fast falling on her Hands, which thus she wrung——
Mov'd at her Grief, the Tyrant Ravisher,
With courteous Action woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead; but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her Sight towards me,
And follow'd me——till I had lost myself.

Bell.

Bell. Alas ! for pity ! Oh ! those speaking Tears !
Could they be false ? Did she not suffer with you ?
And tho' the King by Force possess'd her Person,
Her unconsenting Heart dwelt still with you :
If all her former Woes were not enough,
Look on her now, behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on every Side,
With no one Hand to help ; and tell me then,
If ever Misery were known like hers ?

Sb. And can she bear it ? Can that delicate Frame
Endure the beating of a Storm so rude ?

Can she, for whom the various Seasons chang'd,
'To court her Appetite, and crown her Board,
For whom the foreign Vintages were press'd,
For whom the Merchant spread his silken Stores,
Can she——

Intreat for Bread, and want the needful Raiment,

To wrap her shiv'ring Bosom from the Weather ?

When she was mine, no Care came ever nigh her.

I thought the gentlest Breeze that wakes the Spring

Too rough to breathe upon her ; Chearfulness

Danc'd all the Day before her ; and at Night

Soft Slumbers waited on her downy Pillow——

Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,

Where piercing Winds blow sharp, and the chill Rain

Drops from some Pent-house on her wretched Head,

Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold.

It is too much——Hence with her past Offences,

They are aton'd at full——Why stay we then ?

Oh ! let us haste, my Friend, and find her out.

Bell. Somewhere about this Quarter of the Town,
I hear the poor abandon'd Creature lingers :

Her Guard, tho' set with strictest Watch to keep

All Food and Friendship from her, yet permit her

To wander in the Streets, there choose her bed,

And rest her Head on what cold Stone she pleases.

Sb. Here let us then divide ; each in his Round

To search her Sorrows out ; whose hap it is

First to behold her, this way let him lead

Her fainting Steps, and meet we here together. [Exeunt.

En-

*Enter Jane Shore, her Hair hanging loose on her Shoulders,
and bare-footed.*

J. Sh. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, Oh! my Soul!
For are not thy Transgressions great and numberless?
Do they not cover thee like rising Floods,
And press thee like a Weight of Waters down?
Does not the Hand of Righteousness afflict thee?
And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
To Pow'r Almighty, Thou hast done enough;
Or bid his dreadful Rod of Vengeance stay?
Wait then with Patience, till the circling Hours
Shall bring the Time of thy appointed Rest,
And lay thee down in Death. The Hireling thus
With Labour drudges out the painful Day,
And often looks with long expecting Eyes
To see the Shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.
And hark! methinks the Roar that late pursu'd me.
Sinks like the Murmurs of a falling Wind,
And softens into Silence. Does Revenge
And Malice then grow weary and forsake me?
My Guard too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the Task of their inhuman Office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My Spirits fail at once——This is the Door
Of my *Alicia*——Blessed Opportunity!
I'll steal a little Succour from her Goodness
Now, while no Eye observes me. [*She knocks at the Door.*

Enter a Servant.

Is your Lady,
My gentle Friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her. [*Going in.*

Ser. Hold Mistress, whither wou'd you? [*Putting her back.*

J. Sh. Do you not know me?

Ser. I know you well, and know my Orders too.

You must not enter here——

J. Sh. Tell my *Alicia*,
'Tis I would see her.

Ser. She is ill at Ease,
And will admit no Visiter.

J. Sh.

J. Sh. But tell her
'Tis I, her Friend, the Partner of her Heart,
Wait at the Door and beg——

Ser. 'Tis all in vain,——
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.
[*Shuts the Door, and Exit.*]

J. Sh. It was not always thus ; the Time has been,
When this unfriendly Door that bars my Passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its Hinges
To give me Entrance here ; When this good House
Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me ;
When my Approach has made a little Holy-day,
And ev'ry Face was dress'd in Smiles to meet me :
But now 'tis otherwise ; and those who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my Face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here !

[*She sits down at the Door.*]

Enter Alicia in Disorder ; two Servants following.

Alic. What Wretch art thou ? whose Misery and
Baseness

Hangs on my Door ; whose hateful Whine of Woe
Breaks in upon my Sorrows, and distracts
My jarring Senses with thy Beggar's Cry.

J. Sh. A very Beggar, and a Wretch indeed ;
One driv'n by strong Calamity to seek
For Succour here ; one perishing for Want,
Whose Hunger has not tasted Food these three Day ;
And humbly asks, for Charity's dear Sake,
A Draught of Water, and a little Bread.

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for Bread ?
I know thee not,——Go——hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton Hands upon the Earth have scatter'd it,
Or cast it on the Waters——Mark the Eagle,
And hungry Vulture, where they wind the Prey ;
Watch where the Ravens of the Valley feed,
And seek thy Food with them—I know thee not.

J. Sh. And yet there was a Time, when my *Alicia*
Has thought unhappy *Shore* her dearest Blessing,
And mourn'd that live-long Day she pass'd without me,
C When

When pair'd like Turtles, we were still together ;
 When often as we prattled Arm in Arm,
 Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
 She lov'd me more than all the World besides.

Alic. Ha ! sayest thou ! Let me look upon thee well—
 'Tis true——I know thee now——A Mischief
 on thee !

Thou art that fatal Fair, that cursed She,
 That fet my Brain a madding. Thou has robb'd me ;
 Thou hast undone me——Murder ! Oh my *Hastings* !
 See his pale bloody Head shoots glaring by me !
 Give him me back again, thou soft Deluder,
 Thou beauteous Witch——

J. Sb. Alas ! I never wrong'd you——
 Oh ! then be good to me ; have Pity on me ;
 Thou never knew'st the Bitterness of Want,
 And may'st thou never know it. Oh ! bestow
 Some poor Remain, the voiding of thy Table,
 A Morfel to support my famish'd Soul.

Alic. Avant ! and come not near me——

J. Sb. To thy Hand
 I trusted all, gave my whole Store to thee ;
 Nor do I ask it back ; allow me but
 The smallest Pittance, give me but to eat,
 Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.

Alic. Nay ! tell not me ! Where is thy King, thy
Edward,
 And all the smiling cringing Train of Courtiers,
 That bent the Knee before thee ?

J. Sb. Oh ! for Mercy !

Alic. Mercy ! I know it not——for I am mi-
 serable.

I'll give thee Misery, for here she dwells ;
 This is her House, where the Sun never dawns,
 The Bird of Night sits screaming o'er the Roof,
 Grim spectres sweep along the horrid Gloom,
 And naught is heard but Wailings and Lamentings.
 Hark ! something cracks above ! it shakes, it totters !
 And see the nodding Ruin falls to crush me !
 'Tis fall'n, 'tis here ! I feel it on my Brain !

1 *Serv.* This Sight disorders her——

2 *Serv.* Retire dear Lady——

And leave this Woman——

Alic. Let her take my Counsel !

Why should'st thou be a Wretch ? Stab, tear thy Heart,
And rid thyself of this detested Being,
I wo'not linger long behind thee here.

A waving Flood of blewish Fire swells o'er me ;
And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in Blood.

Ha ! what art thou ! thou horrid headless Trunk ?

It is my *Hastings* ! See, he wafts me on !

Away ! I go, I fly ! I follow thee.

But come not thou with Mischief-making Beauty,
To interpose between us, look not on him,
Give thy fond Arts and thy Delusions o'er ;
For thou shalt never, never part us more.

[*She runs off, her Servants following.*]

J. Sh. Alas ! She raves ; her Brain, I fear is turn'd.
In Mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
Nor visit her for any Wrong to me.
Sure I am near upon my Journey's End ;
My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail,
And dancing Shadows swim before my Sight,
I can no more, [*lies down*] receive me thou cold Earth,
Thou common Parent take me to thy Bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

Enter Bellmour.

Bell. Upon the Ground !
Thy Miseries can never lay thee lower,
Look up thou poor afflicted one ! Thou Mourner
Whom none has comforted ! Where are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy joyful Days,
Whose Hearts thy warm Prosperity made glad,
Whose Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their Bosoms ?——Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
For sure thou art the Sister of our Loves,
And nothing shall divide us——Now where are they ?

J. Sb. Ah! *Bellmour*, where indeed! They stand aloof,
 And view my Desolation from afar;
 When they pass by, they shake their Heads in scorn,
 And cry, Behold the Harlot and her End!
 And yet thy Goodness turns aside to pity me.
 Alas There may be Danger, get thee gone!
 Let me not pull a Ruin on thy Head,
 Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
 Never to rise, and all Relief is vain.

Bell. Yet raise thy dooping Head; for I am come
 To chase away Despair. Behold! where yonder
 That honest Man, that faithful brave *Dumont*,
 Is hastening to thy Aid——

J. Sb. *Dumont*! Ha! Where!

[*Raising herself, and looking about.*
 Then Heav'n has heard my Pray'r, his very Name
 Renews the Springs of Life, and cheers my Soul.
 Has he then 'scap'd the Snare;

Bell. He has, but see——
 He comes unlike to that *Dumont* you knew,
 For now he wears your better Angel's Form,
 And comes to visit you with Peace and Pardon.

Enter Shore.

J. Sb. Speak, tell me! Which is he? And ho! What would

This dreadful Vision! See it comes upon me——

It is my Husband——Ah! [She swoons.

Sb. She faints! Support her!
 Sustain her Head, while I infuse this Cordial
 Into her dying Lips——from spicy Drugs,
 Rich Herbs and Flow'rs the potent Juice is drawn;
 With wondrous Force it strikes the lazy Spirits,
 Drives them around, and wakens Life anew.

Bell. Her Weakness could not bear the strong Surprise.
 But see, she stirs! And the returning Blood
 Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
 Upon her ashy Cheek——

Sb. So——gently raise her——

[*Raising her up.*
J. Sb.

J. Sb. Ha! What art thou! *Bellmour*!

Sb. How fare you, Lady?

J. Sb. My Heart is thrill'd with Horror——

Bell. Be of Courage——

Your Husband lives! 'Tis he, my worthiest Friend——

J. Sb. Still art thou there!——still dost thou hover round me!

Oh save me *Bellmour* from his angry Shade!

Bell. 'Tis he himself!——he lives! look up——

J. Sb. I dare not!

Oh that my Eyes could shut him out for ever——

Sb. Am I so hateful then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy Eyes with Horror? Since I'm grown
A Burden to the World, myself and thee,
Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

J. Sb. Oh thou most injur'd—Dost thou live indeed!
Fall then ye Mountains on my guilty Head,
Hide me ye Rocks, within your secret Caverns;
Cast thy black Veil upon my Shame, O Night!
And shield me with thy sable Wing for ever.

Sb. Why dost thou turn away?——Why trem-
ble thus?

Why thus indulge thy Fears? and in Despair,
Abandon thy distracted Soul to Horror?
Cast every black and guilty Thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy Quiet more.

My Arms, my Heart are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken Home,
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
And all the Longings of my first Desires,

J. Sb. No, arm thy Brow with Vengeance; and appear
The Minister of Heav'n's inquiring Justice.
Array thyself all terrible for Judgment,
Wrath in thy Eyes, and Thunder in thy Voice;
Pronounce my Sentence, and if yet there be
A Woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.

Sb. The Measure of thy Sorrows is compleat;
And I am come to snatch thee from Injustice.
The Hand of Pow'r no more shall crush thy Weakness,
Nor proud Oppression grind thy humble Soul.

J. Sb. Art thou not risen by Miracle from Death?
 Thy Shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the Grave
 Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come
 The Messenger of Grace and Goodness to me,
 To seal my Peace, and bless me e'r I go.
 Oh let me then fall down beneath thy Feet,
 And weep my Gratitude for ever there ;
 Give me your Drops, ye soft descending Rains,
 Give me your Streams, ye never ceasing Springs,
 That my sad Eyes may still supply my Duty,
 And feel an everlasting Flood of Sorrow.

Sb. Waste not thy feeble Spirits——I have long
 Beheld, unknown, thy Mourning and Repentance ;
 Therefore my Heart has set aside the past,
 And holds thee white, as unoffending Innocence :
 Therefore in spite of cruel *Gloster's* Rage,
 Soon as my Friend had broke my Prison Doors,
 I flew to thy Assistance. Let us haste
 Now while Occasion seems to smile upon us.
 Forsake this Place of Shame, and find a Shelter.

J. Sb. What shall I say to you ? But I obey——

Sb. Lean on my Arm——

J. Sb. Alas ! I am wondrous faint :
 But that's not strange, I have not eat these three Days.

Sb. Oh merciless ! look here my Love, I've brought
 thee

Some rich Conserves——

J. Sb. How can you be so good ?
 But you were ever thus ; I well remember
 With what fond Care, what Diligence of Love,
 You lavish'd out your Wealth to buy me Pleasures,
 Preventing every Wish : Have you forgot
 The costly String of Pearl you brought me home,
 And ty'd about my Neck ?——How could I leave
 you ?

Sb. Taste some of this, or this——

J. Sb. You're strangely alter'd——
 Say, gentle *Bellmour*, is he not ? How pale
 Your Visage is become ? Your Eyes are hollow ;
 Nay, you are wrinkled too——Alas the Day !

My

My Wretchedness has cost you many a Tear,
And many a bitter Pang, since last we parted.

Sb. No more of that——Thou talk'st, but do'st
not eat.

J. Sb. My feeble Jaws forget their common Office,
My tasteless Tongue cleaves to the clammy Roof,
And now a gen'ral Loathing grows upon me——
Oh, I am sick at Heart!——

Sb. Thou murd'rous Sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her Blood, pursue her still!
Must she then die! Oh, my poor Penitent,
Speak Peace to thy sad Heart: She hears me not;
Grief masters ev'ry Sense——help me to hold her——

Enter Catesby with a Guard.

Cat. Seize on 'em both, as Traitors to the State.——

Bell. What means this Violence!——

[Guard's lay hold on Shore and Bellmour.]

Cat. Have we not found you,
In Scorn of the Protector's strict Command,
Assisting this base Woman and abetting
Her Infamy?

Sb. Infamy on thy Head!
Thou Tool of Power, thou Pander to Authority!
I tell thee, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an *Æthiop* to her.

Cat. You'll answer this at full——Away with 'em.

Sb. Is Charity grown Treason to your Court?
What honest Man would live beneath such Rulers?
I am content that we should die together——

Cat. Convey the Men to Prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her Fortune as she may.

J. Sb. I will not part with him——for me!——for
me!

Oh! must he die for me!

[Following him as he is carried off——She falls.]

Sb. Inhuman Villains! *[Breaks from the Guard.]*
Stand off! The Agonies of Death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

J. Sb.

J. Sb. Was this the Blow wanting to compleat my
Ruin!

Oh let him go, ye Ministers of Terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield Obedience to your cruel Master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last Breath with you.

Sb. Oh my Love!

Why have I liv'd to see this bitter Moment,
This Grief by far surpassing all my former!
Why dost thou fix thy dying Eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous Look,
As if thy Heart were full of some sad Meaning
Thou could'st not speak?—

J. Sb. Forgive me!——but forgive me!

Sb. Be Witness for me, ye celestial Host,
Such Mercy and such Pardon as my Soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to shew thee;
May such befall me at my latest Hour,
And make my Portion blest or curs'd for ever.

J. Sb. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in
Peace.—

'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now——
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd
you?

But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad Sigh. O Mercy, Heav'n! [Dies.

Bell. There fled the Soul,
And left her Load of Misery behind.

Sb. Oh my Heart's Treasure! Is this pale sad Visage
All that remains of thee; are these dead Eyes
The Light that cheer my Soul? Oh heavy Hour!
But I will fix my trembling Lips to thine,
'Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part then?——will you——

[To the Guards taking him away.

Fare thee well——

[Kissing her.

Now execute your Tyrant's Will, and lead me
To Bonds, or Death, 'tis equally indifferent.

Bell.

Bell Let those, who view this sad Example, know,
What Fate attends the broken Marriage Vow;
And teach their Children in succeeding Times,
No common Vengeance waits upon these Crimes,
When such severe Repentance could not save
From Want, from Shame, and an untimely Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

YE modest Matrons all, ye virtuous Wives,
Who lead with horrid Husbands, decent Lives;
You, who for all you are in such a taking,
To see your Spouses drinking, gaming, raking,
Yet make a Conscience still of Cuckhold-making;
What can we say your Pardon to obtain?
This Matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:
She never once deny'd it, but in short,
Whimper'd—and cry'd—sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't.
'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd Soul,
We are not all so easy to controul:
I fancy one might find in this good Town
Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own;
Have answer'd smart,—To what do you pretend,
Blockhead?—As if I must n't see a Friend:
Tell me of Hackney Coaches—Jaunts to th' City—
Where should I buy my China?—Faith, I'll fit ye—
Our Wife was of a milder, meeker Spirit;
You!—Lords and Masters!—was not that some Merit?
Don't you allow it to be virtuous Bearing,
When we submit thus to your Domineering?
Well, Peace be with her, she did wrong most surely;
But so do many more who look demurely.
Nor shou'd our mourning Madam weep alone,
There are more Ways of Wickedness than one.
If the reforming Stage should fall to shaming
Ill-nature, Pride, Hypocrisy, and Gaming;
The Poets frequently might move Compassion,
And with She-Tragedies o'er-run the Nation.

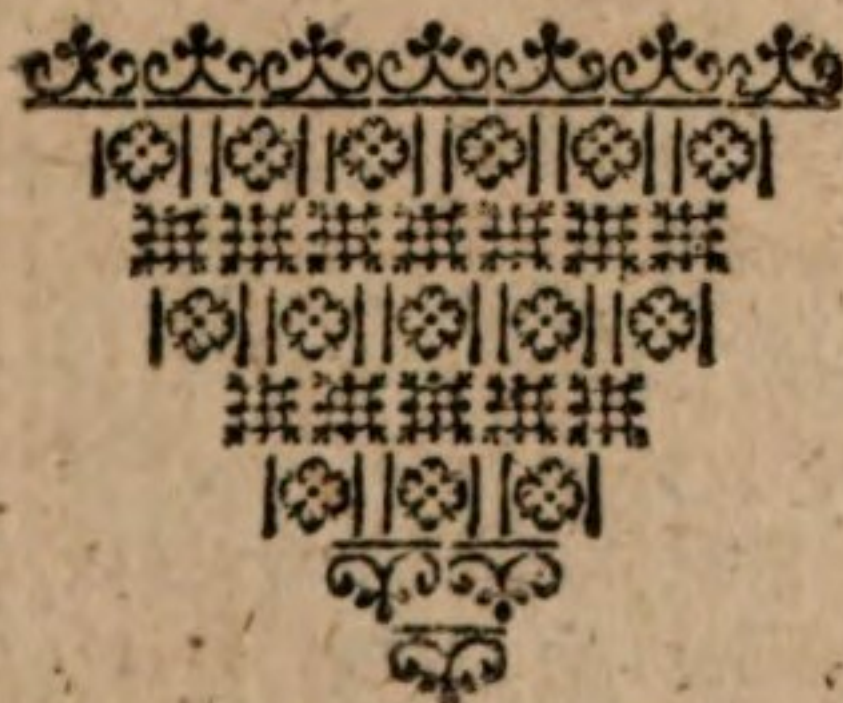
Then

EPILOGUE.

*Then judge the fair Offender with Good-nature,
And let your Fellow-feeling curb your Satire.
What if our Neighbours have some little Failing,
Must we needs fall to Damning and to Railing?
For her Excuse too, be it understood,
That if the Woman was not quite so good,
Her Lover was a King, she Flesh and Blood.
And since sh' has dearly paid the sinful Score,
Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.*

}

F I N I S.



PLATE

The first figure is a plan of the
city of London, showing the
city walls, the river, and the
principal streets. The second
figure is a plan of the city of
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(Laid, Embossed, Price One Shilling)

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THE
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OF
KING LEAR,
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is now acted at the THEATRES ROYAL,
in DRURY-LANE and COVENT-GARDEN.

Revived, with Alterations, by N. TATE, Esq.



L O N D O N:
Printed for F. and J. NOBLE, T. LOWNDES,
T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON, C. CORBETT,
T. KING, and W. NICOLL.

MDCCLXVII.

THE
HISTORY

KING

TRAGEDY

As it is now acted at the Theatre Royal,
in Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Revised, with Alterations, by M. T. A.

THEATRE ROYAL



BY ROBERT

Printed for R. and J. Noles, T. Lowndes,
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T. Kinney and W. Wood.

MDCCLXXII



To my Esteemed FRIEND

THOMAS BOTELER, *Esq*;

S I R,

 YOU have a natural Right to this Piece, since by your Advice I attempted the Revival of it with Alterations. Nothing but the Power of your Persuasion, and my Zeal for all the Remains of *Shakespear*, could have wrought me to so bold an Undertaking. I found that the New-modelling of this Story would force me sometimes on the difficult Task of making the chiefest Persons speak something like their Characters, on Matter whereof I had no Ground in my Author, *Lear's* real and *Edgar's* pretended Madness have so much of *extravagant Nature*, (I know not how else to express it) as could never have started, but from our *Shakespear's* Creating Fancy. The Images and Language are so odd and surprizing, and yet so agreeable and proper, that whilst we grant that none but *Shakespear* could have formed such Conceptions, we are satisfied that they were the only Things in the World that ought to be said on those Occasions. I found the Whole to answer your Account of it, a Heap of Jewels unstrung, and unpolish'd; yet so dazzling in their Disorder, that I soon perceived I had seized a Treasure. It was my good Fortune to light on one Expedient to rectify what was wanting in the Regularity and Probability of the Tale, which was to run through the whole. A Love betwixt *Edgar* and *Cordelia*, that never changed Word with each other in the Original. This renders *Cordelia's* Indifference, and her Father's Passion in the first Scene, probable. It likewise gives Countenance to *Edgar's* Disguise, making that a generous Design that was before a poor Shift to save his Life. The Distress of the Story is evidently heightened by it; and it particularly gave Occasion of a new Scene

DEDICATION.

or Two, of more Success (perhaps) than Merit. This Method necessarily threw me on making the Tale conclude in a Success to the innocent distressed Persons: Otherwise I must have incumbered the Stage with dead Bodies, which Conduct makes many Tragedies conclude with unseasonable Jest. Yet was I wrack'd with no small Fears for so bold a Change, 'till I found it well received by my Audience; and if this will not satisfy the Reader, I can produce an Authority that questionless will.

Mr. Dryden in his Preface to the Spanish Fryar. *Neither is it of so Trivial an Undertaking to make a Tragedy end happily, for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and Cup of Poison are always in*

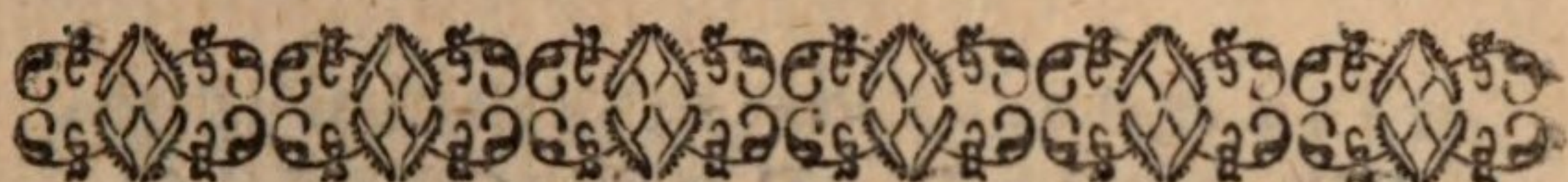
Readiness; but to bring the Action to the last Extremity, and then by probable Means to Recover All, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer, and cost him many a Pang in the Performance.

I have one Thing more to apologize for, which is, that I have not used less Quaintness of Expression even in the newest Parts of this Play. I confess, it was Design in me, partly to comply with my Author's Style, to make the Scenes of a Piece, and partly to give it some Resemblance of the Time and Persons here represented. This, Sir, I submit wholly to you, who are both a Judge and Master of Style. Nature had exempted you before you went Abroad from the Morose Saturnine Humour of our Country, and you brought Home the Refinedness of Travel without the Affectation. Many Faults I see in the following Pages, and question not but you will discover more; yet I will presume so far on your Friendship, as to make the Whole a Present to you, and subscribe myself,

Your obliged Friend,

and humble Servant,

N. TATE.



P R O L O G U E.

*SINCE by Mistakes your best Delights are made,
(For e'en your Wives can please in Masquerade)
'Twere worth our while t'have drawn you in this Day
By a new Name to our old honest Play;
But he that did this Evening's Treat prepare
Bluntly resolv'd before-hand to declare
Your Entertainment should be most old Fare.
Yet hopes, since in rich Shakespear's Soil it grew,
'I will relish yet with those whose Tastes are true,
And his Ambition is to please a Few.
If then his Heap of Flow'rs shall chance to wear,
Fresh Beauty in the Order they now bear,
Ev'n this is Shakespear's Praise; each Rustick knows
'Mongst plenteous Flow'rs a Garland to compose,
Which strung by his coarse Hand may fairer show,
But 'twas a Power Divine first made 'em grow.
Why shou'd these Scenes lie hid, in which we find
What may at once divert and teach the Mind?
Morals were always proper for the Stage,
But are ev'n necessary in this Age.
Poets must take the Churches teaching Trade,
Since Priests their Province of Intrigue invade;
But we the worst in this Exchange have got,
In vain our Poets preach, whilst Churchmen plot.*

The P E R S O N S.

DRURY-LANE:

King LEAR,
GLOSTER,
KENT,
EDGAR,
BASTARD,
CORNWALL,
ALBANY,
BURGUNDY,
GENTLEMAN-USHER,
GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA,

Mr. Garrick.
Mr. Burton.
Mr. Bransby.
Mr. Havard.
Mr. Bensley.
Mr. Packer.
Mr. Aikin.
Mr. Castle.
Mr. Dodd.
Mrs. Bennet.
Mrs. Lee.
Mrs. Yates.

COVENT-GARDEN.

King LEAR,
GLOSTER,
KENT,
EDGAR,
BASTARD,
CORNWALL,
ALBANY,
BURGUNDY,
GENTLEMAN-USHER,
GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA,

Mr. Ross.
Mr. Gibson.
Mr. Walker.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Clarke.
Mr. Davis.
Mr. Gardner.
Mr. Bennet.
Mr. Cushing.
Mrs. Stephens.
Mrs. Vincent.
Mrs. Bellamy.

Guards, Officers, Messengers, Attendants.

THE

THE
HISTOR Y
OF
KINGLEAR.

ACT I.

Enter Bastard solus.

Bast.  H O U Nature art my Goddeffs; to
thy Law
T My Services are bound; why am I
then
Depriv'd of a Son's Right, because I
came not

In the dull Road that Custom has prescrib'd ?
Why Bastard ? Wherefore Base ? When I can boast
A Mind as gen'rous, and a Shape as true
As honest Madam's Issue ? Why are we
Held Base, who in the lusty Stealth of Nature
Take fiercer Qualities than what compound
The scant'd Births of the stale Marriage-bed ?

Well

Well then, legitimate *Edgar*, to thy Right
 Of Law I will oppose a Bastard's Cunning.
 Our Father's Love is to the Bastard *Edmund*
 As to legitimate *Edgar*; with Success
 I've practis'd yet on both their easy Natures:
 Here comes the old Man, chaf'd with the Information
 Which last I forg'd against my Brother *Edgar*;
 A Tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd,
 And heighten'd by such lucky Accidents,
 That now the slightest Circumstance confirms him,
 And base-born *Edmund*, spight of Law, inherits.

Enter Kent and Gloster.

Gloster. Nay, good my Lord, your Charity
 O'ershoots itself, to plead in his behalf;
 You are yourself a Father, and may feel
 The Sting of Disobedience from a Son
 First-born and best-belov'd: O Villain *Edgar*!

Kent. Be not too rash; all may be Forgery,
 And Time yet clear the Duty of your Son.

Gloster. Plead with the Seas, and reason down the Winds,
 Yet shalt thou ne'er convince me: I have seen
 His foul Designs through all a Father's Fondness:
 But be this Light and thou my Witnesses,
 That I discard him here from my Possessions,
 Divorce him from my Heart, my Blood and Name.

Bast. It works as I cou'd wish; I'll shew myself. [*Aside.*]

Gloster. Ha, *Edmund*! welcome Boy. O *Kent*! see here
 Inverted Nature, *Gloster's* Shame and Glory:
 This By-born, the wild Sally of my Youth,
 Pursues me with all filial Offices;
 Whilst *Edgar*, begg'd of Heaven, and born in Honour,
 Draws Plagues on my white Head, that urge me still
 To curse in Age the Pleasure of my Youth.
 Nay, weep not, *Edmund*, for thy Brother's Crimes.
 O gen'rous Boy! thou shar'st but half his Blood,
 Yet lov'st beyond the Kindness of a Brother:
 But I'll reward thy Virtue. Follow me.
 My Lord, you wait the King, who comes resolv'd
 To quit the Toils of Empire, and divide
 His Realms amongst his Daughters. Heaven succeed it;
 But much I fear the Change.

Kent.

Kent. I grieve to see him
With such wild Starts of Passion hourly seiz'd,
As renders Majesty beneath itself.

Gloſt. Alas! 'tis the Infirmary of his Age:
Yet has his Temper ever been unfixt,
Chol'rick and sudden. Hark, they approach.

[*Exeunt Gloſt. and Baſt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Burgundy,
Edgar, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Edgar *ſpeaking to*
Cordelia at Entrance.

Edgar. Cordelia, Royal Fair, turn yet once more,
And e'er ſucceſſful Burgundy receive
The Treasure of thy Beauties from the King;
E'er happy Burgundy for ever fold Thee,
Caſt back one pitying Look on wretched Edgar.

Cord. Alas! What wou'd the wretched Edgar with
The more unfortunate Cordelia;
Who, in Obedience to a Father's Will,
Flies from her Edgar's Arms, to Burgundy's?

Lear. Attend my Lords of Albany and Cornwall,
With Princely Burgundy?

Alb. We do, my Liege.

Lear. Give me the Map.—Know, Lords, we have
In Three, our Kingdom, having now reſolv'd [divided
To diſengage from our long Toil of State,
Conſerring all upon your younger Years.
You Burgundy, Cornwall and Albany,
Long in our Court have made your amorous ſojourn,
And now are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my Daughters,
Which of you loves us moſt, that we may place
Our largeſt Bounty with the largeſt Merit.

Goneril, our Eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do love you more than Words can utter,
Beyond what can be valu'd rich or rare;
Nor Liberty, nor Sight, Health, Fame, or Beauty,
Are half ſo dear; my Life for you were vile;
As much as Child can love the beſt of Fathers.

Lear. Of all theſe Bounds, e'en from this Line to this,
With ſhady Foreſts, and wide-ſkirted Meads,
We make thee Lady; to thine and Albany's Iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our Second Daughter
Regan, Wiſe to Cornwall? *Reg.*

Reg. My Sister, Sir, in Part, express my Love;
For such as hers, is mine, though more extended:
Sense has no other Joy that I can relish;
I have my All in my dear Liege's Love.

Lear. Therefore, to thee and thine Hereditary,
Remain this ample Third of our fair Kingdom.

Cord. Now comes my Trial--How am I distressed, [*Aside.*
That must with cold Speech tempt the chol'rick King
Rather to leave me dowerless, than condemn me
To loath'd Embraces !

Lear. Speak now our last, not least in our dear Love;
So ends my Task of State.—*Cordelia*, speak.
What canst thou say to win a richer Third
Than what thy Sisters gain'd ?

Cord. Now must my Love, in Words, fall short of theirs,
As much as it exceeds in Truth.—Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing can come of Nothing, speak again.

Cord. Unhappy am I that I can't dissemble :
Sir, as I ought, I love your Majesty,
No more, nor less.

Lear. Take heed, *Cordelia* ;
Thy Fortunes are at stake, think better on't,
And mend thy Speech a little.

Cord. O my Leige !
You gave me Being, bred me, dearly love me,
And I return my Duty as I ought ;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they love you All ?
Hap'ly when I shall wed, the Lord whose Hand
Shall take my Plight, will carry half my Love ;
For I shall never marry like my Sisters,
To love my Father All.

Lear. And goes thy Heart with this ?
'Tis said that I am chol'rick. Judge me, Gods,
Is there not Cause ? Now, Minion, I perceive
The Truth of what has been suggested to us ;
Thy Fondness for the Rebel Son of *Gloster*,
False to his Father, as thou art to my Hopes :
And, oh ! take heed, rash Girl, lest we comply
With thy fond Wishes, which thou wilt too late
Repent ; for know our Nature cannot brook
A Child so young, and so ungentle.

Cord.

Cord. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Thy Truth then be thy Dow'r;
For by the sacred Sun, and solemn Night,
I here disclaim all my paternal Care,
And from this Minute hold thee as a Stranger
Both to my Blood and Favour.

Kent. This is Frenzy.
Consider, good my Liege——

Lear. Peace, *Kent*;
Come not between a Dragon and his Rage.
I lov'd her most, and in her tender Trust
Design'd to have bestow'd my Age at Ease.
So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give
My Heart from her, and with it all my Wealth.
My Lords of *Cornwall* and of *Albany*,
I do invest you jointly with full Right
In this fair Third, *Cordelia's* forfeit Dow'r.
Mark me, my Lords, observe our last Resolve;
Our Self, attended with an hundred Knights,
Will make Abode with you in monthly Course;
The Name alone of King remain with me,
Yours be th' Execution and Revenues.
This is our final Will; and to confirm it,
This Coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
And, as my Patron, thought on in my Pray'rs——

Lear. Away, the Bow is bent, make from the Shaft.

Kent. No, let it fall, and drench within my Heart:
Be *Kent* unmannerly when *Lear* is mad;
Thy youngest Daughter——

Lear. On thy Life no more.

Kent. What wilt thou do, old Man?

Lear. Out of my Sight.

Kent. See better first.

Lear. Now by the Gods——

Kent. Now by the Gods, rash King, thou swear'st in

Lear. Ha, Traitor! [vain.

Kent. Do, kill thy Physician, *Lear*;
Strike thro' my Throat, yet with my latest Breath

I'll thunder in thine Ear my just Complaint,
And tell thee to thy Face, that thou dost ill.

Lear. Hear me, rash Man; on thy Allegiance hear me:
Since thou hast striven to make us break our Vow,
And prest between our Sentence and our Pow'r,
Which nor our Nature, nor our Place can bear,
We banish thee for ever from our Sight
And Kingdom: If when three Days are expir'd,
Thy hated Trunk be found in our Dominions,
That Moment is thy Death—Away.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, King; since thou art resolv'd,
I take thee at thy Word, and will not stay
To see thy Fall: The Gods protect thee, Maid,
That truly thinks, and has most justly said.
Thus to new Climates my old Truth I bear;
Friendship lives hence, and Banishment is here. [*Exit.*]

Lear. Now, *Burgundy*, you see her Price is fall'n;
Yet if the Fondness of your Passion still
Affects her as she stands, dow'rless, and lost
In our Esteem, she's yours; take her, or leave her.

Burg. Pardon me, Royal *Lear*, I but demand
The Dow'r yourself propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the Hand, Dutcheß of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Then leave her Sir; for, by a Father's Rage,
I tell you all her Wealth. Away.

Burg. Then, Sir, be pleas'd to charge the Breach
Of our Alliance on your own Will,
Not my Inconstancy. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Edgar and Cordelia.

Edg. Has Heav'n then weigh'd the Merit of my Love,
Or is it the Raving of a sickly Thought?
Cou'd *Burgundy* forego so rich a Prize,
And leave her to despairing *Edgar's* Arms?
Have I thy Hand *Cordelia*? Do I clasp it?
The Hand that was this Minute to have join'd
My hated Rival's? Do I kneel before thee,
And offer at thy Feet my panting Heart?
Smile, Princess, and convince me; for as yet
I doubt, and dare not trust the dazzling Joy.

Cord. Some Comfort yet, that 'twas no vicious Blot
That has depriv'd me of a Father's Grace,

But

But merely want of that that makes me rich
In wanting it; a smooth professing Tongue.
O Sisters! I am loth to call your Fault
As it deserves; but use our Father well,
And wrong'd *Cordelia* never shall repine.

Edg. O heav'nly Maid! that art thyself thy Dow'r,
Richer in Virtue than the Stars in Light;
If *Edgar's* humble Fortunes may be grac'd
With thy Acceptance, at thy Feet he lays 'em.
Ha, my *Cordelia*! dost thou turn away?
What have I done t'offend thee?

Cord. Talk'd of Love.

Edg. Then I've offended oft; *Cordelia* too
Has oft permitted me so to offend.

Cord. When, *Edgar*, I permitted your Addresses,
I was the darling Daughter of a King,
Nor can I now forget my Royal Birth,
And I've dependent on my Lover's Fortune;
I cannot to so low a Fate submit;
And therefore study to forget your Passion,
And trouble me upon this Theme no more.

Edg. Thus Majesty takes most State in Distress!
How are we tost on Fortune's fickle Flood!
The Wave that with surprising Kindness brought
The dear Wreck to my Arms, has snatch'd it back,
And left me mourning on the barren Shore.

Cord. This Baseness of the ignoble *Burgundy*, [*Aside.*
Draws just Suspicion on the Race of Men;
His Love was Int'rest, so may *Edgar's* be,
And he but with more Compliment dissemble;
If so, I shall oblige him by denying.
But if his Love be fix'd, such constant Flame
As warms our Breasts, if such I find his Passion,
My Heart as grateful to his Truth shall be,
And cold *Cordelia* prove as kind as he. [*Exit.*

Enter Bastard hastily.

Bast. Brother, I've found you in a lucky Minute;
Fly and be safe, some Villain has incens'd
Our Father against your Life.

Edg. Distrest *Cordelia*! but oh! more cruel!

Bast. Hear me, Sir, your Life, your Life's in Danger.

Edg. A Resolve so sudden,
And of such black Importance!

Bast. 'Twas not sudden,
Some Villain has of long Time laid the Train.

Edg. And yet, perhaps, 'twas but pretended Coldness,
To try how far my Passion would pursue.

Bast. He hears me not; 'wake, 'wake, Sir.

Edg. Say ye, Brother?—
No Tears, good *Edmund*; if thou bring'st me Tidings
To strike me dead, for Charity delay not;
That Present will besit so kind a Hand.

Bast. Your Danger, Sir, comes on so fast,
That I want Time t'inform you; but retire,
Whilst I take Care to turn the pressing Stream.
O Gods! for Heaven's Sake, Sir.

Edg. Pardon me, Sir, a serious Thought
Had seiz'd me; but I think you talk'd of Danger,
And wish'd me to retire——Must all our Vows
End thus?—Friend, I obey you.—O *Cordelia*! [Exit.

Bast. Ha! ha! fond Man, such credulous Honesty
Lessens the Glory of my Artifice;
His Nature is so far from doing Wrongs,
That he suspects none: If this Letter speed,
And pass for *Edgar's*, as himself would own
The Counterfeit, but for the foul Contents,
Then my Designs are perfect——Here comes *Gloster*.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. Stay, *Edmund*, turn; What Paper were you

Bast. A Trifle, Sir. [reading]

Glost. What needed then that terrible Dispatch of it
Into your Pocket? Come, produce it, Sir.

Bast. A Letter from my Brother, Sir, I had
Just broke the Seal, but knew not the Contents;
Yet, fearing they might prove to blame,
Endeavour'd to conceal it from your Sight.

Glost. 'Tis *Edgar's* Character. [Reads.]

This Policy of Fathers is intolerable, that keeps our Fortunes from us, 'till Age will not suffer us to enjoy them; I am weary of the Tyranny: Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our Father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his Possessions, and live below'd of your Brother.

E D G A R.

Sleep till I wak'd him! you should enjoy
 Half his Possessions!—*Edgar* to write this
 'Gainst his indulgent Father! Death and Hell!
 Fly, *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him,
 That I may bite the Traitor's Heart, and fold
 His bleeding Entrails on my vengeful Arm.

Bast. Perhaps 'twas writ, my Lord, to prove my Virtue.

Gloster. These late Eclipses of the Sun and Moon
 Can bode no less; Love cools, and Friendship fails;
 In Cities Mutiny, in Countries Discord;
 The Bond of Nature crack'd 'twixt Son and Father:
 Find out the Villain; do it carefully,
 And it shall lose thee Nothing. [Exit.

Bast. So, now my Project's firm; but to make sure,
 I'll throw in one Proof more, and that a bold one;
 I'll place old *Gloster* where he shall o'er-hear us
 Confer of this Design; whilst, to his thinking,
 Deluded *Edgar* shall accuse himself.
 Be Honesty my Int'rest, and I can
 Be Honest too: And what Saint so divine,
 That will successful Villainy decline? [Exit.

Enter Kent disguised.

Kent. Now banish'd *Kent*, if thou canst pay thy Duty
 In this Disguise, where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 Thy Master *Lear* shall find thee full of Labours.

Enter Lear attended.

Lear. In there, and tell our Daughter we are here.
 Now, what art thou?

Kent. A Man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess, or would'st with Us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve
 him truly that puts me in Trust, to love him that's ho-
 nest, to converse with him that's wise and speaks little,
 to fight when I can't chuse, and to eat no Fish.

Lear. I say, what art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted Fellow, and as poor as
 the King.

Lear. Then art thou poor indeed.—What canst
 thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest Counsel, mar a curious Tale in
 the telling, deliver a plain Message bluntly; that which
B 3
ordi-

ordinary Men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is Diligence.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me.

Enter Goneril's Gentleman Usher.

Now, Sir ?

Gent. Sir ?

[Exit ; Kent runs after him.]

Lear. What says the Fellow ; Call the Clodpole back.

Att. My Lord, I know not ; but methinks your Highness is entertain'd with slender Ceremony.

Serv. He says, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the Slave back when I called him ?

Serv. My Lord, he answered me i'th' furliest Manner, that he would not.

Re-enter Gentleman brought in by Kent.

Lear. I hope our Daughter did not so instruct him. Now, who am I Sir ?

Gent. My Lady's Father.

Lear. My Lord's Knave.

[Strikes him.]

Enter Goneril.

Gent. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, thou vile Civet-box.

[Strikes up his Heels.]

Gon. By Day and Night, this is insufferable, I will not bear it.

Lear. Now, Daughter, why that Frontlet on ? Speak, does that Frown become our Presence ?

Gon. Sir, this licentious Insolence of your Servants Is most unseemly : hourly they break out In Quarrels, bred by their unbounded Riots : I had fair Hope by making this known to you, To have had a quick Redress, but find too late That you protect and countenance their Outrage ; And therefore, Sir, I take this Freedom, which Necessity makes discreet.

Lear. Are you our Daughter ?

Gon. Come, Sir, let me intreat you to make use Of your Discretion, and put off betimes This Disposition that of late transforms you From what you rightly are.

Lear. Does any here know me ? Why, this is not *Lear* ;
Does

Does *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his Eyes?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Gon. Come, Sir, this Admiration's much o'th' Savour
Of other your new Humours; I beseech you
To understand my Purposes aright;
As you are old, you should be staid and wise:
Here do you keep an hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so debauch'd and bold, that this our Palace
Shews like a riotous Inn, a Tavern, Brothel;
Be then advis'd by her that else will take
That she begs, to lessen your Attendance;
Take half away, and see that the Remainder
Be such as may besit your Age, and know
Themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and Devils!
Saddle my Horses, call my Train together.
Degenerate Viper, I'll not stay with Thee!
I yet have left a Daughter——Serpent! Monster!
Lessen my Train, and call 'em riotous?
All Men approv'd, of choice and rarest Parts,
That each Particular of Duty know.——
How small, *Cordelia*, was thy Fault? O *Lear*,
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out.——Go, go, my People.

Going off, meets Albany entering.

Ingrateful Duke, was this your Will?

Alb. What, Sir?

Lear. Death! fifty of my Followers at a Clap!

Alb. The Matter, Madam?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the Cause,
But give his Dotage Way.

Lear. Blasts upon thee;
Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curse
Pierce every Sense about thee; old fond Eyes,
Lament this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast ye with the Waters that ye lose
To temper Clay.——No, *Gorgon*, thou shalt find
That I'll resume the Shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

Gon. Mark ye that.

Alb. I'm ignorant.——

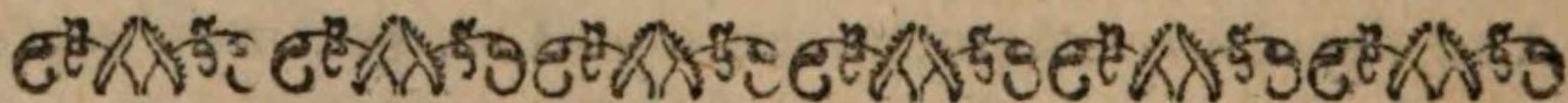
Lear.

Lear. It may be so my Lord.—Hear Nature!
 Dear Goddess hear; and if thou dost intend
 To make that Creature fruitful, change thy Purpose;
 Pronounce upon her Womb the barren Curse,
 That from her blasted Body never spring
 A Babe to honour her——But if she must bring forth,
 Defeat her Joy with some distorted Birth,
 Or monstrous Form, the Prodigy o'th'Time;
 And so perverse of Spirit, that it may live
 Her Torment as 'twas born, to fret her Cheeks
 With constant Tears, and wrinkle her young Brow.
 Turn all her Mother's Pains to Shame and Scorn,
 That she may curse her Crime too late, and feel
 How sharper than a Serpent's Tooth it is
 To have a thankless Child! Away, away. [*Exit cum suis.*]

Gon. Presuming thus upon his num'rous Train,
 He thinks to play the Tyrant here, and hold
 Our Lives at Will.

Alb. Well, you may bear too far. [*Exit.*]

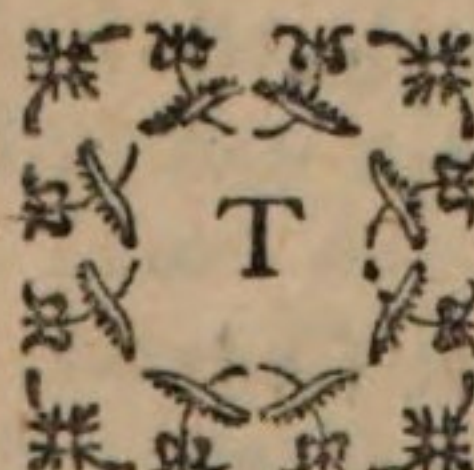
End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE *Gloster's House.*

Enter Bastard.


 HE Duke comes here To-night, I'll take
 Advantage
 Of his Arrival to complete my Project:
 Brother, a Word, come forth; 'tis I, your
 Friend. [*Enter Edgar.*]

My Father watches for you, fly this Place,
 Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
 Take the Advantage of the Night; bethink,

Have

Have you not spoke against the Duke of *Cornwall*
 Something might shew you a Favourer of
 Duke *Albany's* Party?

Edg. Nothing; why ask you?

Bast. Because he's coming here To-night in Haste,
 And *Regan* with him—Hark! the Guards; away.

Edg. Let 'em come on, I'll stay and clear myself.

Bast. Your Innocence at Leisure may be heard,
 But *Gloster's* storming Rage as yet is deaf,
 And you may perish ere allow'd the Hearing. [*Ex. Edgar.*
Gloster comes yonder: Now to my feigned Scuffle—
 Yield, come before my Father! Lights here, Lights!
 Some Blood drawn on me wou'd beget Opinion
 Of our more fierce Encounter—I have seen
 Drunkards do more than this in Sport. [*Stabs his Arm.*

Enter Gloster and Servants.

Glost. Now, *Edmund*, where's the Traitor?

Bast. That Name, Sir,
 Strikes Horror through me; but my Brother, Sir,
 Stood here i'th' Dark.

Glost. Thou bleed'st! pursue the Villain,
 And bring him Piece-meal to me.

Bast. Sir, he's fled.

Glost. Let him fly far, this Kingdom shall not hide him:
 The noble Duke my Patron comes To-night;
 By his Authority I will proclaim
 Rewards for him that brings him to the Stake,
 And Death for the Concealer.

Then of my Lands, loyal and natural Boy,
 I'll work the Means to make thee capable. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Kent (disguised still) and Goneril's Gentleman-
 Usher, severally.*

Gent. Good-morrow, Friend, belong'st thou to this

Kent. Ask them will answer thee. [*House?*

Gent. Where may we set our Horses?

Kent. I'th' Mire.

Gent. I am in Haste, prithee an' thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Gent. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. An' I had thee in *Lipbury* Pinfold, I'd make
 thee care for me.

Gent. What dost thou mean? I know thee not.

Kent. But, Minion, I know thee.

Gent. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. For a base, proud, beggarly, white-liver'd, glass-gazing, super-servicable, finical Rogue; one that wou'd be a Pimp in Way of good Service, and art nothing but a Composition of Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pander——

Gent. What a monstrous Fellow art thou to rail at One that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. Impudent Slave! not know me, who but two Days since tript up thy Heels before the King? Draw, Miscreant, or I'll make the Moon shine through thee.

Gent. What means the Fellow? Why, prithee, prithee; I tell thee I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. I know your Rogueship's Office; you come with Letters against the King, taking my young Lady *Vanity's* Part against her Royal Father: Draw, Rascal.

Gent. Murder, Murder, help. *Exit Kent after him.*

Flourish. Enter Duke of Cornwall, Regan, attended; Gloster, Bastard.

Gloster. All welcome to your Graces, you do me Honour.

Duke. *Gloster,* W've heard with Sorrow that your Life Has been attempted by your impious Son; But *Edmund* here has paid you strictest Duty.

Gloster. He did bewray his Practice, and receiv'd The Hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he pursued?

Gloster. He is, my Lord.

Reg. Use our Authority to apprehend The Traitor, and do Justice on his Head. For you, *Edmund*, that have signaliz'd Your Virtue, you from henceforth shall be ours; Natures of such firm Trust we much shall need. A charming Youth, and worth my farther Thought. [*Aside*

Duke. Lay Comfort, noble *Gloster*, to your Breast, As we to ours. This Night be spent in Revels. We choose you, *Gloster*, for our Host To-night, A troublesome Expression of our Love. On, to the Sports before us.——Who are these?

Enter

Enter Gentleman Usher, pursued by Kent.

Gloft. Now, what's the Matter?

Duke. Keep Peace upon your Lives; he dies that
Whence, and what are ye? [strikes.

Att. Sir, they are Messengers, the one from your
Sister, the other from the King.

Duke. Your Difference? speak.

Gent. I'm scarce in Breath, my Lord.

Kent. No Marvel, you have so bestir'd your Valour.
Nature disclaims the Dastard; a Taylor made him.

Duke. Speak yet, how grew your Quarrel?

Gent. Sir, this old Russian here, whose Life I spared,
In Pity to his Beard——

Kent. Thou Essence Bottle!
In Pity to my Beard?——Your Leave, my Lord,
And I will tread the Musk-cat into Mortar.

Duke. Know'st thou our Presence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but Anger has a Privilege.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a Slave as this should wear a Sword,
And have no Courage; Office, and no Honesty:
Not Frost and Fire hold more Antipathy
Than I and such a Knave.

Gloft. Why dost thou call him Knave?

Kent. His Countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perhaps does mine, nor his, or hers.

Kent. Plain Dealing is my Trade; and to be plain, Sir,
I have seen better Faces in my Time,
Than stand on any Shoulders now before me.

Reg. This is some Fellow, that having once been prais'd
For Bluntness, since affects a saucy Rudeness;
But I have known one of these surly Knaves,
That in his Plainness harbour'd more Design
Than twenty cringing complimenting Minions.

Duke. What's the Offence you gave him?

Gent. Never any, Sir;
It pleas'd the King, his Master, lately
To strike me on a slender Misconstruction,
Whilst watching his Advantage, this old Lurcher
Tript me behind, for which the King extoll'd him;
And, flush'd with the Honour of this bold Exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Duke.

Duke. Bring forth the Stocks, we'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I'm too old to learn ;

Call not the Stocks for me, I serve the King ;

On whose Employment I was sent to you :

You'll shew too small Respect, and too bold Malice

Against the Person of my Royal Master,

Stocking his Messenger.

Duke. Bring forth the Stocks, as I have Life and Ho-
There shall he sit till Noon. [nour,

Reg. Till Noon, my Lord ! T'ill Night, and all Night
too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Father's Dog,
You would not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will.

Gloft. Let me beseech your Graces to forbear him ;
His Fault is much, and the good King his Master
Will check him for't, but needs must take it ill
To be thus slighted in his Messenger.

Duke. We'll answer that ;

Our Sister may receive it worse to have
Her Gentleman assaulted : To our Business, lead. [Exit.

Gloft. I am sorry for thee, Friend, 'tis the Duke's Plea-
Whose Disposition will not be controul'd ; [sure,
But I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, Sir——

I have watch'd and travell'd hard ;

Some Time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle :

Farewell t'ye, Sir.

[Exit Gloft.

All weary, and o'erwatch'd,

I feel the drowsy Guest steal on me : Take

Advantage, heavy Eyes, of this kind Slumber,

Not to behold this vile and shameful Lodging. [Sleeps.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. I heard myself proclaim'd,

And by the friendly Hollow of a Tree,

Escap'd the Hunt. No Port is free, no Place

Where Guards and most unusual Vigilance

Do not attend to take me.—How easy now

'Twere to defeat the Malice of my Trail,

And leave my Grievs on my Sword's reeking Point ;

But Love detains me from Death's peaceful Cell,

Still

Still whispering me, *Cordelia's* in Distress;
 Unkind as she is, I cannot see her wretched,
 But must be near to wait upon her Fortune.
 Who knows but the white Minute yet may come,
 When *Edgar* may do Service to *Cordelia*?
 That charming Hope still ties me to the Oar
 Of painful Life, and makes me too submit
 To th' humblest Shifts to keep that Life a-foot.
 My Face I will besmear, and knit my Locks;
 The Country gives me Proof and Precedent
 Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who, with roaring Voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare Arms,
 Pins, Iron Spikes, Thorns, Sprigs of Rosemary;
 And thus from Sheep-cotes, Villages and Mills,
 Sometimes with Pray'rs, sometimes with Lunatick Bans,
 Enforce their Charity; poor *Tyrligood*! poor *Tom*!
 That's something yet. *Edgar* I am no more. [Exit.

Kent in the Stocks still; Enter Lear attended.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from
 And not send back our Messenger. [Home,

Kent. Hail, noble Master.

Lear. How! mak'st thou this Shame thy Pastime?
 What's he that has so much mistook thy Place,
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both He and She, Sir; your Son and
 Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes,

Lear. No, I say,

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear, no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than Murder,
 To do upon Respect such violent Outrage.

Resolve me with all modest Haste, which Way
 Thou mayst deserve, or they impose this Usage?

Kent. My Lord, when at their Home
 I did commend your Highness' Letters to them,
 Ere I was ris'n, arriv'd another Post,
 Stew'd in his Haste, breathless and panting forth,

From *Goneril*, his Mistress, Salutations ;
 Whose Message being deliver'd, they took Horse,
 Commanding me to follow and attend
 The Leisure of their Answer ; which I did :
 But meeting that other Messenger,
 Whose Welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
 Being the very Fellow that of late
 Had shewn such Rudeness to your Highness ; I,
 Having more Man than Wit about me, drew ;
 On which he rais'd the House with Coward Cries :
 'This was the Trespass, which your Son and Daughter
 Thought worth the Shame you see it suffer here.

Lear. Oh ! this Spleen swells upward to my Heart,
 And heaves for Passage !—Down, thou climbing Rage,
 Thy Element's below. Where is this Daughter?

Kent. Within, Sir, at a Masque.

Enter Gloster.

Lear. Now *Gloster* ?—Ha ! [*Gloster Whispers Lear*.
 Deny to speak with me ? Th'are sick, th'are weary,
 They have travell'd hard to-night ?—Mere Fetches ;
 Bring me a better Answer.

Gloster. My dear Lord,
 You know the fiery Quality of the Duke——

Lear. Vengeance ! Death ! Plague ! Confusion !
 Fiery ? What Quality ?——Why *Gloster*, *Gloster*,
 I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Wife.

Gloster. I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ? dost thou understand me, Man ?
 I tell thee, *Gloster*,——

Gloster. Ay, my good Lord. [Father

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the dear
 Would with his Daughter speak, commands her Service.
 Are they inform'd of this ? My Breath and Blood !
 Fiery ? The fiery Duke ? Tell the hot Duke——
 No, but not yet ; may be he is not well ;
 Infirmary does still neglect all Office ;
 I beg his Pardon, and I'll chide my Rashness
 That took the indispos'd and sickly Fit
 For the sound Man.—But wherefore sits He there ?
 Death on my State, this Act convinces me
 That this Retiredness of the Duke and her

Is plain Contempt. Give me my Servant forth ;
Go tell the Duke and's Wife I'd speak with 'em :
Now instantly,——bid 'em come forth and hear me ;
Or at their Chamber Door I'll beat the Drum,
'Till it cry, sleep to Death.——

Enter Cornwall and Regan.

Oh ! Are you come ?

Duke. Health to the King.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan*, I think you are ; I know what Cause
I have to think so. Shou'd'st thou not be glad,
I wou'd divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb.
Beloved *Regan*, thou wilt shake to hear
What I shall utter : thou cou'd'st ne'er ha' thought it—
Thy Sister's naught : O *Regan*, she has ty'd
Ingratitude like a keen Vulture here ;
I scarce can speak to thee.

[Kent here set at Liberty.]

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take Patience ; I have Hope
That you know less to value her Desert,
Than she to slack her Duty.

Lear. Ha ! How's that ?

Reg. I cannot think my Sister in the least
Would fail in her Respects ; but if perchance
She has restrain'd the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on such Grounds, and to such wholesome Ends,
As clear her from all Blame.

Lear. My Curses on her !

Reg. O Sir, you're old,
And shou'd content you to be rul'd and led
By some Discretion that discerns your State
Better than you yourself ; therefore, good Sir,
Return to our Sister, and say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ha ! Ask her Forgiveness ?

No, no, 'twas my Mistake, thou didst not mean so
Dear Daughter, I confess that I am old :
Age is unnecessary ; but thou art good,
And wilt dispense with my Infirmary.

Reg. Good Sir, no more of these unfightly Passions ;
Return back to our Sister.

Lear. Never, *Regan*;
 She has abated me of half my Train,
 Look'd black upon me, stabb'd me with her Tongue:
 All the stor'd Vengeances of Heav'n fall
 On her ingrateful Head. Strike her young Bones,
 Ye taking Airs, with Lameness!

Reg. O the blest Gods! Thus will you wish on me,
 When the rash Mood——

Lear. No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my Curse;
 Thy tender Nature cannot give thee o'er
 To such Impiety: Thou better know'st
 The Offices of Nature, Bond of Childhood,
 And Dues of Gratitude; thou bear'st in Mind
 The Half o'th' Kingdom, which our Love conferr'd
 On thee and thine.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' Purpose.

Lear. Who put my Man i'th' Stocks?

Duke. What Trumpet's that;

Reg. I know't, my Sister's; this confirms her Letters.
 Sir, is your Lady come?

Enter Goneril's Gentleman Usher.

Lear. More Torture still?
 This is a Slave, whose easy borrow'd Pride
 Dwells in the fickle Grace of her he follows;
 A Fashion Pop, that spends the Day in dressing,
 And all to bear his Lady's flatt'ring Message;
 That can deliver with a Grace her Lye,
 And with as bold a Face bring back a greater.
 Out, Varlet, from my Sight!

Duke. What means your Grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my Servant? *Regan*, I have Hope
 Thou didst not know it.

Enter Goneril.

Who comes here? Oh Heav'ns!
 If you do love old Men; if your sweet Sway
 Hallow Obedience; if yourselves are old,
 Make it your Cause; send down, and take my Part!
 Why, *Gorgon*, dost thou come to haunt me here?
 Art not ashamed to look upon this Beard?
 Darkness upon my Eyes, they play me false;
 O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the Hand?

Gon.

Gon. Why not by th' Hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not Offence that Indiscretion finds,
And Dotage terms so.

Lear. Heart, thou art too tough!

Reg. I pray you, Sir, being old, confess you are so.
If till the Expiration of your Month,
You will return, and sojourn with our Sister,
Dismissing half your Train, come then to me;
I'm now from Home, and out of that Provision
That shall be needful for your Entertainment.

Lear. Return with her, and fifty Knights dismiss'd?
No, rather I'll forswear all Roofs, and chuse
To be Companion to the Midnight Wolf,
My naked Head expos'd to th' merc'less Air,
Then have my smallest Wants supply'd by her.

Gon. At your Choice, Sir.

Lear. Now, I prithee Daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my Child. Farewell;
We'll meet no more, no more see one another;
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer strike,
Nor tell Tales of thee to avenging Heav'n.
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy Leisure;
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Your Pardon, Sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit Welcome.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. My Sister treats you fair. What! fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive Attendance
From those whom she calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? If then they chance to slack
We cou'd controul them.—If you come to me, [you,
For now I see the Danger, I intreat you
To bring but Five and Twenty; to no more
Will I give Place.

Lear. Oh Gods! I gave you all!

Reg. And in good Time you gave it.

Lear. Hold now, my Temper; stand this Bolt unmov'd,

And I am Thunder-Proof;
 The wicked, when compar'd with the more wicked,
 Seem beautiful; and not to be the worst,
 Stands in some Rank of Praise. Now, *Goneril*,
 Thou art innocent again, I'll go with thee;
 Thy Fifty yet does double Five and Twenty,
 And thou art twice her Love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord.

What need you Five and Twenty, Ten, or Five,
 To follow in a House, where twice so many
 Have a Command t'attend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. Blood! Fire! Here——Leprosies and bluest
 Room, Room for Hell to belch her Horrors up, [Plagues!
 And drench the *Circes* in a Stream of Fire;
 Hark, how th' Infernals eccho to my Rage
 Their Whips and Snakes!——

Reg. How lewd a thing is Passion!

Gon. So old and stomachful? [*Lightning and Thunder.*

Lear. Heav'ns drop your Patience down!

You see me here, ye Gods, a poor old Man,
 As full of Griefs as Age, wretched in both!——
 I'll bear no more. No, you unnat'ral Hags,
 I will have such Revenges on you both,
 That all the World shall——I will do such things,
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The Terrors of the Earth: You think I'll weep, [*Thunder*
 This Heart shall break into a thousand Pieces [*again.*
 Before I'll weep.—O Gods! I shall go mad! [*Exit.*

Duke. 'Tis a wild Night, come out o'th' Storm. [*Ex.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT



A C T III.

SCENE *A desert Heath:*

Enter Lear and Kent in the Storm.

Lear. ❄️❄️❄️❄️ LOW Winds, and burst your Cheeks,
❄️❄️❄️❄️ rage louder yet ;
❄️❄️❄️❄️ B Fantastick Lightning finge, finge my
❄️❄️❄️❄️ white Head ;
❄️❄️❄️❄️ Spout Cataracts, and Hurricanoes fall,
'Till you have drown'd the Towns and Palaces
Of proud ingrateful Man.

Kent. Not all my best Intreaties can persuade him
Into some needful Shelter, or to 'bide
This poor slight Cov'ring on his aged Head,
Expos'd to this wild War of Earth and Heav'n. [*Thunders.*]

Lear. Rumble thy fill, fight Whirlwind, Rain and Fire;
Not Fire, Wind, Rain, or Thunder are my Daughters :
I tax not you, ye Elements, with Unkindness ;
I never gave you Kingdoms, call'd you Children ;
You owe me no Obedience. Then let fall
Your horrible Pleasure ;—here I stand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old Man.
Yet I will call you servile Ministers,
That have with two pernicious Daughters join'd
Your high engender'd Battle 'gainst a Head
So old and white as mine. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Kent. Hard by, Sir, is a Hovel, that will lend
Some Shelter from this Tempest.

Lear. I will forget my Nature. What! so kind a Father?
Ay, there's the Point. [Thunders.

Kent. Consider, good my Liege, Things that love
[Night,
Love not such Nights as this; these wrathful Skies
Frighten the very Wand'ers of the Dark,
And make them keep their Caves; such drenching Rain,
Such

Such Sheets of Fire, such Claps of horrid Thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Winds, have ne'er been known.

[*Thunders.*

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful Pudder o'er our Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,
That hast within thee undiscover'd Crimes !
Hide, hide thou Murd'rer, hide thy bloody Hand——
Thou perjur'd Villain, holy Hypocrite,
That drink'st the Widow's Tears, figh now, and ask
These dreadful Summoners Grace.——I am a Man
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Good Sir, to th' Hovel.

Lear. My Wits begin to burn——
Come on my Boy, how dost my Boy ? Art cold ?
I'm cold myself ; shew me this Straw, Fellow ;
The Art of our Necessity is strange,
And can make vile Things precious. My poor Knave,
Cold as I am at Heart, I've one Place there [*Louder Storm.*
That's sorry yet for thee. [*Exit.*

Gloster's Palace. Enter Bastard.

Bast. The Storm is in our louder Rev'lings drown'd.
Thus wou'd I reign, cou'd I but mount a Throne.
The Riots of these proud imperial Sisters
Already have impos'd the galling Yoke
Of Taxes, and hard Impositions on
The drudging Peasant's Neck, who bellows out
His loud Complaints in vain—Triumphant Queens !
With what Assurance do they tread the Crowd ?
Oh ! for a Tasse of such Majestick Beauty,
Which none but my hot Veins are fit t'engage ;
Nor are my Wishes desp'rate, for ev'n now,
During the Banquet, I observ'd their Glances
Shot thick at me ; and, as they left the Room,
Each cast, by Stealth, a kind inviting Smile,
The happy Earnest———ha !

*Two Pages, from several Entrances, deliver him each
a Letter, and Exit.*

Reads] *Where Merit is so transparent, not to behold it were
Blindness, and not to reward it, Ingratitude.*

Goneril.

Enough ! Blind and ungrateful should I be
Not to obey the Summons of this Oracle.

Now for a second Letter.

[*Opens the other.*

*Reads.] If Modesty be not your Enemy, doubt not to find
me your Friend.*

Regan.

Excellent Sybil ! O my glowing Blood !
I am already sick of Expectation,
And pant for the Possession.——Here *Gloster* comes.
With Business on his Brow ; be hush'd my Joys.

Enter Gloster.

Gloster. I come to seek thee, *Edmund*, to impart a Business of Importance. I know thy loyal Heart is touch'd to see the Cruelty of these ungrateful Daughters against our Royal Master.

Bast. Most savage and unnatural.

Gloster. This Change in the State sits uneasy. The Commons repine aloud at their female Tyrants ; already they cry out for the Re-Instalment of their good old King, whose Injuries, I fear, will inflame them into Mutiny.

Bast. 'Tis to be hop'd, not fear'd.

Gloster. Thou hast it, Boy ; 'tis to be hop'd indeed. On me they cast their Eyes, and hourly court me To lead them on ; and whilst this Head is mine, I'm theirs. A little covert Craft, my Boy, And then for open Action ; 'twill be Employment Worthy such honest daring Souls as thine.

Thou, *Edmund*, art my trusty Emissary.

Haste on the Spur, at the first Break of Day [*Gives him*
With these Dispatches to the Duke of *Cambray*. *Letters.*

You know what mortal Feuds have always flam'd
Between this Duke of *Cornwall*'s Family, and his ;
Full Twenty Thousand Mountaineers
Th' inveterate Prince will send to our Assistance.

Dispatch ; commend us to his Grace, and prosper.

Bast. Yes, credulous old Man, [*Aside.*
I will commend you to his Grace,
His Grace the Duke of *Cornwall*——instantly,

To

To shew him these Contents in thy own Character,
 And seal'd with thy own Signet; then forthwith
 The chol'rick Duke gives Sentence on thy Life;
 And to my Hand thy vast Revenues fall,
 To glut my Pleasures that 'till now have starv'd. [*Retires.*
Gloster going off is met by Cordelia entering, Bastard
observing at a Distance.

Cord. Turn, *Gloster*, turn, by all the sacred Pow'rs
 I do conjure you give my Grievs a Hearing;
 You must, you shall, nay, I am sure you will,
 For you were always stil'd the Just and Good.

Glost. What wou'dst thou, Princess? Rise, and speak thy

Cord. Nay, you shall promise to redress 'em too, [*Grievs.*
 Or here I'll kneel for ever. I entreat
 Thy Succour for a Father, and a King,
 An injur'd Father, and an injur'd King.

Bast. O charming Sorrow! How her Tears adorn her,
 Like Dew on Flow'rs! but she is virtuous,
 And I must quench this hopeless Fire i'th' kindling. [*Aside*

Glost. Consider, Princess, [*thee.*
 For whom thou beg'st, 'tis for the King that wrong'd

Cord. O name not that; he did not, cou'd not wrong me.
 Nay, muse not, *Gloster*, for it is too likely
 This injur'd King ere this is past your Aid,
 And gone distracted with his savage Wrongs.

Bast. I'll gaze no more,——and yet my Eyes are
 charm'd. [*Aside.*

Cord. Or, what if it be worse?—Can there be worse?
 As 'tis too probable, this furious Night
 Has pierc'd his tender Body; the bleak Winds
 And cold Rain chill'd, or Lightning struck him dead;
 If it be so, your Promise is discharg'd,
 And I have only one poor Boon to beg,
 That you'd convey me to his breathless Trunk,
 With my torn Robes to wrap his hoary Head,
 With my torn Hair to bind his Hands and Feet,
 Then with a Show'r of Tears
 To wash his Clay-smear'd Cheeks, and die beside him.

Glost. Rise, fair *Cordelia*, thou hast Piety
 Enough t'atone for both thy Sisters Crimes;
 I have already plotted to restore

My injur'd Master, and thy Virtue tells me
We shall succeed, and suddenly.

[Exit.

Cord. Dispatch, *Arante*,
Provide me a Disguise; we'll instantly
Go seek the King, and bring him some Relief.

Ar. How, Madam! Are you ignorant
Of what your impious Sisters have decreed?
Immediate Death for any that relieve him.

Cord. I cannot dread the Furies in this Case.

Ar. In such a Night as this? Consider, Madam,
For many Miles about there's scarce a Bush
To shelter in.

Cord. Therefore no Shelter for the King,
And more our Charity to find him out:
What have not Women dar'd for vicious Love?
And we'll be shining Proofs that they can dare
For Piety as much. Blow Winds, and Lightnings fall,
Bold in my Virgin Innocence I'll fly, [Thunders.
My Royal Father to relieve or die. [Exit.

Bast. "Provide me a Disguise, we'll instantly
Go seek the King;"——ha! ha! A lucky Change:
That Virtue which I fear'd would be my Hind'rance,
Has prov'd the Bawd to my Design;
I'll bribe two Ruffians shall at Distance follow,
And seize them in some desert Place; and there,
Whilst one retains her, t'other shall return
T'inform me where she's lodg'd. I'll be disguis'd too:
Whilst they are poaching for me, I'll to the Duke
With these Dispatches, then to the Field,
Where, like the vig'rous *Jove*, I will enjoy
This *Semele* in a Storm; 'twill deaf her Cries,
Like Drums in Battle, lest her Groans should pierce
My pitying Ear, and make the am'rous Fight less fierce. *Ex*

Storm still. The Field Scene. Enter Lear and Kent.

Kent. Here is the Place, my Lord; good my Lord enter:
The Tyranny of this open Night's too rough
For Nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter.

Lear. Wilt break my Heart?

Kent. Beseech you, Sir.

Lear

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
Invades us to the Skin; so 'tis to thee; [Storm
But where the greater Malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt: The Tempest in my Mind
Does from my Senses take all Feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial Ingratitude!
Is it not as this Mouth should tear this Hand
For lifting Food to't?——But I'll punish Home!
No, I will weep no more. In such a Night [Thunders.
To shut me out!——Pour on, I will endure——
In such a Night as this! O *Regan, Goneril!*
Your old kind Father, whose frank Heart gave all——
O that Way Madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. See, my Lord, here's the Entrance.

Lear. Well, I'll go in
And pass it all; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. [Thunders.
Poor naked Wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless Storm;
How shall your houseless Heads and unfed Sides
Sustain this Shock? Your Raggedness defend you
From Seasons such as these?
Oh! I have ta'en too little Care of this:
Take Physick, Pomp!
Expose thy self to feel what Wretches feel,
That thou may'st cast the Superflux to them,
And shew the Heav'ns more just.

Edgar in the Hovel.

Five Fathom and a half, poor *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'
Come forth. [Straw?

Edg. Away! the foul Fiend follows me——Through
the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold Wind——Mum,
go to thy Bed and warm thee——Ha! what do I see?
By all my Grievs the poor old King bareheaded,
And drench'd in this foul Storm! Professing *Syrens*,
Are all your Protestations come to this?

Lear. Tell me Fellow, didst thou give all to thy
[Daughters?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*, whom the foul
Fiend has led through Fire, and through Flame, through
Bushes,

Bushes and Bogs; that has laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halts in his Pew; that has made him proud of Heart to ride on a bay trotting Horse over four-inched Bridges, to course his own Shadow for a Traytor.— Bless thy five Wits, *Tom's* a cold. [*Shivers.*] Bless thee from Whirlwinds, Star-blasting, and taking; do poor *Tom* some Charity, whom the foul Fiend vexes.—Sa, Sa; there I could have him now, and there, and there agen.

Lear. Have his Daughters brought him to this Pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them All?

Kent. He has no Daughter, Sir.

Lear. Death, Traitor, nothing could have subdu'd Nature To such a Lowness, but his unkind Daughters. [*ture*

Edg. Pillicock sat upon Pillicock Hill; hallo, hallo,

Lear. Is it the Fashion that disregarded Fathers [*hallo.* Should have such little Mercy on their Flesh? Judicious Punishment! 'twas this Flesh begot Those Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Take heed of the foul Fiend; obey thy Parents; keep thy Word justly; swear not; commit not with Man's sworn Spouse; set not thy sweet Heart on proud Array—*Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A Serving-man proud of Heart, that curl'd my Hair, used Perfume and Washes; that served the Lust of my Mistress's Heart, and did the Act of Darknes with her; swore as many Oaths as I spoke Words; and broke them all in the sweet-Face of Heaven: Let not the Paint, nor the Patch, nor the Rustling of Silks, betray thy poor Heart to Woman; keep thy Foot out of Brothels, thy Hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from Creditors Books, and defy the foul Fiend.—Sill through the Hawthorn blows the cold Wind.

Lear. Death! thou wert better in thy Grave, than thus to answer with thy uncovered Body, this Extremity of the Sky. And yet consider him well, and Man's no more than this; thou art indebted to the Worm for no Silk, to the Beast for no Hide, to the Cat for no Perfume.—Ha! Here's two of us are sophisticated; thou art the Thing itself; unaccommodated Man is no more than such a poor bare forked Animal as thou art.

Off, off, ye vain Disguises, empty Lendings,
I'll be my original Self; quick, quick, uncase me.

Kent. Defend his Wits, good Heaven!

Lear. One Point I had forgot; what is your Name?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming Frog, the
Wall-Nut and the Water-Nut; that in the Fury of his
Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, eats Cow Dung for
Sallads, swallows the old Rat, and the Ditch-Dog, that
drinks the green Mantle of the standing Pool; that's
whipt from Tything to Tything; that has three Suits to
his Back, six Shirts to his Body,

Horse to ride, and Weapon to wear,

But Rats and Mice, and such small Deer,

Have been *Tom's* Food for seven long Year.

Beware, my Follower; Peace, *Smolkin*, Peace, thou
foul Fiend.

Lear. One Word more, but be sure true Counsel; tell
me, is a Madman a Gentleman, or a Yeoman?

Kent. I fear'd 'twou'd come to this; his Wits are
gone.

Edg. *Fraterrato* calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an
Angler in the Lake of Darknes. Pray innocent, and
beware the foul Fiend.

Lear. Right, ha! ha! Was it not pleasant to have a
Thousand with red-hot Spits come hissing in upon them?

Edg. My Tears begin to take his Part so much,
They mar my Counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little Dogs and all, *Tray*, *Blanch*, and
Sweet-Heart, see they bark at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his Head at 'em: vaunt, ye Curs.

Be thy Mouth, or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite:

Mastiff, Grey-Hound, Mungrel grim,

Hound, or Spaniel, Brache, or Lym:

Bob-Tail Tike, or Trundle-Tail,

Tom will make 'em weep and wail:

For with throwing thus my Head,

Dogs leap the Hatch, and all are fled.

Come, march to Wakes and Fairs, and Market-Towns.

—Poor *Tom*, thy Horn is dry.

Lear

Lear. You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my Hundred, only I do not like the Fashion of your Garments; you'll say they're *Persian*, but no Matter, let 'em be changed.

Enter Gloster.

Edg. This is the foul *Flibbertigibbet*; he begins at Curfew, and walks till the first Cock; he gives the Web, and the Pin; knits the Elflock; squints the Eye, and makes the Hair-Lip; mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creatures of the Earth.

*Swit*thin footed thrice the Wold,
He met the Night-Mare and her Nine-Fold,
'Twas there he did appoint her;
He bid her alight, and her Troth plight,
And aroynt the Witch, aroynt her.

Gloster. What, has your Grace no better Company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman; *Modo* he is call'd, and *Mahu*.

Gloster. Go with me, Sir; hard by I have a Tenant. My Duty cannot suffer me to obey in all your Daughters hard Commands, who have enjoin'd me to make fast my Doors, and let this tyrannous Night take hold upon you. Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, and bring you where both Fire and Food are ready.

Kent. Good my Lord, take this Offer.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philosopher; Say, *Staggerite*, what is the Cause of Thunder?

Gloster. Beseech you, Sir, go with me.

Lear. I'll talk a Word with this same learned *Theban*. What is your Study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you a Word in private.

Kent. His Wits are quite unsettled; good Sir, let's force him hence.

Gloster. Can't blame him? His Daughters seek his Death; this Bedlam but disturbs him the more. Fellow, be gone.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tower came,
His Word was still Fi, Fo, and Fum,
I smell the Blood of a *British* Man.—Oh! Torture!

Gloſt. Now, I prithee, Friend, let's take him in our Arms, and carry him where he ſhall meet both Welcome and Protection. Good Sir, along with us.

Lear. You ſay right, let 'em anatomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about her Heart; is there any Cause in Nature for theſe hard Hearts?

Kent. I beſeech your Grace.

Lear. Hiſt!—Make no Noiſe, make no Noiſe—
ſo, ſo; we'll to Supper i' th' Morning. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cordelia and Arante. [*Thunders.*

Ar. Dear Madam, reſt ye here, our Search is vain; Look, here's a Shed; beſeech ye, enter here.

Cord. Prithee go in thyſelf, ſeek thy own Eaſe; Where the Mind's free, the Body's delicate; This Tempeſt but diverts me from the Thought Of what would hurt me more.

Enter two Ruffians.

1 *Ruff.* We have dogg'd 'em far enough; this Place is I'll keep 'em Priſoners here within this Hovel, [private; Whiſt you return and bring Lord *Edmund* hither; But help me firſt to houſe 'em.

2 *Ruff.* Nothing but this dear Devil [*Shews Gold.*
Should have drawn me through all this Tempeſt; But to our Work.—

They ſeize Cordelia and Arante, who ſhriek out.
Soft, Madam, we are Friends; diſpatch, I ſay.

Cord. Help, Murder, Help. Gods! Some kind Thun-
To ſtrike me dead. [*derbolt*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. What Cry was that?—Ha! Women ſeiz'd by
Is this a Place and Time for Villany? Ruffians?
Avaunt, ye Bloodhounds. [*Drives them with his Quar-
[ter ſtaff.*

Both. The Devil, the Devil! [*Run off.*

Edg. O ſpeak, what are ye that appear to be
O' th' tender Sex, and yet unguarded wander
Through the dead Mazes of this dreadful Night,
Where (though at full) the clouded Moon ſcarce darts
Imperfect Glimmerings?

Cord. Firſt ſay, what art thou,
Our Guardian Angel, that wert pleas'd to'assume

That

That horrid Shape to fright the Ravishers?
We'll kneel to thee.

Edg. O my tumultuous Blood!
By all my trembling Veins, *Cordelia's* Voice!
'Tis she herself! — My Senses sure conform
To my wild Garb, and I am mad indeed. [*Aside.*]

Cord. Whate'er thou art, befriend a wretched Virgin;
And if thou canst, direct our weary Search.

Edg. Who relieves poor *Tom*, that sleeps on the Nettle,
with the Hedge-pig for his Pillow.

Whilst *Smug* ply'd the Bellows,
She truck'd with her Fellows;
The freckle-fac'd *Mab*
Was a Blouze and a Drab,

Yet *Switthin* made *Oberon* jealous. — Oh! Torture!

Ar. Alack! Madam, a poor wand'ring Lunatick.

Cord. And yet his Language seem'd but now well tem-
Speak, Friend, to one more wretched than thyself: [per'd.
And if thou hast one Interval of Sense,

Inform us, if thou canst, where we may find
A poor old Man, who through this Heath hath stray'd
The tedious Night. — Speak, saw'st thou such a one?

Edg. The King her Father, whom she's come to seek
Through all the Terrors of this Night: O Gods!
That such amazing Piety, such Tenderneſs
Shou'd yet to me be cruel! — [*Aside.*

Yes, Fair One, such a one was lately here,
And is convey'd by some that came to seek him,
To a neighb'ring Cottage; but distinctly where,
I know not.

Cord. Blessings on them!
Let's find him out, *Arante*, for thou see'st
We are in Heaven's Protection. [*Going off.*

Edg. O *Cordelia*!

Cord. Ha! — Thou know'st my Name.

Edg. As you did once know *Edgar's*.

Cord. *Edgar*!

Edg. The poor Remains of *Edgar*, what your Scorn
has left him.

Cord. Do we wake, *Arante*?

Edg. My Father seeks my Life, which I presery'd,

In hope of some blest Minute to oblige
 Distrest *Cordelia*, and the Gods have given it;
 That Thought alone prevail'd with me to take
 This frantic Dress, to make the Earth my Bed,
 With these bare Limbs all Change of Seasons bide,
 Noon's scorching Heat, and Midnight's piercing Cold,
 To feed on Offals, and to drink with Herds,
 To combat with the Winds, and be the Sport
 Of Clowns, or what's more wretched yet, their Pity.

Cord. Was ever Tale so full of Misery!

Edg. But such a Fall as this I grant was due
 To my aspiring Love, for 'twas presumptuous,
 Though not presumptuously pursued;
 For well you know I wore my Flame conceal'd,
 And silent as the Lamps that burn in Tombs,
 Till you perceiv'd my Grief, with modest Grace
 Drew forth the Secret, and then seal'd my Pardon.

Cord. You had your Pardon, nor can you challenge more.

Edg. What do I challenge more?
 Such Vanity agrees not with these Rags:
 When in my prosp'rous State, rich *Gloster's* Heir,
 You silenc'd my Pretences, and enjoin'd me
 To trouble you upon that Theme no more;
 Then what Reception must Love's Language find
 From these bare Limbs and Beggar's humble Weeds?

Cord. Such as a Voice of Pardon to a Wretch condemn'd,
 Such as the Shouts
 Of succouring Forces to a Town besieg'd.

Edg. Ah! What new Method now of Cruelty?

Cord. Come to my Arms, thou dearest, best of Men,
 And take the kindest Vows that e'er were spoke
 By a protesting Maid.

Edg. Is't possible?

Cord. By the dear vital Stream that bathes my Heart,
 These hallowed Rags of thine, and naked Virtue,
 These abject Tassels, these fantastick Shreds,
 (Ridiculous even to the meanest Clown)
 To me are dearer than the richest Pomp
 Of purpled Monarchs.

Edg. Generous, charming Maid!
 The Gods alone that made, can rate thy Worth!

This

This most amazing Excellence shall be
Fame's Triumph in succeeding Ages, when
Thy bright Example shall adorn the Scene,
And teach the World Perfection.

Cord. Cold and weary,
We'll rest a while, *Arante*, on that Straw,
Then forward to find out the poor old King.

Edg. Look, I have Flint and Steel, the Implements
Of wand'ring Lunaticks; I'll strike a Light,
And make a Fire beneath this Shed, to dry
Thy Storm-drench'd Garments, ere thou lie to rest thee;
'Then, fierce and wakeful as th' *Hesperian* Dragon,
I'll watch beside thee to protect thy Sleep;
Mean while the Stars shall dart their kindest Beams,
And Angels visit my *Cordelia's* Dreams. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Bastard, Servants. Cornwall
with Gloster's Letters.

Duke. I will have my Revenge ere I depart his House.
Regan, see here, a Plot upon our State;
'Tis *Gloster's* Character, that has betray'd
His double Trust of Subject and of Host.

Reg. Then double be our Vengeance; this confirms
Th' Intelligence that we now received,
That he has been this Night to seek the King.
But who, Sir, was the kind Discoverer?

Duke. Our Eagle, quick to spy, and fierce to seize;
Our trusty *Edmund*.

Reg. 'Twas a noble Service;
O *Cornwall*, take him to thy deepest Trust,
And wear him as a Jewel at thy Heart.

Bast. Think, Sir, how hard a Fortune I sustain,
That makes me thus repent of serving you; [Weeps.
O that this Treason had not been, or I
Not the Discoverer!

Duke. *Edmund*, thou shalt find
A Father in our Love, and from this Minute
We call thee Earl of *Gloster*; but there yet
Remains another Justice to be done,

And

And that's to punish this discarded Traitor;
But lest thy tender Nature should relent
At his just Sufferings, nor brook the Sight,
We wish thee to withdraw.

Reg. The Grotto, Sir, within the lower Grove
Has Privacy, to suit a Mourner's Thought. [*To Edmund aside.*]

Bast. And there I may expect a Comforter,
Ha, Madam?

Reg. What may happen, Sir, I know not,
But 'twas a Friend's Advice. [*Exit Bastard.*]

Duke. Bring in the Traitor.

Gloster brought in.

Bind fast his Arms.

Gloft. What mean your Graces?
You are my Guests, pray do me no foul Play.

Duke. Bind him, I say, hard, harder yet.

Reg. Now, Traytor, thou shalt find——

Duke. Speak, Rebel, where hast thou sent the King?
Whom, spight of our Decree, thou saw'st last Night.

Gloft. I'm ty'd to th' Stake, and must stand the Course.

Reg. Say where, and why thou hast conceal'd him?

Gloft. Because I wou'd not see thy cruel Hands
Tear out his poor old Eyes, nor thy fierce sister
Carve his anointed Flesh; but I shall see
The swift-wing'd Vengeance overtake such Children.

Duke. See't thou shalt never; Slaves, perform your Work,
Out with those treacherous Eyes; dispatch, I say;
If thou see'st Vengeance——

Gloft. He that will think to live 'till he be old
Give me some Help.——O cruel! oh! ye Gods.

[*They put out his Eyes.*]

Serv. Hold, hold, my Lord, I bar your Cruelty;
I cannot love your Safety, and give Way
To such barbarous Practice.

Duke. Ah, my Villain!

Serv. I have been your Servant from my Infancy,
But better Service have I never done you
Than with this Boldness——

Duke. Take thy Death, Slave.

Serv.

Ser.v. Nay, then Revenge whilst yet my Blood is warm.
[*Fight.*]

Reg. Help here—Are you not hurt, my Lord?

Gloft. Edmund, enkindle all the Sparks of Nature
To quit this horrid Act.

Reg. Out, treacherous Villain,
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That broach'd thy Treason, shew'd us thy Dispatches;
There—read, and save the *Cambrian* Prince a Labour.
If thy Eyes fail thee, call for Spectacles.

Gloft. O my Folly!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd; kind Gods, forgive me that!

Reg. How is't, my Lord?

Duke. Turn out that eyeless Villain, let him smell
His Way to *Cambray*; throw this Slave upon a Dunghill.

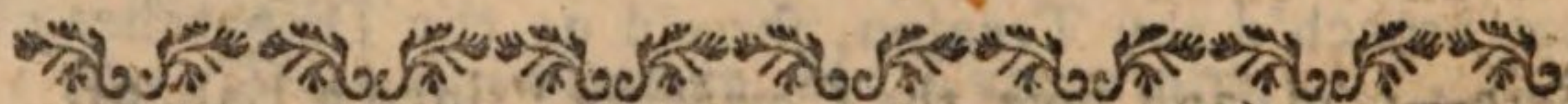
Regan, I bleed apace; give me your Arm. [Exeunt.]

Gloft. All dark, and comfortless!
Where are those various Objects that, but now,
Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where those Eyes?
Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately shot
O'er flow'ry Vales to distant sunny Hills,
And drew with Joy the vast Horizon in.
'These groping Hands are now my only Guides,
And Feeling all my Sight.
O Misery! What Words can sound my Grief?
Shut from the Living whilst among the Living;
Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World.
At once from Bus'ness, and from Pleasure barr'd:
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring,
Nor see the Face of Kindred, or of Friend;
Yet still one Way th' extreamest Fate affords,
And ev'n the Blind can find the Way to Death.
Must I then tamely die, and unreveng'd?
So *Lear* may fall: No, with these bleeding Rings
I will present me to the pitying Crowd,
And with the Rhetorick of these dropping Veins
Inflame them to revenge their King and me;
Then when the glorious Mischief is on Wing,
This Lumber from some Precipice I'll throw,
And dash it on the ragged Flint below;

Whence

Whence my freed Soul to her bright Sphere shall fly,
Through boundless Orbs eternal Regions spy,
And, like the Sun, be all one glorious Eye. [Exit.]

The End of the THIRD ACT.



A C T IV.

SCENE *A Grotto.*

Edmund and Regan amorously seated, listening to Musick.

Bast.  HY were those Beauties made another's
Right,
Which none can prize like me? Charm-
ing Queen,
Take all my blooming Youth; for ever
fold me

In those soft Arms; lull me in endless Sleep,
That I may dream of Pleasures too transporting
For Life to bear.

Reg. Live, live, my *Gloster*,
And feel no Death, but that of swooning Joy!
I yield thee Bliss on no harder Terms,
Than that thou continue to be happy.

Bast. This Jealousy is yet more kind; is't possible
That I should wander from a Paradise
To feed on sickly Weeds? Such Sweets live here,
That Constancy will be no Virtue in me.
And yet must I forthwith go meet her Sister, [Aside.
To whom I must protest as much——
Suppose it be the same; why, best of all,
And I have then my Lesson ready conn'd.

Reg. Wear this Remembrance of me.——I dare now
[Gives a Ring.
Absent myself no longer from the Duke,
Whose

Whose Wound grows dangerous, I hope mortal.

Bast. And let this happy Image of your *Gloster*

[*Pulling out a Picture drops a Note.*

Lodge in that Breast where all his Treasure lies. [*Exit.*

Reg. To this brave Youth a Woman's blooming Beauties
Are due ; my Fool usurps my Bed——What's here ?
Confusion on my Eyes.

Reads.] *Where Merit is so transparent, not to behold it were
Blindness, and not to reward it, Ingratitude.*

Goneril.

Vexatious Accident ! Yet fortunate too ;
My Jealousy's confirm'd, and I am taught
To cast for my Defence—— [*Enter an Officer.*
Now, what mean those Shouts, and this thy hasty En-
trance ?

Off. A most surprising and a sudden Change ;
The Peasants are all up in Mutiny,
And only want a Chief to lead them on
To storm your Palace.

Reg. On what Provocation ?

Off. At last Day's publick Festival, to which
The Yeomen from all Quarters had repaired,
Old *Gloster*, whom you late depriv'd of Sight,
(His Veins yet streaming fresh) presents himself,
Proclaims your Cruelty, and their Oppression,
With the King's Injuries : which so enrag'd them
That now that Mutiny, which long had crept,
Takes Wing, and threatens your best Pow'rs.

Reg. White-liver'd Slaves !

Our Forces rais'd and led by valiant *Edmund*,
Shall drive this Monster of Rebellion back
To her dark Cell ; young *Gloster's* Arm allays
The Storm, his Father's feeble Breath did raise. [*Exit.*

The Field S C E N E, *Enter* Edgar.

Edg. The lowest and most abject Thing of Fortune
Stands still in Hope, and is secure from Fear ;
The lamentable Change is from the Best,
The Worst returns to Better.——Who comes here ?

Enter

Enter Gloster, led by an old Man.

My Father poorly led! depriv'd of Sight!
The precious Stones torn from their bleeding Rings!
Something I heard of this inhuman Deed,
But disbeliev'd it, as an Act too horrid
For the hot Hell of a curst Woman's Fury.
When will the Measure of my Woes be full?

Gloster. Revenge, thou art on foot, Success attend thee:
Well have I sold my Eyes, if the Event
Prove happy for the injured King.

Old M. O, my good Lord, I have been your Tenant
and your Father's Tenant these fourscore Years.

Gloster. Away, get thee away, good Friend be gone;
Thy Comforts can do me no Good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old M. You cannot see your Way.

Gloster. I have no Way, and therefore want no Eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: O dear Son *Edgar*,
The Food of thy abused Father's Wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,
I'd say I had Eyes again.

Edgar. Alas, he's sensible that I was wrong'd;
And should I own myself, his tender Heart
Would break betwixt the Extremes of Grief and Joy.

Old M. How now? who's there?

Edgar. A Charity for poor *Tom*. Play fair, and defy
the foul Fiend.

O Gods! And must I still pursue this Trade,
Trifling beneath such Loads of Misery? *[Aside.]*

Old M. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Gloster. In the late Storm I such a Fellow saw,
Which made me think a Man a Worm.
Where is the Lunatick?

Old M. Here my Lord.

Gloster. Get thee now away; if for my Sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a Mile or two,
I'll th' Way to *Dover*, do't for ancient Love,
And bring some Cov'ring for this naked Wretch,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old M. Alack, my Lord he's mad. (Blind.)

Gloster. 'Tis the Time's Plague when Madmen lead the
Do as I bid thee. *Old*

Old M. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit.]

Gloster. Sirrah, naked Fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a cold. — I cannot fool it longer,
And yet I must — Bless thy sweet Eyes, they bleed;
Believ't poor *Tom* ev'n weeps his blind to see 'em.

Gloster. Know'st thou the Way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both Stile and Gate, Horse-Way and Foot-Path:
poor *Tom* has been scared out of his good Wits. Bless
every true Man's Son from the foul Fiend.

Gloster. Here take this Purse; that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Heav'n deal so still!
Thus let the griping Usurer's Hoard be scatter'd,
So Distribution shall undo Excess,
And each Man have enough. Dost thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay, Master.

Gloster. There's a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks dreadfully down on the roaring Deep;
Bring me but to the very Brink of it,
And I'll repair the Poverty thou bear'st
With something rich about me: from that Place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy Arm: Poor *Tom* shall guide thee.

Gloster. Soft, for I hear the Tread of Passengers.

Enter Kent and Cordelia.

Cord. Ah me! Your Fear's too true, it was the King;
I spoke but now with some that met him
As mad as the vex'd Sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank Fumiter, and Furrow Weeds,
With Berries, Burdocks, Violets, Daizies, Poppies,
And all the idle Flowers that grow
In our sustaining Corn: conduct me to him,
To prove my last Endeavours to restore him,
And Heav'n so prosper thee.

Kent. I will, good Lady.

Ha, *Gloster* here! — Turn, poor dark Man, and hear
A Friend's Condolement, who at Sight of thine
Forgets his own Distress; thy old true *Kent*.

Gloster. How, *Kent*? From whence return'd?

Kent. I have not since my Banishment been absent,
But in Disguise follow'd th' abandon'd King.
Twas me thou saw'st with him in the late Storm.

Gloft. Let me embrace thee; had I Eyes, I now
Should weep for Joy; but let this trickling Blood
Suffice instead of Tears.

Cord. O Misery!

To whom shall I complain, or in what Language?
Forgive, O wretched Man, the Piety
That brought thee to this Pass, 'twas I that caus'd it;
I cast me at thy Feet, and beg of thee
To crush these weeping Eyes to equal Darkness,
If that will give thee any Recompence.

Edg. Was ever Season so distress'd as this? [*Aside.*

Gloft. I think *Cordelia's* Voice! Rise, pious Princess,
And take a dark Man's Blessing.

Cord. O, my *Edgar*!

My Virtue's now grown guilty, works the Bane
Of those that do befriend me. Heaven forsakes me,
And when you look that Way, it is but just
That you should hate me too.

Edg. O wave this cutting Speech, and spare to wound
A Heart that's on the Rack.

Gloft. No longer cloud thee, *Kent*, in that Disguise,
There's Business for thee, and of noblest Weight;
Our injur'd Country is at length in Arms,
Urg'd by the King's inhuman Wrongs and mine,
And only want a Chief to lead them on.
That Task be thine.

Edg. Brave *Britains*, then there's Life in't yet. [*Aside.*

Kent. Then have we one Cast for our Fortune still.
Come, Princess, I'll bestow you with the King,
Then on the Spur to head these Forces.
Farewel, good *Gloster*, to our Conduct trust.

Gloft. And be your Cause as prosp'rous as 'tis just. [*Ex.*

Goneril's Palace. Enter Goneril, Attendants.

Gon. It was great Ignorance, *Gloster's* Eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All Hearts against us: *Edmund* I think is gone,
In Pity to his Misery, to dispatch him.

Gent. No, Madam, he's return'd on speedy Summons
Back to your Sister.

Gon. Ah! I like not that,
Such Speed must have the Wings of Love. Where's *Albany*?

Gen.

Gent. Madam, within, but never Man so chang'd ;
I told him of the Uproar of the Peasants,
He smil'd at it ; when I inform'd him
Of *Gloster's* Treason——

Gon. Trouble him no farther,
It is his coward Spirit ; back to our Sister,
Hasten her Musters, and let her know
I have given the Distaff into my Husband's Hands.
That done, with special Care deliver these Dispatches
In private to young *Gloster*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O Madam, most unseasonable News :
The Duke of *Cornwall's* dead of his late Wound,
Whose Loss your Sister has in Part supply'd,
Making brave *Edmund* General of her Forces.

Gon. One Way I like this well ;
But being a Widow, and my *Gloster* with her,
May blast the promis'd Harvest of our Love.
A Word more, Sir——add Speed to your Journey,
And if you chance to meet with that blind Traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. [Ex.]

The Field SCENE, *Gloster and Edgar.*

Gloft. When shall we come to th' Top of that same Hill?

Edg. We climb it now ; mark, how we labour.

Gloft. Methinks the Ground is even.

Edg. Horribly steep. Hark, do you hear the Sea?

Gloft. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your Eyes Anguish.

Gloft. So may it be indeed.
Methinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better Phrase and Matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I alter'd
But my Garments.

Gloft. Methinks you're better spoken. .

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the Place. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low !
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway Air,
Shew scarce so big as Beetles. Half Way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire, dreadful Trade !
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach,

Appear like Mice: and yon tall anch'ring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Cock; her Cock, a Buoy,
Almost too small for Sight. The murm'ring Surge
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my Brain turn, and the Disorder make me
Tumble down headlong.

Gloft. Set me where you stand.

Edg. You are now within a Foot of th' extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moon I wou'd not now
Leap forward.

Gloft. Let go my Hand.

Here, Friend, is another Purse, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor Man's taking. Get thee farther,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Fare you well, Sir.—That I do trifle thus
With this his Despair, is with Design to cure it.

Gloft. Thus, mighty Gods, this World I dorenounce,
And in your Sight shake my Afflictions off:
If I cou'd bear them longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,
My Snuff and feeble Part of Nature shou'd
Burn itself out. If *Edgar* live, Oh bless him!
Now, Fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls.*]

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The Treasury of Life. Had he been where he thought,
By this had Thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Hoe, Sir! Friend! hear you, Sir? Speak.—
Thus might he pass, indeed——yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Gloft. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been ought but Goss'mer, Feathers,
Falling so many Fathom down, (Air,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an Egg; but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy Substance, bleed'st not; speak, art sound?
Thy Life's a Miracle.

Gloft. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread Summit of this chalky Bourn:
Look up an Height, the shrill tun'd Lark so high
Cannot be seen or heard; do but look up.

Gloft. Alack, I have no Eyes.

Is Wretchedness depriv'd that Benefit
To end itself by Death?

Edg. Give me your Arm.

Up, so——how is't? Feel you your Legs? You stand.

Gloft. Too well, too well.

Edg. Upon the Crown o'th' Cliff, what Thing was that
Which parted from you?

Gloft. A poor unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his Eyes
Were two full Moons, wide Nostrils breathing Fire.
It was some Fiend; therefore, thou happy Father,
Think, that th' all powerful Gods, who make them Ho-
Of Men's Impossibilities, have preserv'd thee. (nours

Gloft. 'Tis wonderful! Henceforth I'll bear Affliction
'Till it expire; the Goblin which you speak of,
I took it for a Man; oft-times 'twould say,
The Fiend, the Fiend: He led me to that Place. (here?

Edg. Bear free and patient Thoughts. But who comes

Enter Lear, a Coronet of Flowers on his Head.

Wreaths and Garlands about him.

Lear. No, no; they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the King himself.

Edg. O piercing Sight!

Lear. Nature's above Art in that Respect; there's
your Press-money: That Fellow handles his Bow like a
Crow-Keeper:——Draw me a Clothier's Yard. A
Mouse, a Mouse, peace, ho! There's my Guntlet; I'll
prove it on a Giant: Bring up the brown Bills; O well
flown Barb; i'th' White, i'th' White.——

Hewgh! Give the Word.

Edg. Sweet Marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Gloft. I know that Voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril with a white Beard! They flat-
ter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had white Hairs on my
Chin, before the black ones were there; to say *ay* and
no to every thing that I said: *Ay* and *no* too, was no
good Divinity. When the Rain came once to wet me,
and the Winds to make me chatter; when the Thunder
wou'd not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em,
there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not Men of

their Words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a
I am not Ague proof. [Lye,

Gloft. That Voice I well remember: is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every Inch a King. When I do stare,
See, how the Subject quakes.

I pardon that Man's Life.——What was the Cause?

Adultery? Thou shalt not die: Die for Adultery?

The Wren goes to't, and the small gilded Fly
Engenders in my Sight. Let Copulation thrive;
For *Gloster's* Bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Than were my Daughters, got i'th' lawful Bed.
To't, Luxury, *Pell Mell*; for I lack Soldiers.

Gloft. Not all my Sorrows past so deep have touch'd me,
As these sad Accents; Sight were now a Torment.——

Lear. Behold that simp'ring Lady, she that starts
At Pleasure's Name, and thinks her Ear profan'd
With the least wanton Word; wou'd you believe it?
The Fitchew, nor the pamper'd Steed goes to't
With such a riotous Appetite: Down from the Waste
They are *Centaurs*, though Women all above; but to the
Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends.
There's Hell, there's Darkness, the sulphurous unfathom'd
——Fie! Fie! Pah!——An Ounce of *Civet*, good Apo-
thecary, to sweeten my Imagination.——There's Mo-
ney for thee.

Gloft. Let me kiss that Hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of Mortality.

Gloft. Speak, Sir, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy Eyes well enough: Nay, do
thy worst, blind *Cupid*, I'll not love.——Read me this
Challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Gloft. Were all the Letters Suns, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from Report; wretched
What will thy Virtue do, when thou shalt find [*Cordelia!*
This fresh Affliction added to the Tale
Of thy unparallel'd Griefs?

Lear. Read.

Gloft. What with this Case of Eyes?

Lear. O ho! Are you there with me? No Eyes in
your Head, and no Money in your Purse? Yet you see
how this World goes.

Gloft.

Gloster. I fee it feelingly.

Lear. What! art Mad? A Man may see how this World goes with no Eyes. Look with thy Ears; see how yon Justice rails on that simple Thief; shake 'em together, and the first that drops, be it Thief, or Justice, is a Villain—Thou hast seen a Farmer's Dog bark at a Beggar.

Gloster. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the Man run from the Cur; there thou might'st behold the great Image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou Rascal, Beadle, hold thy bloody Hand, why dost thou lash that Strumpet? Thou hotly lust'st to enjoy her in that Kind for which thou whip'st her; do, do, the Judge that sentenc'd her has been before-hand with thee.

Gloster. How stiff is my vile Sense, that yields not yet?

Lear. I tell thee the Usurer hangs the Couz'ner.—
Through tatter'd Cloaths small Vices do appear;
Robes and Fur-Gowns hide all. Plate Sin with Gold,
And the strong Lance of Justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in Rags, a Pigmy's Straw doth pierce it.
Why there 'tis for thee, my Friend, make much of it;
It has the Power to seal the Accuser's Lips. Get thee
Glas Eyes, and (like a scurvy Politician) seem to see the
Things thou dost not. Pull, pull off my Boots; hard,
harder; so, so.

Gloster. O Matter and Impertinency mixt,
Reason in Madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my Fortunes, take my Eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy Name is *Gloster*.
Thou must be patient: we came crying hither;
Thou know'st, the first Time that we taste the Air,
We wail and cry.—I'll preach to thee, mark.

Edgar. Break, lab'ring Heart.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great Stage of Fools——

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Gent. O! here he is; lay Hand upon him. Sir,
Your dearest Daughter sends——

Lear. No Rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am even the
natural Fool of Fortune. Use me well, you shall have
Ran-

their Words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a
I am not Ague proof. [Lye,

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Ransom.—Let me have Surgeons. Oh! I am cut to
th' Brains.

Gent. You shall have any Thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All myself? I will die bravely,
like a smug Bridegroom; flush'd and pamper'd as a Priest's
Whore. I am a King, my Masters, know ye that?

Gent. You are a Royal One, and we obey you.

Lear. It were an excellent Stratagem to shoe a Troop
of Horse with Felt; I'll put 't in proof.—No Noise, no
Noise.—Now will we steal upon these Son's-in-Law,
and then—Kill, kill, kill, kill! [*Ex. Running.*]

Edg. A Sight most moving in the meanest Wretch,
Palt speaking in a King.

Gloft. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor Man made tame to Fortune's Strokes,
And prone to Pity by experienc'd Sorrows, Give me
(your Hand.

Gloft. You ever gentle Gods, take my Breath from me,
And let not my ill Genius tempt me more
To die before you please.

Enter Goneril's Gentleman Usher.

Gent. A proclaim'd Prize! O most happily met!
That eyeless Head of thine was first fram'd Flesh
To raise my Fortunes. Thou old unhappy Traitor,
The Sword is out that must destroy thee.

Gloft. Now let thy friendly Hand put Strength enough

Gent. Wherefore, bold Peasant, (to't.
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Lest I destroy thee too. Let go his Arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without 'vurther 'Casion.

Gent. Let go, Slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good Gentleman go your Gate, and let poor
Volk pass; and chu'd ha' bin' zwagger'd out of my Life,
it would not have been zo long as 'tis by a Vort-Night.
——Nay, an' thou com'st near th' old Man, I'll try
whether your Costard or my Ballow be th' harder.

Gent. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill pick your Teeth, Zir; come, no Matter
vor your Foines. [*Edgar knocks him down.*]

Gent. Slave, thou hast slain me; oh! untimely Death!

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable Villain;

As

As duteous to the Vices of thy Mistress,
As Lust could wish.

Gloft. What! Is he dead?

Edg. Sit you, Sir.

This is a Letter Carrier, and may have
Some Papers of Intelligence, that may stand
Our Party in good Stead to know.—What's here?

[Takes a Letter out of his Pocket; opens, and reads.]

To Edmund Earl of Gloster.

*Let our mutual Loves be remember'd. You have many
Opportunities to cut him off. If he return the
Conqueror, then I am still a Prisoner, and his
Bed my Gaele; from the loath'd Warmth of
which deliver me, and supply the Place for your
Labour.*

Goneril.

A Plot upon her Husband's Life,
And the Exchange my Brother!—Here i'th' Sands
I'll rake thee up, thou Messenger of Lust;
Griev'd only that thou hadst no other Death's-Man.
In Time and Place convenient I'll produce
These Letters to the Sight of th' injur'd Duke,
As best shall serve our Purpose. Come, your Hand.
Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum;
Come, Sir, I will bestow you with a Friend. *[Exeunt.]*

*A Chamber. Lear asleep on a Couch; Cordelia and
Attendants standing by him.*

Cord. His Sleep is sound, and may have good Effect
To cure his jarring Senses, and repair
This Breach of Nature.

Phys. We have employ'd the utmost Pow'r of Art,
And this deep Rest will perfect our Design.

Cord. O Regan! Goneril! Inhuman Sisters!
Had he not been your Father, these white Hairs
Had challeng'd sure some Pity! Was this a Face
To be expos'd against the jarring Winds?
My Enemy's Dog, though he had bit me, thou'd (to him)
Have stood that Night against my Fire.—He wakes, speak

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest. *(jesty?)*

Cord. How does my royal Lord? How fares your Ma-
Lear. You do me Wrong to take me out o'th' Grave.
Ha! is this too a World of Cruelty?

I know

I know my Privilege ; think not that I will
Be us'd still like a wretched Mortal : No,
No more of that.

Cord. Speak to me, Sir ; who am I ?

Lear. You are a Soul in Bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a Wheel of Fire, which my own Tears
Do scald like molten Lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a Spirit, I know ; when did you die ?

Cord. Still, still, far wide—— (compos'd.

Phys. Madam, he's scarce awake ; he'll soon grow more

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ? Fair Day—
I am mightily abus'd, I shou'd even die with Pity (Light?
To see another thus. I will not swear
These are my Hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your Hand in Blessing o'er me ; nay,
You must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me ;
I am a very foolish fond old Man,
Fourscore and upward ; and to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect Mind.

Cord. Nay, then farewell to Patience : Witness for me,
Ye mighty Pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd 'till now !

Lear. Methinks I shou'd know you, and know this Man :
Yet I am doubtful ; for I'm mainly ignorant
What Place this is ; and all the Skill I have,
Remembers not these Garments ; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last Night.——Pray do not mock me,
For, as I am a Man, I think that Lady
To be my Child *Cordelia*.

Cord. O my dear, dear Father !

Lear. Be your Tears wet ? Yes faith ; pray do not weep.
I know I have giv'n thee Cause, and am so humbled
With Crosses since, that I cou'd ask
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou cou'dst grant it ; but I'm well assur'd
Thou can'st not ; therefore I do stand thy Justice ;
If thou hast Poison for me I will drink it,
Bless thee, and die.

Cord. O Pity, Sir, a bleeding Heart, and cease
This killing Language.

Lear..

Lear. Tell me, Friends, where am I?

Phys. In your own Kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam, for the Violence
Of his Distemper's past; we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, 'till he is better settled.

Will't please you, Sir, walk into freer Air?

Lear. You must bear with me, I am old and foolish.

[*They lead him off.*]

Cord. The God's restore you.—Hark, I hear afar
The beaten Drum. Old *Kent's* a Man of's Word.

Oh! for an Arm

Like the fierce Thunderer's, when the Earth-born Sons
Storm'd Heav'n, to fight this injur'd Father's Battle!

That I cou'd shift my Sex, and dye me deep

In his Opposer's Blood! But, as I may,

With Women's Weapons, Piety and Pray'rs,

I'll aid his Cause.—You never erring Gods

Fight on his Side, and thunder on his Foes

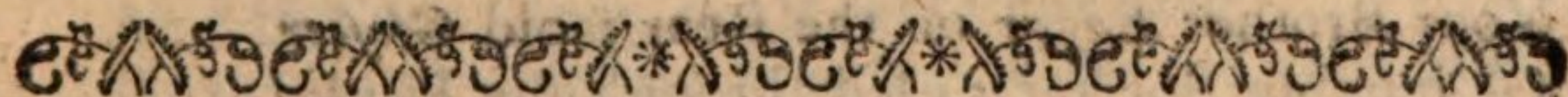
Such Tempests as his poor ag'd Head sustain'd:

Your Image suffers when a Monarch bleeds.

'Tis your own Cause, for that your Succours bring;

Revenge yourselves, and right an injur'd King.

End of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

S C E N E *A Camp.*

Enter Goneril and Attendants.

Gon. * * * * * U R Sister's Pow'rs already are arriv'd.
* * * * * And she herself has promis'd to prevent
* * * * * O * * * * * The Night with her Approach: Have
* * * * * you provided
* * * * * The Banquet I bespoke for her Reception
At my Tent?

At

Att. So, please your Grace, we have.

Gon. But thou, my Poisoner, must prepare the Bowl
That crowns this Banquet; when our Mirth is high,
The Trumpets sounding, and the Flutes replying,
Then is the Time to give this fatal Draught
To this imperious Sister; if then our Arms succeed,
Edmund, more dear than Victory, is mine;
But if Defeat, or Death itself attend me,
'Twill charm my Ghost to think I've left behind me
No happy Rival. Hark! she comes. [*Trumpet. Exeunt.*]

Enter Bastard in his Tent.

Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworn my Love,
Each jealous of the other, as the Stung
Are of the Adder;—Neither can be held
If both remain alive. —Where shall I fix?
Cornwall is dead, and *Regan's* empty Bed
Seems cast by Fortune for me—But already
I have enjoy'd her, and bright *Goneril*,
With equal Charms, brings dear Variety,
And yet untasted Beauty; I will use
Her Husband's Count'nance for the Battle, then
Usurp at once his Bed and Throne. [*Enter Officers.*
My trusty Scouts you're well return'd; have ye descry'd
The Strength and Posture of the Enemy?

Off. We have, and were surpris'd to find
The banish'd *Kent* return'd, and at their Head;
Your Brother *Edgar* on the Rear; old *Gloster*
(A moving Spectacle) led through the Ranks,
Whose pow'rful Tongue, and more prevailing Wrongs,
Have so enrag'd their rustick Spirit, that with
Th' approaching Dawn we must expect a Battle.

Bast. You bring a welcome Hearing. Each to his Charge;
Line well your Ranks, and stand on your Award.
To Night repose you; and i'th' Morn we'll give
The Sun a Sight that shall be worth his rising. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Valley near the Camp.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here, Sir, take you the Shadow of this Tree
For your good Host; pray that the Right may thrive:
If

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you Comfort.

[Exit.

Gloster. Thanks, friendly Sir ;
The Fortune your good Cause deserves betide you.

An Alarm ; after which Gloster speaks.

The Fight grows hot ; the whole War's now at work,
And the goar'd Battle bleeds in every Vein,
Whilst Drums and Trumpets drown loud Slaughter's Roar.
Where's *Gloster* now, that us'd to head the Fray,
And scour the Ranks where deadliest Danger lay ?
Here, like a Shepherd, in a lonely Shade,
Idle, unarm'd, and list'ning to the Fight.
Yet the disabled Courser, maim'd and blind,
When in his Stall he hears the rattling War,
Foaming with Rage, tears up the batter'd Ground,
And tugs for Liberty.

No more of Shelter, thou blind Worm, but forth
To th' open Field ; the War may come this Way,
And crush thee into Rest.——Here lay thee down,
And tear the Earth ; that Work befits a Mole.

O dark Despair ! When, *Edgar*, wilt thou come
To pardon, and dismiss me to the Grave ? [A Retreat
Hark ! a Retreat ; the King I fear has lost. *sounded.*

Re-enter Edgar, bloody.

Edg. Away, old Man, give me your Hand, away !
King *Lear* has lost ; he and his Daughter ta'en :
And this, ye Gods, is all that I can save
Of this most precious Wreck. Give me your Hand.

Gloster. No farther, Sir ; a Man may rot, even here.

Edg. What ! in ill Thoughts again ? Men must en-
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither. (dure

Gloster. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter in Conquest, Albany, Goneril, Regan,
Bastard.——Lear, Kent, Cordelia, Prisoners.

Alb. It is enough to have conquer'd, Cruelty
Shou'd ne'er survive the Fight. Captain o'th' Guards,
Treat well your royal Prisoners, 'till you have
Our farther Orders, as you hold our Pleasure.

Gon. Hark, Sir, not as you hold our Husband's
Pleasure,

[To the Captain aside.

But

But as you hold your Life, dispatch your Pris'ners.
 Our Empire can have no sure Settlement
 But in their Death; the Earth that covers them
 Binds fast our Throne. Let me hear they are dead.

Capt. I shall obey your Orders.

Bast. Sir, I approve it safest to pronounce
 Sentence of Death upon this wretched King,
 Whose Age has Charms in it, his Title more,
 To draw the Commons once more to his Side;
 'Twere best prevent——

Alb. Sir, by your Favour,
 I hold you but a Subject of this War,
 Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
 Have you forgot that he did lead our Pow'rs?
 Bore the Commission of our Place and Person?
 And *that* Authority may well stand up,
 And call itself your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot,
 In his own Merits he exalts himself
 More than in your Addition.

Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Alb. What art thou?

Edg. Pardon me, Sir, that I presume to stop
 A Prince and Conqu'ror; yet, ere you triumph,
 Give Ear to what a Stranger can deliver
 Of what concerns you more than Triumph can.
 I do impeach your General there of Treason,
 Lord *Edmund*, that usurps the Name of *Gloster*,
 Of foulest Practice 'gainst your Life and Honour;
 This Charge is true: and wretched though I seem,
 I can produce a Champion that will prove
 In single Combat what I do avouch,
 If *Edmund* dares but trust his Cause and Sword.

Bast. What will not *Edmund* dare? My Lord I beg
 The Favour that you'd instantly appoint
 The Place where I may meet this Challenger,
 Whom I will sacrifice to my wrong'd Fame:
 Remember, Sir, that injur'd Honour's nice,
 And cannot brook Delay.

Alb. Anon, before our Tent, i'th' Army's View,
 There let the Herald cry.

Edg.

Edg. I thank your Highness in my Champion's Name:
He'll wait your Trumpet's Call.

Alb. Lead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lear, Kent, Cordelia, guarded.

Lear. O Kent! Cordelia!

You are the only Pair that I e'er wrong'd,
And the just Gods have made you Witnesses
Of my Disgrace; the very Shame of Fortune,
To see me chain'd and shackled at these Years!
Yet were you but Spectators of my Woes,
Not Fellow-Sufferers, all were well.

Cord. This Language, Sir, adds yet to our Affliction.

Lear. Thou, Kent, didst head the Troops that fought
Expos'd thy Life and Fortunes for a Master (my Battle,
That had (as I remember) banish'd thee.

Kent. Pardon me, Sir, that once I broke your Orders:
Banish'd by you, I kept me here disguis'd
To watch your Fortunes, and protect your Person;
You know you entertain'd a rough blunt Fellow,
One Caius, and you thought he did you Service.

Lear. My trusty Caius, I have lost him too! [*Weeps.*]
'Twas a rough Honesty.

Kent. I was that Caius,
Disguis'd in that coarse Dress, to follow you.

Lear. My Caius, too! Wer't thou my trusty Caius?
Enough, enough.——

Cord. Ah me, he faints! his Blood forsakes his Cheek.
Help, Kent.——

Lear. No, no, they shall not see us weep,
We'll see them rot first.—Guards, lead away to Prison.
Come Kent, Cordelia, come;
We two will sit alone, like Birds i'th' Cage:
When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee Forgiveness; thus we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old Tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies; hear Sycophants
Talk of Court News, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon us the Mystery of Things,
As if we were Heav'n's Spies.

Cord. Upon such Sacrifices
The Gods themselves throw Incense.

Lear

Lear. Have I caught ye?

He that parts us, must bring a Brand from Heav'n:
Together we'll out-toil the Spite of Hell,
And die the Wonders of the World; away.

[*Exeunt guarded.*
Flourish. Enter before the Tents, Albany, Goneril,
Regan, Guards and Attendants; Goneril speaking a-
part to the Captain of the Guards entering. (mand

Gon. Here's Gold for thee, thou know'st our late Com-
Upon your Pris'ners Lives; about it straight, and at
Our Ev'ning Banquet let it raise our Mirth,
To hear that they are dead.

Capt. I shall not fail your Orders. [Ex.

Albany, Goneril, Regan, take their Seats.

Alb. Now, *Gloster*, trust to thy single Virtue: for thy
All levied in my Name, have in my Name (Soldiers,
Took their Discharge: now let our Trumpets speak,
And Herald read out this. [Herald reads.

*If any Man of Quality within the Lists of the
Army will maintain upon Edmund, suppos'd
Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor,
let him appear by the third Sound of the Trum-
pet; he is bold in his Defence——Again,
again.* [Trumpet answers from within.

Enter Edgar arm'd.

Alb. Lord Edgar!

Bast. Ha! my Brother!

This is the only Combatant that I cou'd fear,
For in my Breast Guilt duels on his Side:
But, Conscience, what have I to do with thee?
Awe thou thy dull legitimate Slaves: but I
Was born a Libertine, and so I keep me.

Edg. My noble Prince, a Word;—ere we engage,
Into your Highness' Hands I give this Paper;
It will the Truth of my Impeachment prove,
Whatever be my Fortune in the Fight.

Alb. We shall peruse it.

Edg. Now, *Edmund*, draw thy Sword,
That if my Speech has wrong'd a noble Heart,
Thy Arm may do thee Justice: Here i'th' Presence

Of

Of this high Prince, these Queens, and this crown'd List,
 I brand thee with the spotted Name of Traytor;
 False to thy Gods, thy Father, and thy Brother,
 And what is more, thy Friend; false to this Prince:
 If then thou shar'st a Spark of *Gloster's* Virtue,
 Acquit thyself; or if thou shar'st his Courage,
 Meet this Defiance bravely.

Bast. And dares *Edgar*,
 The beaten, routed *Edgar*, brave his Conqueror?
 From all thy Troops and Thee I forc'd the Field:
 Thou hast lost the gen'ral Stake, and art thou now
 Come with thy petty single Stock to play
 This after Game?

Edg. Half-blooded Man,
 Thy Father's Sin first, then his Punishment;
 The dark and vicious Place where he begot thee
 Cost him his Eyes; from thy licentious Mother
 Thou draw'st thy Villany; but for thy Part
 Of *Gloster's* Blood, I hold thee worth my Sword.

Bast. Thou bear'st thee on thy Mother's Piety,
 Which I despise; thy Mother being chaste,
 Thou art assur'd thou art but *Gloster's* Son:
 But mine, disdaining Constancy, leaves me
 To hope that I am sprung from nobler Blood,
 And possibly a King might be my Sire:
 But be my Birth's uncertain Chance as 'twill,
 Who 'twas that had the Hit to Father me
 I know not; 'tis enough that I am I:
 Of this one Thing I'm certain——that I have
 A daring Soul, and so have at thy Heart.
 Sound Trumpet. [*Fight, Bastard falls.*]

Gon. and Reg. Save him! save him!

Gon. This was Practice, *Gloster*;
 Thou won'st the Field, and wast not bound to fight
 A vanquish'd Enemy. Thou art not conquer'd,
 But couz'ned and betray'd.

Alb. Shut your Mouth, Lady,
 Or with this Paper I shall stop it.——Hold, Madam!
 Thou worse than any Name, read thy own Evil——
 No tearing, Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, who shall arraign me for't?
The Laws are mine, not thine.

Alb. Most monstrous! Ha! Thou know'st it too!

Bast. Ask me not what I know,
I have not Breath to answer idle Questions.

Alb. I have resolv'd. ——— Your Right, brave Sir, has
conquer'd. [To Edgar.

Along with me, I must consult your Father. [Ex. Albany

Reg. Help every Hand to save a noble Life; [and Edg.
My half o'th' Kingdom for a Man of Skill
To stop this precious Stream.

Bast. Away, ye Empiricks,
Torment me not with your vain Offices;
The Sword has pierc'd too far; Legitimacy
At last has conquer'd.

Reg. The Pride of Nature dies.

Gon. Away, the Minutes are too precious;
Disturb us not with thy impertinent Sorrow.

Reg. Art thou my Rival then profess?

Gon. Why, was our Love a Secret? Cou'd there be
Beauty like mine, and Gallantry like his,
And not a mutual Love? Just Nature then
Had err'd. Behold that Copy of Perfection,
That Youth, whose Story will have no foul Page,
But where it says he stoopt to *Regan's* Arms:
Which yet was but Compliance, not Affection;
A Charity to begging, ruin'd Beauty!

Reg. Who begg'd when *Goneril* writ that? Expose it,
[Throws her a Letter.

And let it be your Army's Mirth, as 'twas
This charming Youth's and mine, when in the Bow'r
He breath'd the warmest Extasies of Love;
Then panting on my Breast, cry'd, matchless *Regan*!
That *Goneril* and thou shou'd e'er be kin!

Gon. Die, *Circe*, for thy Charms are at an End;
Expire before my Face, and let me see
How well that boasted Beauty will become
Congealing Blood, and Death's convulsive Pangs:
Die and be hush'd; for at my Tent last Night
Thou drank'st thy Bane, amidst thy rev'ling Bowls:
Ha! Dost thou smile? Is then thy Death thy Sport?
Or has the trusty Potion made thee mad?

Reg.

Reg. Thou com'st as short of me in thy Revenge,
As in my *Gloster's* Love; my Jealousy
Inspir'd me to prevent thy feeble Malice,
And poison thee at thy own Banquet.

Gon. Ha!

Bast. No more, my Queens, of this untimely Strife;
You both deserv'd my Love, and both possess it.
Come, Soldiers, bear me in; and let
Your Royal Presence grace my last Minutes;
Now, *Edgar*, thy proud Conquest I forgive:
Who wou'd not chuse, like me, to yield his Breath,
T' have Rival Queens contend for him in Death?

SCENE A Prison.

Lear asleep, with his Head on Cordelia's Lap.

Cord. What Toils, thou wretched King, hast thou en-
To make thee draw, in Chains, a Sleep so sound? (dur'd,
Thy better Angel charm thy ravish'd Mind
With fancy'd Freedom; Peace is us'd to lodge
On Cottage Straw. Thou hast the Beggar's Bed,
Therefore should'st have the Beggar's careless Thought.
And now, my *Edgar*, I remember thee:
What Fate has seiz'd thee in this general Wreck
I know not, but I know thou must be wretched,
Because *Cordelia* holds thee dear. (Image

O Gods! A sudden Gloom o'erwhelms me, and the
Of Death o'erspreads the Place.—Ha! Who are these?

Enter Captain and Officers with Cords.

Capt. Now, Sirs, dispatch; already you are paid
In Part, the best of your Reward's to come. (halts.

Lear. Charge, charge upon their Flank, their last Wing
Push, push the Battle, and the Day's our own.
Their Ranks are broken, down, down with *Albany*.
Who holds my Hands?—O thou deceiving Sleep,
I was this very Minute on the Chace,
And now a Pris'ner here!—What mean the Slaves?
You will not murder me?

Cord.

Cord. Help, Earth and Heaven!

For your Souls sake, dear Sirs, and for the Gods.

Offi. No Tears, good Lady; no pleading against Gold.
Come, Sirs, make ready your Cords. (and Preferment.

Cord. You, Sir, I'll seize,
You have a human Form, and if no Prayers
Can touch your Soul to spare a poor King's Life,
If there be any Thing that you hold dear
By that I beg you to dispatch me first.

Capt. Comply with her Request; dispatch her first.

Lear. Off Hell-Hounds, by the Gods I charge you spare
'Tis my *Cordelia*, my true pious Daughter; (her;
No pity?—Nay, then take an old Man's Vengeance.

*Snatches a Partisan, and strikes down two of them;
the rest quit Cordelia, and turn upon him.*

Enter Edgar and Albany.

Edg. Death! Hell! ye Vultures, hold your impious
Or take a speedier Death than you wou'd give. (Hands,

Capt. By whose Command?

Edg. Behold the Duke, your Lord.

Alb. Guards, seize those Instruments of Cruelty.

Cord. Oh, my *Edgar*!

Edg. My dear *Cordelia*! Lucky was the Minute
Of our Approach; the Gods have weigh'd our Suff'rings;
W' have pass'd the Fire, and now must shine to Ages.

Gent. Look here, my Lord, see where the generous King
Has slain two of 'em.

Lear. Did I not, Fellow?

I've seen the Day, with my good biting Faulchion
I cou'd have made 'em skip: I am old now,
And these vile Crosses spoil me; out of Breath,
Fie, oh! quite out of Breath, and spent.

Alb. Bring in old *Kent*; and, *Edgar*, guide you hither
Your Father, whom you said was near; [*Exit Edgar.*
He may be an Ear-witness at the least
Of our Proceedings. [*Kent brought in here.*

Lear. Who are you?

My eyes are none o'th' best, I'll tell you streight:
Oh, *Albany*! Well, Sir, we are your Captives,
And you are come to see Death pass upon us.

Why this Delay?—Or is't your Highness' Pleasure

To

To give us first the Torture ? Say ye so ?
 Why here's old *Kent* and I, as tough a Pair
 As e'er bore Tyrant's Stroke.—But, my *Cordelia*,
 My poor *Cordelia* here, O pity——

Alb. Take off their Chains.—Thou injur'd Majesty,
 The Wheel of Fortune now has made her Circle,
 And Blessings yet stand 'twixt thy Grave and thee.

Lear. Com'st thou, inhuman Lord, to sooth us back
 To a Fool's Paradise of Hope, to make
 Our Doom more wretched ? Go to, we are too well
 Acquainted with Misfortune, to be gull'd
 With lying Hope ; no, we will hope no more.

Alb. I have a Tale t'unfold, so full of Wonder,
 As cannot meet an easy Faith ;
 But by that royal injur'd Head 'tis true.

Kent. What wou'd your Highness ?

Alb. Know, the noble *Edgar*
 Impeach'd Lord *Edmund*, since the Fight, of Treason,
 And dar'd him for the Proof to single Combat,
 In which the Gods confirm'd his Charge by Conquest ;
 I left ev'n now the Traitor wounded mortally.

Lear. And whither tends this Story ?

Alb. Ere they fought,
 Lord *Edgar* gave into my Hands this Paper ;
 A blacker Scroll of Treason and of Lust
 Than can be found in the Records of Hell ;
 There, sacred Sir, behold the Character
 Of *Goneril*, the worst of Daughters, but
 More vicious Wife.

Cord. Cou'd there be yet Addition to their Guilt !
 What will not they that wrong a Father do ?

Alb. Since then my Injuries, *Lear*, fall in with thine,
 I have resolv'd the same Redress for both.

Kent. What says my Lord ?

Cord. Speak, for methought I heard
 The charming Voice of a descending God.

Alb. The Troops, by *Edmund* rais'd, I have disbanded
 Those that remain are under my Command.
 What Comfort may be brought to chear your Age,
 And heal your savage Wrongs, shall be apply'd ;
 For to your Majesty we do resign

Your

Your Kingdom, save what Part yourself confer'd
On us in Marriage.

Kent. Hear you that, my Liege?

Cord. Then there are Gods, and Virtue is their Care.

Lear. Is't possible?

Let the Spheres stop their Course, the Sun make halt,
The Winds be hush'd, the Seas and Fountains rest;
All Nature pause, and listen to the Change.

Where is my *Kent*, my *Caius*?

Kent. Here, my Liege.

Lear. Why I have News that will recall thy Youth:
Ha! didst thou hear't, or did th'inspiring Gods
Whisper to me alone? Old *Lear* shall be
A King again.

Kent. The Prince, that like a God has Pow'r, has said it.

Lear. *Cordelia* then shall be a Queen, mark that:

Cordelia, shall be Queen; Winds catch the Sound,
And bear it on your rosy Wings to Heav'n——
Cordelia is a Queen.

Re-enter Edgar with Gloster.

Alb. Look, Sir, where pious *Edgar* comes,
Leading his eyeless Father. O my Liege!
His wond'rous Story well deserves your Leisure;
What he has done and suffer'd for your Sake,
What for the fair *Cordelia*'s.

Gloft. Where's my Liege? Conduct me to his Knees, to
His second Birth of Empire: My dear *Edgar* (hail
Has with himself reveal'd the King's blest Restoration.

Lear. My poor dark *Gloster*!

Gloft. O let me kiss that once more scepter'd Hand!

Lear. Hold, thou mistak'st the Majesty: kneel here;
Cordelia has our Pow'r, *Cordelia*'s Queen.

Speak, is not that the noble suff'ring *Edgar*?

Gloft. My pious Son, more dear than my lost Eyes.

Lear. I wrong'd him too, but here's the fair Amends.

Edg. Your Leave, my Liege, for an unwelcome Message.

Edmund (but that's a Trifle) is expir'd.

What more will touch you, your imperious Daughters,
Goneril and haughty *Regan*, both are dead,
Each by the other poison'd at a Banquet:
This, dying, they confess'd.

Cord.

Cord. O fatal Period of ill-govern'd Life !

Lear. Ingrateful as they were, my Heart feels yet
A Pang of Nature for their wretched Fall.——

But, *Edgar*, I defer thy Joys too long :

Thou serv'dst distress'd *Cordelia* ; take her crown'd,

Th' imperial Grace fresh blooming on her Brow :

Nay, *Gloster*, thou hast here a Father's Right,

Thy helping Hand t'heap Blessings on their Heads.

Kent. Old *Kent* throws in his hearty Wishes too.

Edg. The Gods and you too largely recompence
What I have done ; the Gift strikes Merit dumb.

Cord. Nor do I blush to own myself o'er paid
For all my Suff'rings past.

Gloster. Now, gentle Gods, give *Gloster* his Discharge.

Lear. No, *Gloster*, thou hast Business yet for Life ;

Thou, *Kent*, and I, retir'd to some close Cell,

Will gently pass our short Reserves of Time

In calm Reflexions on our Fortunes past,

Cheer'd with Relation of the prosp'rous Reign

Of this celestial Pair ; thus our Remains

Shall in an even Course of Thoughts be past,

Enjoy the present Hour, nor fear the last.

Edg. Our drooping Country now erects her Head,

Peace spreads her balmy Wings, and Plenty blooms.

Divine *Cordelia*, all the Gods can witness

How much thy Love to Empire I prefer !

Thy bright Example shall convince the World

(Whatever Storms of Fortune are decreed)

That Truth and Virtue shall at last succeed.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

*I*Nconstancy, the reigning Sin o'th' Age,
Will scarce endure true Lovers on the Stage;
You hardly ev'n in Plays with such dispense,
And Poets kill 'em in their own Defence.
Yet one bold Proof I was resolv'd to give,
That I cou'd three Hours Constancy out-live.
You fear, perhaps, whilst on the Stage we're made
Such Saints, we shall indeed take up the Trade:
Sometimes we threaten,——but our Virtue may
For Truth (I fear) with your Pit-Valour weigh:
For (not to flatter either) I much doubt
When we are off the Stage, and you are out,
We are not quite so coy, nor you so stout.
We talk of Nunneries——but, to be sincere,
Whoever lives to see us cloister'd there,
May hope to meet our Criticks at Tangier.
For Shame give over this inglorious Trade
Of worrying Poets, and go maul th' Alcade.
Well——since you're all for blust'ring in the Pit,
This Play's Reviver humbly does admit
Your abs'lute Pow'r to damn his Part of it.
But still so many Master-Touches shine
Of that vast Hand that first laid this Design,
That in great Shakespear's Right, he's bold to say,
If you like nothing you have seen To-day,
The Play your Judgment damns, not you the Play.

F I N I S.



F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion sculp.

The Mourning Bride

T H E
MOURNING BRIDE.

A
T R A G E D Y.

Written by

Mr. C O N G R E V E.

—Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire fuâ.
OVID. de Arte Am.

L O N D O N
Printed for J. and R. TONSON.

1790

2 H 11

RECURRING

A

TRAGEDY

Written by

MR. CONRAD

THE NEW YORK

Printed for J. and R. TONGER.

To Her Royal Highness the

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of Paying to Your Royal Highness: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have raised You, above the rest of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praise, rather a Choice, more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Public Gratitude is ever founded on a Public Benefit; and what is universally Blessed, is always an universal Blessing. Thus from Your Self we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incense which arises to your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End it is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of Consequence has Recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast
itself

The Epistle Dedicatory.

itself beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till you shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of your Influence.

It is from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes itself from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that Distance from original Greatness, as to be deprived of the Happiness of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court, may yet behold some small Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted, and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescribed, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feigned Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charmed with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities barely touched in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be filled for the continued and increasing Happiness of those who are the true and living Instances of elevated
and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a Pleasure, which, in Spite of Envy, they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offered to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those many Excellencies which you so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so disposed (in Spite of the licentious Practice of the modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an Innocent, and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and recompence the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

most obedient and

most humbly devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less Number now would well content ye.

New plays did then like Almanacks appear ;

And one was thought sufficient for a Year :

Though they are more like Almanacks of late :

For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.

Nor were they without Reason join'd together :

For just as one prognosticates the Weather,

How plentiful the Crops, or scarce the Grain,

What Peals of Thunder, and what Showers of Rain ;

So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,

What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.

In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,

Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd :

The Dearth of Wit, they did so long presage,

Is fallen on us, and almost starves the Stage.

Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw

Poor Actors thresh such empty Sheafs of Straw ?

Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,

To start a Jest, or force a little Sense ?

Hard Fate for us, still harder in th' Event ;

Our Authors sin, but we alone repent.

P R O L O G U E.

*Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worse ;
'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse ;
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,
There's no recovering Damages or Cost.*

*Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Custom gives the Losers Leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes :
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd, who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate ;
But from the rest we hope a better Fate.
To please and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim ;
And Nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can effect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue ;
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not lose, thro' Prejudice, his Cause :
Nor wou'd obtain precariously Applause.
Impartial Censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just Decrees, to stand or fall.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Manuel</i> , the King of <i>Granada</i> .	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Gonsalez</i> , his Favourite,	Mr. <i>Stanford</i> .
<i>Garcia</i> , Son to <i>Gonsalez</i> .	Mr. <i>Scudamour</i> .
<i>Perez</i> , Captain of the Guards.	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Alonzo</i> , an Officer, Creature to <i>Gonsalez</i> .	Mr. <i>Arnold</i> .
<i>Osmyrn</i> , a noble Prisoner.	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Heli</i> , a Prisoner, his Friend,	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Selim</i> , an Eunuch.	Mr. <i>Baily</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Almeria</i> , the Princess of <i>Granada</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Zara</i> , a Captive Queen.	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Leonora</i> , chief Attendant on the Princess.	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara, Guards, &c.

The S C E N E, G R A N A D A.

T H E

T H E
MOURNING BRIDE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers ALMERIA in Mourning, LEONORA waiting in Mourning.

After the Music, ALMERIA rises from her Chair, and comes forward.

ALMERIA.

MUSIC has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that Things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By magic Numbers and persuasive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than Trees or Flint? O Force of constant Woe!
'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Grievs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at Peace; last Night
The silent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
He and his Sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable Bosom.
Why am not I at Peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, cease,
Or moderate your Grief, there is no Cause —

Alm

Alm. No Cause! Peace, Peace; there is eternal Cause,
And Misery eternal will succeed.

Thou canst not tell——thou hast indeed no Cause.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*,
And always did compassionate his Fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow King:
And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stolen from Bed, and to his Prison crept;
Where, while his Goaler slept, I thro' the Grate
Have softly whisper'd, and inquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle Nature,
That thus could melt to see a Stranger's Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
How wou'd thy Heart have bled to see his Suff'rings!
Thou hadst no Cause, but general Compassion.

Leon. Love of my Royal Mistress gave me Cause;
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had blest'd *Anselmo*'s Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Success; that then, in Spite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Fend
Between *Valentia*'s and *Granada*'s Kings,
He did endear himself to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His most industrious Goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing, by a Match between *Alphonso*
His Son, the brave *Valentian* Prince, and you,
To end the long Dissention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

Alm. *Alphonso*! O *Alphonso*!
Thou too art quiet——long hast been at Peace——
Both, both,——Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these Things thus?——Is it of Force?
Is there Necessity I must be miserable?

Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I shou'd be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are Things laid
By some unseen Hand, so, as of sure Consequence,
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair?

Leon. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to *Anselmo's* Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.
O *Alphonso*, *Alphonso*!

Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my Sight.
No Time shall raze thee from my Memory;
No, I will live to be thy Monument:
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb:
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho' lost.

Leon. Husband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! What have I said?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I wou'd have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love, and Faith to me deserve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretch's Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.

Leon. Indeed
I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st Nothing of my Sorrows—if thou didst—
If I shou'd tell thee, wouldst, thou pity me?
Tell me; I know thou wouldst, thou art compassionate.

Leon. Witness these Tears——

Alm. I thank thee *Leonora*,——
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad Mistress:
For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatness to be wretched, and unpitied——
But I did promise I wou'd tell thee—What?

My

My Miseries ? Thou dost already know 'em.

And when I told thee thou didst Nothing know,

It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso* :

For to have known my Loss, thou must have known

His Worth, his Truth, and Tendernefs of Love.

Leon. The Memory of that brave Prince stands fair
In all Report——

And I have heard imperfectly his Loss ;

But fearful to renew your Troubles past,

I never did presume to ask the Story.

Alm. If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.

I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,

E'en on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,

Led on his conqu'ring Troops high as the Gates

Of King *Anselmo's* Palace ; which in Rage,

And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.

The good King flying to avoid the Flames,

Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity

His fatal Refuge——Wou'd that I had fall'n

Amidst those Flames—but 'twas not so decreed.

Alphonso, who foresaw my Father's Cruelty,

Had borne the Queen and me on board a Ship

Ready to sail ; and when this News was brought

We put to Sea ; but being betray'd by some

Who knew our Flight, we closely were pursu'd,

And almost taken ; when a sudden Storm

Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the Coast

Of *Afric* : There our Vessel struck the Shore,

And bulging 'gainst a Rock was dash'd in Pieces ;

But Heav'n spar'd me for yet much more Affliction !

Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun

The Shore, and save me floating on the Waves,

While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

Leon. Alas ! were you then wedded to *Alphonso* ?

Alm. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd.

For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing,

And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours ;

He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,

I wou'd consent the Priest shou'd make us one ;

That whether Death or Victory ensu'd,

I might be his, beyond the Power of Fate :

The Queen too did assist his Suit—I granted!
And in one Day was wedded and a Widow.

Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee——

For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and watry Eyes;
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

Leon. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
And grant that Time may bring her some Relief.

Alm. O no! Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come heavy laden with th' oppressing Weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight:
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head:
Then fly with Joy and Swiftnefs from me.

Leon. Hark!

The distant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph:
[*Shouts at a Distance.*]

O cease, for Heav'n's Sake, assuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief, for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his Wrath, to see you drown'd in Tears,
When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

Alm. And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine:
For with him *Garcia* comes—*Garcia*, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonso* basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand Deaths—Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred Vow I make; [Kneels.]

One Moment, cease to gaze on perfect Blifs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou, *Anselmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonso* reigns,
Behold

Behold thou also, and attend my Vow.
 If ever I do yield, or give Consent,
 By any Action, Word, or Thought, to wed
 Another Lord; may then just Heav'n show'r down
 Unheard of Curses on me, greater far
 (If such there be in angry Heav'n's Vengeance)
 Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [Rising.
 My Heart has some Relief; having so well
 Discharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
 Yet, one Thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leon. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
 Are wrapp'd and busied in the general Joy,
 Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
 Steal forth to visit good *Anselmo's* Tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal Resolution.

Alm. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
 Nor Violence—I feel myself more light,
 And more at large, since I have made this Vow.
 Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
 'Tis that, or some such melancholy Thought,
 Upon my Word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

Alon. The Lord *Gonzalez* comes to tell your Highness
 The King is just arriv'd.

Alm. Conduct him in. [Exit Alon.
 That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know,
 To fill my Ears with *Garcia's* valiant Deeds;
 And gild and magnify his Son's Exploits.
 But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
 Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.

SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Gonf. Be ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
 The Sun, bright Conquest, and your brighter Eyes,
 Have

Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light,
And bless this Day with most unequal Lustre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is ent'ring now, in martial Pomp, the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth.
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
As they disdain'd the Victory they grace.
Prisoners of War in shining Fetters follow:
And Captains of the noblest Blood of *Afric*
Sweat by his Chariot-wheels, and lick and grind,
With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.
The swarming Populace spread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clefted Stones, stretching and staring,
As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration,
While you alone retire, and shun this Sight!
This Sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The Multitude should gaze) in Absence of your Eyes.

Alm. My Lord, mine Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with sounding Words,
Or pompous Phrase; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

Gonf. Excellent Princess!
But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age
With dying Words to offer at your Praise.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's lowest Slave,
Has better done; in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchless Charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia's* Deeds,
Which had been brave, though I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the King. [Flourish.

Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him,

[Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Symphony of warlike Music. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are rang'd in Order round the Stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonfalez kneels and kisses the King's Hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonfalez, rise.
What, Tears! my good old Friend——

Gonf. But Tears of Joy.
Believe me, Sir, to see you thus has fill'd
Mine Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd thou dost;
Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this Occasion—some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our Success!
Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our Eyes,
Upon this solemn Day, in these sad Weeds?
In Opposition to my Brightness, you
And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and strict Life, for my Deliv'rance
From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expir'd.

King. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great, so is your Debt:
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That Life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A Day bestow'd
In filial Duty, had atton'd and given
A Dispensation to your Vow—No more.
'Twas weak and wilful—and a Woman's Error.
Yet—upon Thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,
To see that Sable worn upon the Day,
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest Foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interr'd—By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him: Just so
Thy senseless Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from that Hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.

Ha!

Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that?

Gonf. Have Patience, Royal Sir; the Princess weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour should be *Alphonso's* Loss,
And her Deliverance; is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she is to blame, not to have feasted,
When my first Foe was laid in Earth, such Enmity,
Such Detestation bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter should have revell'd at his Death,
She should have made these Palace Walls to shake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep?
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? by Heaven,
There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that Hour, through all his Care,
And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony.

Gonf. What she has done, was in Excess of Goodness;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to seem
As if she had offended.—Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this Conjecture.
I wo't not have a seeming Sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow; for you
It shall be your Excuse, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

King. Rise, *Garcia*,—I forgot. Yet stay, *Almeria*.

Alm. My boding Heart!—What is your Pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your Hand, and, *Garcia*, yours!
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

Gonf. O let me prostrate pay my worthless Thanks.—

King. No more; my Promise long since pass'd, thy Services,
And *Garcia's* well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.
This Day we triumph; but to-morrow's Sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy Nuptials—

Alm.

Alm. Oh!

Faints.

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gons. She recovers.

King. A Fit of bridal Fear: How is't, *Almeria*?

Alm. A sudden Chilness seizes on my Spirits.

Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

King. *Garcia*, conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door and returns.*]

This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears,

I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith,

And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow

Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, Attendants.

Alon. Your beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if she still were Wife
To *Allucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

King. It is our Will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whose mute Valour you relate such Wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*]

Gar. *Osmyn*, who led the *Moorish* Horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her Request, attends on *Zara*.

King. He is your Prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness;
And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such Sullenness, and in a Man so brave,
Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.
Did *Zara* then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONSO, ZARA
and OSMYN bound, conducted by PEREZ and a
Guard, and attended by SELIM and several Mutes
and Eunuchs in a Train.

King. What Welcome and what Honours, beauteous
Zara,

A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such Lustre strike admiring Eyes,
That had our Pomp been with your Presence grac'd,
Th'expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
The Monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave.

Zara. If I on any terms could condescend
To like Captivity, or think those Honours,
Which Conquerors in Courtesy bestow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And native Right, to arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait. But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with loathing on myself;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembled State. [be free,

King. Those Bonds! 'Twas my Command you should
How durst you, Perez, disobey?

Perez. Great Sir,
Your Order was she should not wait your Triumph;
But at some Distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be fr
If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers
With Speed—yet stay—my Hands alone can make
Fit Restitution here—Thus I release you,
And by releasing you, enslave myself.

Zara. Such Favours, so conferr'd, tho' when unfought
Deserve Acknowledgement from noble Minds.
Such Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd—

Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command !
As by transcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, so by Pre-eminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.*

And sullen Port, glooms downwards with his Eyes ;
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty ?

Ger. That Sir, is he, of whom I spoke ; that's *Osmyn*.

King. He answers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War ?

Osm. Because Captivity,
Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That gallant *Moor* in Battle lost a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd ; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss,
Has caused this Melancholy and Despair.

King. She does excuse him ; 'tis as I suspected. [*To Gons.*

Gons. That Friend may be herself ; seem not to heed
His arrogant Reply : She looks concern'd.

King. I'll have Inquiry made ; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Prisoner. His Name ?

Zara. *Heli.*

King. *Garcia,* that Search shall be your Care :
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here ;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now, are mine, no more ;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore :
For, lingering there, in long Suspence she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands ;
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.

Now

Now late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddeſs keeps her awful Court;
Fickle in Fields, unſteadily ſhe flies,
But rules with ſettled Sway in *Zara's* Eyes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the Isle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THIS Way, we're told, *Osmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Choofing this lonely Manſion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy miſtaken Fate.

Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Center ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very Deed from Death,
And to reviſit with my long-cloſ'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Senſe,
Afford a Thought, or ſhew a Glimpſe of Joy,
In leaſt Proportion to the vaſt Delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.

Gar. I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friendſhip.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

Heli. Where? Where?

Gar. I ſaw him not nor any like him——

Per. I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my View,
And ſtriding with diſtemper'd Haſte; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and ſaſh'd upon me with a Glance!
Then forward ſhot their Fires which he purſu'd,
As to ſome Object frightful yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haſte to follow him, and know the Cauſe.

Heli. My Lord, let me intreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone to find and cure the Cauſe.
I know his Melancholy, and ſuch Starts
Are uſual to his Temper. It might raiſe him

To

To act some Violence upon himself,
 So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
 And when his Soul gives all her Passions Way,
 Secure and loose in friendly Solitude.
 I know his noble Heart would burst with Shame,
 To be surpriz'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

Gar. Go generous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
 Far be it from me, officiously to pry
 Or press upon the Privacies of others.

S C E N E II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

Gar. *Perez*, the King expects from our Return
 To have his Jealousy confirm'd, or clear'd,
 Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
 To *Osmyn*; but some other Opportunity
 Must make that plain.

Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
 And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
 And I could pity 'em. I hear some coming.
 The Friends, perhaps, are met; let us avoid 'em.

S C E N E III.

ALMERIA. LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancy'd Noise, for all is hush'd.

Leon. It bore the Accent of a human Voice.

Alm. It was thy Fear, or else some transient Wind
 Whistling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Isle.
 We'll listen——

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as Death—'tis dreadful!
 How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
 Whose antient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
 By its own Weight made stedfast and immoveable,
 Looking Tranquility. It strikes an Awe
 And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
 And monumental Caves of Death look cold,

And

And shoot a Chillness to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice;—my own affrights me with its Echoes.

Leon. Let us return; the Horror of this Place,
And Silence, will increase your Melancholy.

Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No I will on; shew me *Anselmo's* Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Sculls and mould'ring Earth
Of human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Corse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed: That Thought
Exerts my Spirit; and my present Fears
Are lost in Dread of greater Ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonso's* Soul.

Leon. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret.

SCENE IV.

*The SCENE opening discovers a Place of Tombs: One
Monument fronting the View greater than the rest.*

HEL I.

I wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining—There it sounds—I'll follow it.

SCENE V

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred Vault, within whose Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest,
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
Are false, or still the marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the iron Grates, that lead to Death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their Hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,

Invites me to the Bed, where I alone
 Shall rest; shews me the Grave, where Nature, weary
 And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
 May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
 Of Peace eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
 Me in his leaden Arms, and preſs me cloſe
 To his cold clayie Breast: My Father then
 Will ceaſe his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
 Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
 My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
 And range the ſtarry Orbs, and milky Ways,
 Of that refulgent World, where I ſhall ſwim
 In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Blifs
 To my *Alphonſo's* Soul. O Joy too great!
 O Ecſtacy of Thought! Help me, *Anſelmo*:
 Help me, *Alphonſo*; take me, reach thy Hand;
 To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonſo*:
 O *Alphonſo*!

S C E N E VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *aſcending from
 the Tomb.*

Oſm. Who calls that wretched Thing that was
Alphonſo?

Alm. Angels, and all the Hoſt of Heav'n ſupport me!

Oſm. Whence is that Voice, whoſe Shrillneſs, from
 the Grave,

And growing to his Father's Shroud, roots up
Alphonſo?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! O ſpeak,
 Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
 Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Boſom, from the Light,
 And from my Eyes.

Oſm. Amazement and Illuſion!
 Rivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye Pow'rs,

[Coming forward.]

That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.

Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve

That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,

So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her Shade.
'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis she, 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife!

SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

Leon. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting—Help me, help me, Stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raise
These Bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with *Almeria*!
O Miracle of Happiness! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine——'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, blest me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband. [me?

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*: why d'ye force
Is this a Father?

Osm. Look on thy *Alphonso*.
Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
Hast thou thy Eyes, yet canst not see *Alphonso*?
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my Disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is *Alphonso*; 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
Oh! how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back

To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance
Or Means by which I have thee——

To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have no Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while———
Let me look on thee yet a little more.

Osm. What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from thee,

Alm. Yes. [gaze so?

Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou

Alm. I know not; 'tis to see thy Face, I think——
It is too much! too much to bear and live!

To see him thus again is such Profusion
Of Joy, of Bliss——I cannot bear——I must
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-pow'rful Heav'n, what are we!
O my strain'd Heart——let me again behold thee,
For I weep to see thee——Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

Osm. Not in my Love.

Alm. No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much, *Alphonso*; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my Love, to say too tenderly.
No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn
To Heav'n and thee, and sooner would have dy'd —

Osm. Perfection of all Faithfulness and Love!

Alm. Indeed I wou'd—Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,

If

If I could speak ; how I have mourn'd and pray'd :
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a Saint :
And thou hast heard my Pray'r ; for thou art come
To my Distress, to my Despair, which Heav'n
Could only, by restoring thee, have cur'd. [Days,

Os. Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length of
To pay some Part, some little of this Debt,
This countless Sum of Tendernefs and Love,
For which I stand engaged to this all Excellence :
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarn'd :
'Then, then 'twill be enough———I shall be old,
I shall have liv'd beyond all Æras then
Of yet unmeasur'd Time ; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing Goodnefs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchless Truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence to see thy Face :
If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say ?
I have a Thousand Things to know and ask,
And speak——That thou art here beyond all Hope,
All Thought ; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such Suddenness hast hit my Sight,
Is such Surprise, such Mystery, such Ecstasy !
It hurries all my Soul, and stuns my Sense :
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didst arise ?

Os. I did ; and thou, my Love, didst call me ; thou.

Alm. True ; but how cam'st thou there ? Wert thou alone ?

Os. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a distant Voice
Disturb'd the sacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I rose and listen'd,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonso* ;
I thought I saw thee too ; but O, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee—

Alm. But still, how cam'st thou thither ? How thus ?—Ha !
What's he, who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen ?

Os. Where ? ha ! What do I see *Antonio* !
I'm fortunate indeed——my Friend too, safe !

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

Alm. More Miracles ! *Antonio* too escap'd !

Osmin. And twice escap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War : For in the Fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a Pris'ner as yourself,
And as yourself made free ; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you to lament *Anselmo*.

Osmin. There are no Wonders, or else all is Wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up :
When with Astonishment I saw *Almeria*.

Osmin. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I ; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

Osmin. What means the Bounty of all-gracious Heav'n !
That persevering still, with open Hand,
It scatters Good, as in a Waste of Mercy !
Where will this end ? but Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty Number shall be spent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse
Of two in shining Habits cross the Isle ;
Who by their pointing, seem to mark this Place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osmin. I wish at least our parting were a Dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

Heli. *Zara* with *Selim*, Sir, I saw and know 'em :
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

Alm. What Love ? Who is she ? Why are you alarm'd ?

Osmin. She's the Reverse of thee ; she's my Unhappiness.
Harbour no Thought that may disturb thy Peace ;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more ; my Friend will tell thee all ;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus ;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso* now, but *Osmin* ;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

Alm. Sure we shall meet again.——

Osmin. We shall ; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

OSMYN *alone.*

Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
 Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my Thought,
 So shall you still behold her——'twill not be.
 O Impotence of Sight! Mechanic Sense,
 Which to exterior Objects ow'th thy Faculty,
 Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
 Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrors,
 Successively reflect succeeding Images:
 Not what they would, but must; a Star, or 'Toad;
 Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
 Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
 Revolves, and to the Present adds the Past:
 Essaying farther to Futurity;
 But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
 At once, as I before have seen her often—

S C E N E IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. See were he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
 Stiff'ning in Thought, a Statue among Statues.
 Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
 Is it well done? Is this then the Return
 For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire lost?
 But what is Loss of Honour, Fame and Empire?
 Is this the Recompence reserv'd for Love?
 Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
 To find this Place of Horror and Obscurity?
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the Grave,
 That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
 My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee——
 He looks not, minds not, hears not; barb'rous Man,
 Am I neglected thus? Am I dispis'd?
 Not heard! ungrateful *Osmyn*.

Osm. Ha, 'tis *Zara*!*Zara.* Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, lost, abandon'd *Zara*!

Is a regardless Suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.

The Slave, the Wretch, that she redeem'd from Death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

Osmy. Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches from me ;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I saw you not 'till now.

Zara. Now then you see me——
But with such dumb and thankless Eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly. [mourn,

Osmy. What would you from a Wretch who came to
And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude ?
Look round ; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulness.
You have pursu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman ! Why, why dost thou rack me thus ?
And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, answer ?
What is't to me, this House of Misery ?
What Joy do I require ? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee ; to share thy Grievs,
And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange, my Love.

Osmy. O that's the greatest Grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a Heart, tho' tis a savage one ;
Give it me as it is ; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd :
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driv'n by the Tide upon my Country's Coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny Waves,
Thou and thy Friend, till my Compassion found thee ;
Compassion ! scarce will't own that Name, so soon,
So quickly, was it Love ; for thou wert Godlike
E'en then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd those wat'ry Cheeks, then chaf'd
Thy Temples, till reviving Blood arose,
And, like the Morn, virmillion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n ! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips !

Osmy. O call not to my Mind what you have done ;
It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which shews me poor and Bankrupt even in Hopes.

Zara.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
 The Danger which I tempted to conceal you.
 You know how I abus'd the cred'lous King;
 What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
 When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
 And as my Kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
 O, why do I relate what I have done?
 What did I not? Was't not for you this War
 Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
 You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
 To this Invasion; where he late was lost,
 Where all is lost, and I am made a Slave.
 Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
 Think on my Suff'rings first, then look on me;
 Think on the Cause of all, then view thyself:
 Reflect on *Osmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
 The fall'n, the lost, and now the Captive *Zara*,
 And now abandon'd,—say, what then is *Osmyn*?

Osm. A fatal Wretch—A huge stupendous Ruin,
 That tumbling on its Prop, crush'd all beneath,
 And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
 If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
 Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
 A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Pow'r,
 But larger Means to gratify the Will?
 The Steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
 Our Wish, and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding
 Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they have serv'd
 their End,

And are, like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the Instrument, to throw
 In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

Zara. We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
 In Chains unseen I hold him by the Heart,
 And can unwind and strain him as I please.
 Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
 What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
 And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art :

But what this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name :
By something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.
Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave ;
A Slave not daring to be free ! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous :
'Tis that, I know ; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darting Fires ; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The King !
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival !

Sel. Madam, the King is here, and ent'ring now.

Zara. As I could wish ; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, the KING, PEREZ, and
Attendants.

King. Why does the fairest of her Kind withdraw
Her shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night ? Ha ! what Disorder's this ?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be Rival to the King ?
Or lift his Eyes to like where I adore ? [Slave.

Zara. There, he ; your Prisoner, and that was my

King. How ? better than my Hopes ! Does she accuse
him ? [Aside.

Zara. Am I become so low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms so lessen what they conquer,
That *Zara* must be made the Sport of Slaves ?
And shall the Wretch, whom yester Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Presume to-day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected Fate ?

King. Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And

And wrench the Bolt red-hissing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Insolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd ; to Whips and Prisons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*]

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his State,
Whose former Faith had merited much more :
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large ; thence sprung his Insolence,
And what was Charity, he constru'd Love.

King. Enough ; his Punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one where young Delights attend ; and Joys,
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And spread, like Roses, to the Morning Sun :
Where ev'ry Hour shall roll in circling Joys,
And Love shall wing the tedious-wasting Day :

~~For~~ without Love is Load ; and Time stands still :
What we refuse to him, to Death we give ;
And then, then only, when we love, we live. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

OSMYN, alone with a Paper.

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Ashes ; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some Purpose points out these Remembrances.
In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will shew.

If my Alphonso—Ha! [Reading.
If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n ;
Give me more Weight, crush my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Imprisonment and Want ;
But bless my Son, visit not him for me.

It is his Hand ; this was his Pray'r——yet more :

Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots [Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son :
Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious——

'Tis wanting what shou'd follow—*Heav'n* shou'd follow,
 But 'tis torn off—Why shou'd that Word alone
 Be torn from his Petition ? 'Twas to *Heav'n*,
 But *Heav'n* was deaf, *Heav'n* heard him not ; but thus,
 Thus as the Name of *Heav'n* from this is torn,
 So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from
 His Voice, shutting the Gates of Pray'r against him.
 If Piety be thus debarr'd Access
 On high, and of good Men the very best
 Is singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
 What is Reward ? or what is Punishment ?
 But who shall dare to tax eternal Justice !
 Yet I may think——I may, I must ; for Thought
 Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives
 Ere Reason can be born. Reason, the Power
 To guess at Right and Wrong, the twinkling Lamp
 Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by Turns,
 Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
 What Noise ! Who's there ? my Friend ! How cam'st
 thou hither ?

S C E N E II.

OSMYN, HELI.

Heli. The Time's too precious to be spent in telling.
 The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria's* Power,
 Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Osm. How does *Almeria* ? But I know she is
 As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her ?

Heli.

Heli. You may : Anon, at Midnight when the King
Is gone to rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a Bridegroom's Right) she'll come.

Ofm. She'll come : 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come ; but whither, and to whom ? O Heav'n !
To a vile Prison, and a captive Wretch ;
To one, whom had she never known, she had
Been happy : Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes ?
Why does she follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing ?
One, driven about the World like blasted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds ; till late,
At length imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
On Earth it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

Heli. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate.
I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for Mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to share the Plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own Use and Avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia's* Frontiers ;
Where many of your Subjects, long oppress'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their Rights and Liberty.

Ofm. By Heav'n thou'ast rous'd me from my Lethargy,
The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of my dead Father's Blood ;
Deaf to Revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd ; what not *Almeria* could
Revive or raise, my People's Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory ; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'n's ! Where is the King ?
Where is *Alphonso* ? Ha ! where ; where indeed ?
O I could tear and burst the Strings of Life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty ;
Off

Off Slavery. O Curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would soar and stoop at Victory beneath.

Heli. Our Posture of Affairs and scanty Time,
My Lord, require you should compose yourself,
And think on what we may reduce to Practice.
Zara, the Cause of your Restraint, may be
The Means of Liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Escape. Mean Time, I've thought already
With Speed and Safety to convey myself
Where not far off some Malcontents hold Council
Nightly, who hate this Tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your Cause.

Osm. My Friend and Counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.

Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would shew thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;
Such Sanctity, such Tenderness so mix'd
With Grief, as would draw Tears from Inhumanity.

Heli. The Care of Providence sure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
For you, those Blessings it with-held from him.
In that Assurance live; which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.

Osm. Farewell,
My Friend; the Good thou dost deserve, attend thee.

SCENE III.

OSMYN alone.

I've been to blame, and question'd with Impiety
The Care of Heav'n. Not so my Father bore

More

More anxious Grief. This should have better taught me ;
 This Lesson, in some Hour of Inspiration
 By him set down ; when his pure Thoughts were borne,
 Like Fumes of sacred Incense, o'er the Clouds,
 And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
 Of Light, to the bright Source of all. For there
 He in the Book of Prescience saw this Day ;
 And waking to the World, and mortal Sense,
 Left this Example of his Resignation,
 This his last Legacy to me ; which, here,
 I'll treasure as more worth than Diadems,
 Or all extended Rule of regal Pow'r.

SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *veil'd*

Osm. What Brightness breaks upon me thus through
 Shades,
 And promises a Day to this dark Dwelling?
 Is it my Love ? —

Zara. O that thy Heart had taught [*Lifting her Veil.*
 Thy Tongue that saying!

Osm. *Zara!* I am betray'd by my Surprise.

Zara. What, does my Face displease thee ?
 That having seen it thou dost turn thy Eyes
 Away, as from Deformity and Horror?
 If so, this sable Curtain shall again
 Be drawn, and I stand before thee seeing,
 And unseen. Is it my Love ? Ask again
 That Question, speak again in that soft Voice,
 And look again with Wishes in thy Eyes.

O no, thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
 As she whose savage Breast hath been the Cause
 Of these thy Wrongs ; as she whose barb'rous Rage
 Has loaded thee with Chains and galling Irons :
 Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my Falseness ;
 Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd ?
 No, no, it must be Hatred, dire Revenge,
 And Detestation, that could use thee thus.
 So dost thou think ; then do but tell me so ;
 Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge

Thee

Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
This Heart of Flint 'till it shall bleed? and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miseries.

Osm. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with so low a Mind,
As still to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by secret Causes,
Has made per-force subservient to the End
The heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But Destiny and inauspicious Stars
Have cast me down to this low Being: Or
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madness?
O, give that Madness yet a milder Name,
And call it Passion; then, be still more kind,
And call that Passion Love.

Osm. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you please, such I will think it. [ness,

Zara. Oh thou dost wound me more with this thy Good-
Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest Reproaches;
Thy Anger could not pierce thus to my Heart.

Osm. Yet I could wish ———

Zara. Haste me to know it: what?

Osm. That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Zara. What Thing?

Osm. This Slave.

Zara. O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; somewhat of high Concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated Hour to come,
Which, wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as Occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the Temper of the King—Who knows
What racking Cares disease a Monarch's Bed?

Or

Or Love, that late at Night still lights his Lamp,
And strikes his Rays thro' Du'k, and folded Lids,
Forbidding Rest, may stretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

Osm. I have not merited this Grace;
Nor, shou'd my secret Purpose take Effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such Benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the Form of our Engagements rest,
Thou hast the Wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Justice to return
My Love. Adieu.

SCENE V.

OSMYN alone.

This Woman has a Soul
Of Godlike Mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in Spite of me, my best
Esteem; to this she's fair, few more can boast
Of personal Charms, or with less Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings;
But she has Passions which outstrip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root
The Sea. I fear, when she shall know the Truth,
Some swift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my Fears,
The Cause and Comfort of my boding Heart.

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

Osm. My Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad Place?
How speak to thee the Words of Joy and Transport?
How run into thy Arms with-held by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?

Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender Body,
And stain thy Bosom with the Rust of these
Rude Irons? Must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou toldst me thou wouldst think how we might meet
To part no more——Now we will part no more;
For these thy Chains, or Death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Hard Means to ratify that Word!—O Cruelty!
That ever I should think beholding thee
A Torture!—yet, such is the bleeding Anguish
Of my Heart, to see thy Sufferings ——O Heav'n!
That I could almost turn my Eyes away,
Or wish thee from my Sight.

Alm. O! say not so;
Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,
On any Terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both her Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-flaking Thirst;
Thus better, than for any Cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
Upon me—speak, and take me in thy Arms——
Thou canst not! thy poor Arms are bound, and strive
In vain with the remorseless Chains which gnaw
And eat into the Flesh, fest'ring thy Limbs
With rankling Rust.

Osm. Oh! O——

Alm. Give me that Sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Grievs?
Thy Heart will burst, thy Eyes look red and start;
Give thy Soul Way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

Osm. For this World's Rule, I would not wound thy
Breast

With such a Dagger as then stuck my Heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it, Tell it me,
—Thou giv'st me Pain with too much Tenderness!

Osm. And thy excessive Love distracts my Sense!
O wouldst thou be less killing, soft, or kind,

Grief could not double thus his Darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me Wrong, and Grief too robs my
If there he shoot not every other Shaft; [Heart,
Thy second self shou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe should be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife—

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep :
There, there I bleed ; there pull the cruel Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves ; Engines and Wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so ; if I'm thy Torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy Chains,
Tread on me : What, am I the Bosom-Snake,
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy Heart ?
O that thy Words had Force to break those Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in sunder ;
So shou'dst thou be at large from all Oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst ?

Osm. My all of Bliss, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy Words ?
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings ?
Why dost thou ask ? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly ?
Thy Sorrows have disturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou dost speak of Miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst not thou say that Racks and Wheels were
Balm
And Beds of Ease, to thinking me thy Wife ?

Osm. No, no ; nor shou'd the subtlest Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wish or Thought from me to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart :
Thou art my Wife——nay thou art yet my Bride !
The sacred Union of connubial Love
Yet unaccomplish'd ; his mysterious Rites
Delay'd ; nor has our hymeneal Torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful Sacrifice ;
But dash'd with Rain from Eyes, and swal'd with Sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.

Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
 Or this vile Earth an Altar for such Offerings?
 This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with Woes;
 Is this our Marriage Bed? are these our Joys?
 Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my Heart!
 To call thee mine? Yes; thus even thus to call
 Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extremest Ecstasy.
 But O thou art not mine, not e'en in Misery;
 And 'tis deny'd to me to be so blest'd,
 As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
 Th' extremest Malice of our Fate can hinder:
 That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
 As on the Leavings of Calamity.
 There we will feast and smile on past Distress,
 And hug, in Scorn of it, or mutual Ruin.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my Love, as one resolv'd
 Because not knowing Danger. But look forward;
 Think of To-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
 From these weak, struggling, unextended Arms:
 Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will strain,
 To grasp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
 Think how the Blood will start and Tears will gush
 To follow thee, my separating Soul.
 Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with *Garcia*!
 Then will I smear these Walls with Blood, disfigure
 And dash my Face, and rive my clotted Hair,
 Break on this flinty Floor my throbbing Breast,
 And grovel with gash'd Hands to scratch a Grave,
 Stripping my Nails to tear this Pavement up,
 And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking Horror!

Osm. Then *Garcia* shall lie panting on thy Bosom,
 Luxurious, revelling amidst thy Charms;
 And thou per-force must yield, and aid his Transport.
 Hell! Hell! have I not Cause to rage and rave?
 What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
 Are they not soothing Softness, sinking Ease,
 And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria*!
 What do the Damn'd endure, but to despair,
 Not knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

Alm.

Alm. O, I am struck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which shot into my Breast now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not——O, let us not support,
But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.

S C E N E VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

Zara. Somewhat of Weight to me requires his Freedom.
Dare you dispute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your Majesty one Moment to defer
Your ent'ring, 'till the Princess is return'd
From visiting the noble Prisoner.

Zara. Ha!
What say'st thou?

Osm. We are lost! undone! discover'd!
Retire, my Life, with Speed——Alas, we're seen:
Speak of Compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say Something quickly to conceal our Loves,
If possible——

Alm. —— I cannot speak.

Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zara Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain I've been abus'd—Death and Destruction!
How shall I search into this Mystery?
The bluest Blast of pestilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin put 'em.

Osm.

Osm. This Charity to one unknown, and thus
 [Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.
 Distress'd, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.

S C E N E VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara Damn'd, damn'd Dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
 Choke in my Rage, and know the utmost Depth
 Of this Deceiver——You seem much surpriz'd.

Osm. At your Return so soon and unexpected!

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
 Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.
 You're grown a Favourite since last we parted;
 Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding——

Osm. ——Madam!

Zara. I did not know the Princess' Favourite;
 Your Pardon, Sir——mistake me not; you think
 I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
 You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
 To find you have an Interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this Time spare your Mirth.

Zara. I know thou couldst; but I'm not often pleas'd.
 And will indulge it now. What Miseries?
 Who would not be thus happily confin'd,
 To be the Care of weeping Majesty?
 To have contending Queens, at dead of Night,
 Forsake their Down, to wake with wat'ry Eyes,
 And watch like Tapers o'er your Hour of Rest.
 O Curse! I cannot hold——

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

Osm. How, Madam!

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'st, for now I know for whom thou'dst [live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell! —

Yet

Yet I'll be calm——Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the slow Hand
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked Mark of public View.

Osm. You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my Pow'r ——

Zara. Who waits there? As you will answer it, look
this Slave [To the Guard.

Attempt no Means to make himself away.
I've been deceiv'd. The public Safety now
Requires he shou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princess, suffer'd or to see,
Or speak with him: I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base Injustice thou hast done my Love;
Yes thou shalt know, Spite of thy past Distress,
And all those Ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury like a Woman scorn'd.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

ZARA.

THOU hast already rack'd me with thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your Accusation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Osmyn*; but to that, fresh News
Has since arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Distraction) some
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Trust,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms

The King in full Belief of all you told him
Concerning *Osmyn*, and his Correspondence
With them who first began the Mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is sign'd ;
And Order given for public Execution.

Zara. Ha ! haste thee ! fly, prevent his Fate and mine ;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t' impart ere *Osmyn* die.

Sel. It needs not, for the King will straight be here,
And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the Life of *Osmyn*.

Zara. What shall I say ? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King, and save his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover still.

O ! 'tis more Grief but to suppose his Death,
Than still to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.

From my Despair my Anger had its Source ;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.

For ever ! that's Despair—it was Distrust
Before ; Distrust will ever be in Love,

And Anger in Distrust ; both short-liv'd Pains.

But in Despair, and ever-during Death,

No Term, no Bound, but infinite of Woe.

O Torment, but to think ! what then to bear ?

Not to be borne——Devise the Means to shun it,
Quick ; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy Blood.

Sel. My Life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my Rage ; I know thy Love and Truth.
But say, what's to be done ? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop th' approaching Danger ?

Sel. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On *Osmyn's* Death ; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suspicion of the Cause. Advise
That Execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what Pretence ?

Sel. Your own Request's enough.

However, for a Colour, tell him, you

Have Cause to fear his Guards may be corrupted,

And some of them bought off to *Osmyn's* Interest,

Who,

Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his Way for an Escape;
The State of Things will countenance all Suspicion.
Then offer to the King to have him strangled
In secret by your Mutes; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant: I'll acquaint you with the rest.

S C E N E II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

King. Bear to the Dungeon those rebellious Slaves,
Th' ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And spend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to present Death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gonf. Might I presume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Osmyn* die. Mean Time we may learn more
Of this Conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, Soldier; they shall suffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of those that follow'd *Heli*?

Gonf. None, Sir. Some Papers have been since discovered

In *Roderigo's* House, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their Course.
Of the same Nature divers Notes have been
Dispers'd t' amuse the People; whereupon
Some, ready of Belief, have rais'd this Rumour:
That being sav'd upon the Coast of *Afric*,
He there disclos'd himself to *Albucacim*,
And by a secret Compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the Way to this Invasion;
While he himself, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raise this Tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is *Osmyn* then *Alphonso*?
 O Heav'n! a thousand Things occur at once
 To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
 O certain Death for him, as sure Despair
 For me, if it be known——If not, what Hope
 Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest Baseness now,
 To yield him up—No, I will conceal him
 And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

Gons. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
 That some Impostor has usurp'd his Name.
 Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
 If such an one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,
 At any Time in *Albucacim's* Court.

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
 An unforeseen, unwelcome Hour of Business,
 Has thrust between us and our While of Love;
 But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
 Will quickly waste and give again the Day.

Zara. You're too secure: The Danger is
 imminent
 Than your high Courage suffers you to see;
 While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

King. His Doom
 Is pass'd if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your Entrance,
 I find I can unfold what yet concerns
 You more. One who did call himself *Alphonso*
 Was cast upon my Coast, as is reported,
 And oft had private Conference with the King;
 To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
 About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
 What I know more is, that a triple League
 Of strictest Friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Osmyn*.

King. Public Report is ratify'd in this.

Zara. And *Osmyn's* Death requir'd of strong Ne-
 cessity.

King. Give Order strait, that all the Pris'ners die.

Zara. Forbear a Moment, somewhat more I have
 Worthy

Worthy your private Ear, and this your Minister.
King. Let all, except *Gonsalez*, leave the Room.

SCENE III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. I am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
 And in Return of that, tho' otherwise
 Your Enemy, I have discover'd *Osmyn*
 His private Practice and Conspiracy
 Against your State: And fully to discharge
 Myself of what I've undertaken, now
 I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
 Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
 To rescue *Osmyn* at the Place of Death.

King. Is Treason then so near us as our Guards!

Zara. Most certain; tho' my Knowledge is not yet
 So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my Train some Mutes,
 A Present once from the *Sultana* Queen,
 In the *Grand Signior's* Court. These from their Infancy
 Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and shall
 (As there the Custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gons. My Lord, the Queen advises well.

King. What Off'ring, or what Recompence remains
 In me, that can be worthy so great Services?
 To cast beneath your Feet the Crown you've sav'd,
 Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean Time, 'tis fit
 You give strict Charge, that none may be admitted
 To see the Pris'ner, but such Mutes as I
 Shall send.

King. Who waits there?

SCENE IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

King. On your Life take Heed,
That only *Zara's* Mutes, or such who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.

Zara. They, and no other, not the Princess' self.

Per. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Gonf. That Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence against the Princess,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears barefac'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not——Your Majesty sure might have spar'd
The last Restraint; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is Confed'rate with the *Moor*.

Zara. I've heard her Charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his Request.

Gonf. Ha!

King. How! She visit *Osmyn*! What, my Daughter!

Sel. Madam, take Heed; or you have ruin'd all.

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf.——

King. Never. You have been misinform'd.

Zara. Indeed! Then 'twas a Whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire and instantly prepare
Instruction for my Ministers of Death.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

Gonf. There's somewhat yet of Mystery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;
I like it not.

King.

King. What dost thou think, *Gonsalez*?
Are we not much indebted to this Fair One?

Gons. I am a little flow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted! how? by whom? who told her so?
I'th' Evening *Osmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to release him;
I'th' Morning he must die again; ere Noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet that there's Truth in what she has discover'd
Is manifest from every Circumstance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation—that *Alphonso* lives,
Agrees expresly too with her Report.

Gons. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealousy, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless Caution of the Princess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange,
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger Charms might cause the *Moor's*
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reason in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'st thou that my Daughter saw this *Moor*?

Gons. If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's Friend; 'tis not impossible,
But she might wish on his Account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? By Heav'n, thou hast rous'd a
Thought,
That like a sudden Earthquake shakes my Frame;
Confusion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish *Moor*.

Gons. That were too hard a Thought——but see, she
comes——

54 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For *Osmyn's* Death, as he's *Alphonso's* Friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

S C E N E VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

King. Your coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your Attendant be dismiss'd; I have

[*Leonora retires.*

To talk with you. Come near, why dost thou shake?
What mean those swell'n and red-fleck'd Eyes that look
As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguish? Why this on the Day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy Nuptials;
But that the Beams of Light are to be stain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the Mariage-rites,
Nor shall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm. All Days to me
Henceforth are equal: this the Day of Death,
To-morrow, and the next: and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the
Cause?

And look thou answer me with Truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy Falshood.
Why art thou mute? base and degen'rate Maid!

Gons. Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore should I speak?
What mean these Tears but Grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb Confessions of thy guilty
Mind;

They mean thy Guilt: and say thou wert Confed'rate
With damn'd Conspirators to take my Life.
O impious Parricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm.

Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom,
And bend my flowing Eyes to stream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take
Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
—I have no Parent else—be thou a Mother,
And step between me and the Curse of him,
Who was—who was, but is no more a Father,
But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes;
And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee—and if thou wouldst
Acquit thyself of those detested Names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn*.

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence I might,
And free of all bad Purposes. So Heav'n's
My Witness.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence? O Patience! hear — she owns it!
Confesses it! by Heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—all Pains and Tortures
That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I am lost,—there Fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then; if thou canst reply; know,
Traitors,

I'm not to learn that curs'd *A'phonso* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyn* is—

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die;
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest Sword,
And cleaves my Heart; I wou'd have borne it all,
Nay all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorseless Rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender Flesh to have been bruise'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell ! do I hear this, and yet endure !
 What, dar'st thou to my Face avow thy Guilt ?
 Hence, ere I curse—fly my just Rage with Speed ;
 Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father ! think I am your Child !
 Turn not your Eyes away—look on me kneeling ;
 Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
 Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child ?
 Never ; for always Blessings crown that Posture.
 Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
 Stooping to raise from Earth the filial Reverence ;
 For bended Knees returning folding Arms,
 With Pray'rs, and Blessings, and paternal Love.
 O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth——

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
 The light Impression, thou hast made, remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this Hold,
 'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha ! who may live ? take Heed, no more of that ;
 For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou and I,
 And all thou'd follow to partake his Doom.
 Away, off, let me go—Call her Attendants.

[Leonora and Women return.

Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Bosom,
 I'll not go 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

King. Ha ! what sayest thou ? Husband ! Husband !
 Damnation !

What Husband ! which ? who ?

Alm. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poison and Daggers ! who ?

Alm. O——

[Faints.

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep——I'll dig,
 I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death ; I will ;
 I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
 And cloath their Nakedness with my own Flesh ;
 Yes, I will strip off Life, and we will change :
 I will be Death ; then tho' you kill my Husband,
 He shall be mine, still, and for ever mine.

King. What Husband ? whom dost thou mean ?

Gonf. She raves !

Alm.

Alm. O that I did. *Osmyn*, he is my Husband.

King. *Osmyn*!

Alm. Not *Osmyn*, but *Alphonso* is my dear
And wedded Husband ———Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thyself dost rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy Madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.
Watch her returning Sense, and bring me Word:
And look that she attempt not on her Life.

SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA,
Attendants.

Alm. O stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were——He's gone.

Gonsf. Have Comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that Tongue that bids me be of
Comfort;

Curs'd my own Tongue, that could not move his Pity;
Curs'd these weak Hands that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* Death.

Gonsf. Your too excessive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Pow'r.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*.

Gonsf. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?
Is it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonso's* Breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly Herd glares by, all smear'd with Blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after, see;
Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!

My Father's Voice ! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the Tomb—I'll follow it ; for there
I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.

S C E N E IX.

G O N S A L E Z *alone.*

She's greatly griev'd ; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn Alphonso ! no ; she over rates
My Policy ; I ne'er suspected it :
Nor now had known it, but from her Mistake.
Her Husband too ! Ha ! Where is *Garcia* then ?
And where the Crown that shou'd descend on him,
To grace the Line of my Posterity ?
Hold, let me think,——if I should tell the King——
Things come to this Extremity ; his Daughter
Wedded already——what if he should yield ?
Knowing no Remedy for what is past ;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anselmo's Race ; Yet if—that If concludes me,
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the captive Queen, who means
To set him free ? Ay, now 'tis plain ; O well
Invented Tale ! He was *Alphonso's* Friend.
This subtle Woman will amuse the King,
If I delay——'twill do——or better so.
One to my Wish. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

S C E N E X.

G O N S A L E Z, A L O N Z O.

Alon. The King expects your Lordship.

Gonf. 'Tis no Matter.

I'm not i' the Way at present, good *Alonzo*.

Alon. If't please your Lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

Gonf. Do, my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I would——but go ; anon will serve——
Yet I have that requires thy speedy Help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me Service.

Alon. I am your Creature.

Gonf. Say thou art my Friend.

I've seen thy Sword do noble Execution.

Alon. All that it can your Lordship shall command.

Gonf. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'rt
Among the Followers of the Captive Queen, [seen,
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known by Signs.

Alon. I have, my Lord.

Gonf. Couldst thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee such Reward, as shou'd exceed thy Wish. [ship?

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your Lord-

Gonf. At my Apartment. Use thy utmost Diligence;
And say I've not been seen—haste, good *Alonzo*.

So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,

The greatest Obstacle is then remov'd.

Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;

And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia's* Head. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

KING.

NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's absent.

None, say you, none? what, not the fav'rite
Eunuch?

Nor she herself, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance?

Per. None, my Lord.

King. Is *Osmyn* so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double Chains, and at full length
He lies supine on Earth; with as much Ease
She might remove the Center of this Earth,
As loose the Rivets of his Bonds.

King.

King. 'Tis well.

[A Mute appears, and, seeing the King, retires.

Ha! stop, and seize that Mute; Alonzo, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and started back,
Frighted and fumbling one Hand in his Bosom,
As to conceal th' Importane of his Errand.

[Alonzo follows him, and returns with a Paper.

Alon. A bloody Proof of obstinate Fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his Bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy Haste at once to cram
The Morfel down his Throat. I caught his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a Poniard from his Side,
And on the Instant plung'd it in his Breast.

King. Remove the Body thence ere Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me from my Promise to *Gonsalez*.

SCENE II.

KING, PEREZ.

Per. Whate'er it is, the King's Complexion turns.

King. How's this? My mortal Foe beneath my Roof!

[Having read the Letter.

O give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury — Ha! who's there?

Perez. My Lord.

[pry

King. Hence, Slave! how dar'st thou bide, to watch and
Into how poor a Thing a King descends;
How like thyself, when Passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy Life! for thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to see me gorge this Bait,
And lash against the Hook—By Heav'n you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pander to their Meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd —

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou

Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free*—[Reading.
That somewhere is repeated—*I have Power*
O'er them that are thy Guards—Mark that, thou Traitor.

Per. It was your Majesty's Command, I should
Obey her Order.—

King. [Reading.]——— *And still will I set*
Thee free, Alphonso——Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonso!*
False and perfidious *Zara!* Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love;
All Nature, Softness, Pity, and Compassion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate within my Breast, Revenge, and Gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor—answer me, Slave.

Per. My Service has not merited those Titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that——thy Service!
thine! [Strikes him.

What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Ease? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head:
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonso's* Heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or———

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorse.

[Perez going.

—Stay thee—I've farther Thought—I'll add to this,
And give her Eyes yet greater Disappointment:
When thou hast ended him, bring me his Robe;
And let the Cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the Sight.

I'll be conducted thither——mark me well———

There with his Turbant, and his Robe array'd,
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
I shall convict her, to her Face, of Falshood.

When for *Alphonso's* she shall take my Hand,
And breathe her Sighs upon my Lips for his;
Sudden I'll start and dash her with her Guilt.

But see she comes I'll shun th' Encounter; thou
Follow me, and give Heed to my Direction.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. The Mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas the King!
The King that parted hence! frowning he went:
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the Earth
And kindle Ruin in its Course: Dost think
He saw me?

Sel. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.
Thy shallow Artifice begets Suspicion,
And, like a Cobweb Veil, but thinly shades
The Face of thy Design; alone disguising
What shou'd have ne'er been seen; imperfect Mischief!
Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the Traveller; and after hear'st
Not his pursuing Voice; e'en when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling Leaves and bended Grass
Confess and point the Path which thou hast crept.
O Fate of Fools, officious in contriving;
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n, that you should ever suffer
For my Defect; or that the Means which I
Devis'd to serve, should ruin your Design!
Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs must fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's Want, but punish Nature in me;
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bear my Breast to meet your just Revenge.

Zara. I have not Leisure now to take so poor
A Forfeitas thy Life; somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on myself, if I

Think

Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
 Regard me well ; and dare not to reply
 To what I give in Charge ; for I'm resolv'd.
 Give Order that the two remaining Mutes
 Attend me instantly, with each a Bowl
 Of such Ingredients mix'd, as will with Speed
 Benumb the living Faculties, and give
 Most easy and inevitable Death.
 Yes, *Osmyn*, yes ; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*,
 I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'st be free :
 Such Liberty as I embrace myself,
 Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford ;
 I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

SCENE IV.

SCENE opening shews the Prison.

GONSALEZ alone, disguised like a Mute, with a
 Dagger.

Nor Centinel, nor Guard ! the Doors unbarr'd !
 And all as still, as at the Noon of Night !
 Sure Death already has been busy here.
 There lies my Way, that Door too is unlock'd. [*Looking in.*
 Ha ! sure he sleeps — all's dark within, save what
 A Lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly Flame,
 By Fits reveals — his Face seems turn'd, to favour
 Th' Attempt : I'll steal and do it unperceiv'd.
 What Noise ! some Body coming ? 'st, *Alonzo* ?
 No Body. Sure he'll wait without ——— I would
 'Twere done — I'll crawl, and sting him to the Heart :
 Then cast my Skin, and leave it there to answer it. [*Goes in.*

SCENE V

GARCIA, ALONZO.

Gar. Where ? where, *Alonzo* ? where's my Father ?
 where
 The King ? Confusion ! all is on the Rout !
 All's lost, all ruin'd by Surprise and Treachery.
 Where, where is he ? Why dost thou mislead me ?
Alon.

Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a Moment since,
And could not pass me unperceiv'd — What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what hoa! my Lord *Gonsalez*.

SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody*.

Gonsf. Perdition choke your Clamours — whence this
Rudeness!

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are ent'ring now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?

Gonsf. No Matter — give me first to know the Cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

Gar. The Eastern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of Slain that choke the Passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unless
The King in Person animate our Men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are through a Postern fled, and join the Foe.

Gonsf. Would all were false as that; for whom you call
The *Moor* is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose Heart's Blood this Poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible, for *Osmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

Gonsf. Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your easy Faith.

[*Garcia goes in.*]

Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd, the Cause of his Revolt
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. [returning.] Ruin and Horror! O Heart-wound-
ing Sight!

Gonsf. What says my Son? what Ruin? ha! what Horror?

Gar. Blasted my Eyes, and speechless be my Tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This Deed — O dire Mistake! O fatal Blow!
The King —

Gonsf. Alon. The King!

Gar.

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, see, attir'd like *Osmyn*, where he lies. [*They look in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner or the Cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our Swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his Blood.

Gonf. O Wretch, O curs'd and rash deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Swords.
I, who have spilt my royal Master's Blood,
Should make Atonement by a Death as horrid;
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what! atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far less damnable
Self murder.

Gonf. O my Son! from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondness these Ills arose;
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy Brow)
Whose Weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the Shore.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd: [*Shout.*
The Shrilness of that Shout speaks 'em at Hand.
We have no Time to search into the Cause
Of this surprising and most fatal Error.
What's to be done? the King's Death known, would strike
The few remaining Soldiers with Despair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body;
Require me not to tell the Means, till done,
Lest you forbid what you may then approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gonf. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes;
And in the mean Time fed with Expectation

To see the King in Person at their Head.

Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late,
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haste; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

S C E N E VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Gons. What hast thou done, *Alonzo*?

Alon. Such a Deed

As but an Hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the Crown of universal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
Or who can wound the Dead? — I've from the Body
Sever'd the Head, and in an obscure Corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,
Leaving to View of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable Trunk:
Which may be still mistaken by the Guards
For *Osmyn*, if in seeking for the King
They chance to find it.

Gons. 'Twas an Act of Horror;
And of a Piece with this Day's dire Misdeeds.
But 'tis no Time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with Speed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his Arms: At least,
I shall make good and shelter his Retreat.

S C E N E VIII.

ZARA, followed by *SELIM*, and two Mutes bearing the
Bowls.

ZARA. Silence and Solitude are every where!
Through all the gloomy Ways and Iron Doors
That hither lead, nor human Face nor Voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when enter'd here, from Groans
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd; from Clink of Chains,
And Crash of rusty Bars and creaking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was dash'd

With

With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghastly Executioners.
Yet more this Stilness terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be that the Cause of this my Errand
And Purpose, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has also wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death?

Let 'em set down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
That I am here — so. You return and find

[*Mutes going in.*]

The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.

SCENE IX.

ZARA and Mutes.

Zara. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you
thus

[*The Mutes return and look affrighted.*]

With haggard Eyes? why are your Arms across?
Your heavy and desponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

[*They go to the Scene, which opening, she perceives the Body.*]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O — I'm lost.
O *Osmyn*! O *Alphonso*! Cruel Fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die —
Nay, came prepar'd myself to give thee Death —
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Osmyn* —
O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous King!

SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

Selim. I've sought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found —

Zara. Get thee to Hell, and seek him there. [*Stabs him.*]
His

His hellish Rage had wanted Means to act.
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then — but I'm rewarded.
The Mute you sent, by some Mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life ;
I found the dead and bloody Body stripp'd —
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails — I sink —
Drink not the Poison — for *Alphonso* is — [Dies.

Zara. As thou art now — and I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead ; for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive ;
I have a certain Remedy for that.
But oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what Height :
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows :
Insensible of this last Proof he's gone ;
Yet Fate can rob his mortal Part alone
Of Sense : His Soul still sees, and knows each Purpose,
And fix'd Event of my persisting Faith.
Then wherefore do I pause ? give me the Bowl.

[A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.

Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
'This to our mutual Bliss when join'd above. [Drinks.
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.
Cold, cold ; my Veins are Icicles and Frost.
I'll creep into his Bosom, lay me there ;
Cover us close — or I shall chill his Breast,
And fright him from my Arms — See, see, he slides
Still farther from me ; look, he hides his Face,
I cannot feel it — quite beyond my Reach, —
O now he's gone, and all is dark — [Dies.

[The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.

SCENE XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, Mutes, &c.

Alm. O let me seek him in this horrid Cell ;
For in the Tomb, or Prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leon.

Leon. Heavens ! what dismal Scene
Of Death is this ? The Eunuch *Selim* slain !

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in Search of Death ;
But want a Guide ; for Tears have dimm'd my Sight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead ! two frightful Men,
Who seem the Murderers, kneel weeping by ;
Feeling Remorse too late for what they've done.
But O forbear — lift up your Eyes no more ;
But haste away, fly from this fatal Place,
Where Miseries are multiply'd ; return,
Return, and look not on ; for there's a Dagger
Ready to stab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood —————

Alm. O I foreknow, foresee that Object.
Is it at last then so ? Is he then dead ?
What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead ?
There, there, I see him ; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds — O more than Savage !
Had they or Hearts or Eyes that did this Deed ?
Could Eyes endure to guide such cruel Hands ?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone ?
—— I do not weep ! The Springs of Tears are dry'd ;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All Things were well ; and yet my Husband's murder'd !
Yes, yes, I know to mourn ! I'll sluice this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent loose.
—— Those Men have left to weep ! they look on me !
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well ; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain those Innocents :
I am the Sacrifice design'd to bleed ;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat — They shake
Their Heads in Sign of Grief and Innocence !

[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground.*
And point ! What mean they ? Ha ! a Cup ; O well
I understand what Medicine has been here.

O noble Thirst ! yet greedy to drink all —
—— Oh for another Draught of Death — What mean
they ?

[*They point at the other Cup.*
Ha !

70 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Ha! point again! 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the lib'ral Hand that fill'd thee thus,
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgement —

Leon. O hold
For Mercy's Sake, upon my Knee I beg —

Alm. With thee the kneeling World should beg in vain,
Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lies,
And pleads against thee; who shall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave
From his pale Lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank Juice should blister on my Mouth,
And stain the Colour of my last Adieu.

Horror! a headless Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
[*Coming near the Body, starts and lets fall the Cup.*
But spouting Veins, and mangled Flesh! O, oh!

S C E N E *the last.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI,
PEREZ, *with* GARCIA Prisoner.
Guards and Attendants.

Alph. Away, stand off, where is she? let me fly,
Save her from Death, and snatch her to my Heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my Arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladness.
O let me talk to thy reviving Sense
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold Beauties
With the new flushing Ardour of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips pour the soft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinspire thy Bosom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long-shaded Eyes,
Then double on the Day reflected Light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?

Alph. O may'st thou never dream of less Delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial Joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye Pow'rs —
Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe

My

My Sight against my Sight ? and shall I trust
That Sense, which in one Instant shews him dead
And living ? Yes, I will ; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions and affrighting Phantoms :
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband,
I have him now and we no more will part.

My Father too shall have Compassion —

Alph. O my Heart's Comfort ; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail Life, to be intirely blest'd. E'en now,
In this extremest Joy my Soul can taste,
Yet I am dash'd to think that thou must weep ;
Thy Father fell where he design'd my Death.

Gonsalez and Alonzo, both of Wounds
Expiring, have with their last Breath confess'd
The just Decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody Purposes.

Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus —

[*She weeps.*]

Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.

Ill-fated *Zara* ! Ha ! a Cup ! Alas !

Thy Error then is plain ! but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.

O *Garcia* ! —

Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes,
Seest thou, how just the Hand of Heav'n has been ?

Let us, who through our Innocence survive,
Still in the Paths of Honour persevere,

And not from past or present Ills despair ;

For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds ;

And though a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

*THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in Statu quo;
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've Leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral Faces,
And know each Critic by his sour Grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see somewhere they sit,
Scatter'd, like Ratsbane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch, like Parish-Searchers hir'd,
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Critics to Plays for the same End resort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court:
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect.
As Sussex Men, that dwell upon the Shore,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roor,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Critics throng to see a new Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.*

}

F I N I S.





J. V. de Gucht inr Sculp

O R P H A N:
OR THE
Unhappy Marriage.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted at the THEATRES ROYAL, in
Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden,

By Mr. OTWAY.

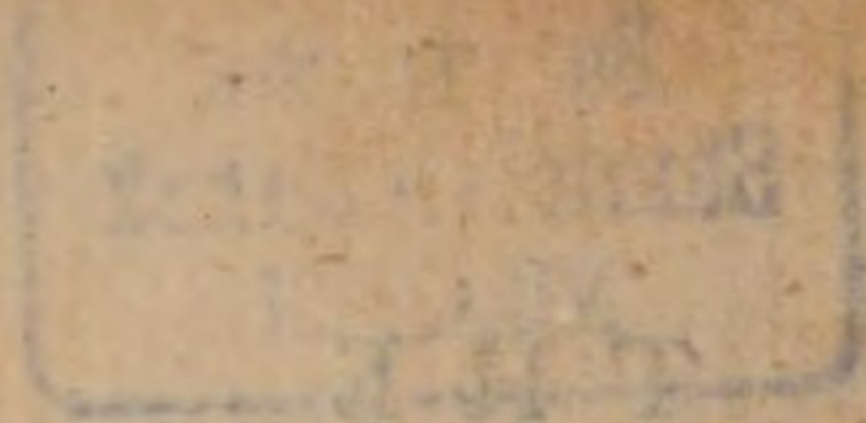
*Qui Pelago credit magno, se fœnore tollit ;
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro ;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet Ebrius Ostro,
Et qui sollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat :
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes.*

Pet. Arb.

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PROLOGUE.

*T*O you, great Judges in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble Thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling, and afraid
Of what is to his Want of Merit due,
And aw'd by ev'ry Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you will be kind,
And spare those many Faults you needs must find.
You to whom Wit a common Foe is grown,
The Thing you scorn and publickly disown.
Though now perhaps ye're here for other Ends,
He swears to me, ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne'er call'd you yet insipid Tools;
Nor wrote one Line to tell you, you were Fools:
But says of Wit ye have so large a Store,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne'er with Libel treated yet the Town,
The Names of honest Men bedawb'd and shewn.
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless Life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife.
Satyr's th' Effect of Poetry's Disease,
Which, sick of a lewd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only Strife should be to please;
Since of ill Fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn,
And Happiness again begins to dawn;
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drew Fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home.
Oft has he plow'd the boist'rous Ocean o'er
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing Shore,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Laurels flourish'd on his Brow;
And he comes crown'd with Olive branches now:
Receive him! Ob receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the Blessings which he recommends:
Such Quiet as your Foes shall ne'er destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your Hands for Joy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

At Drury-Lane, 1767.

M E N.

<i>Acasto</i> , a Nobleman retired from the Court, and living privately in the Country,	}	Mr. <i>Bransby</i> .
<i>Castalio</i> ,		Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Polydore</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Bensley</i> .
<i>Chamont</i> , a young Soldier of Fortune.		Mr. <i>Holland</i> .
<i>Ernesto</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Castle</i> .
<i>Paulino</i> ,		Mr. <i>Strange</i> .
<i>Cordelio</i> , <i>Polydore</i> 's Page.		Miss <i>Rogers</i> .
Chaplain.		Mr. <i>Love</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Monimia</i> , the Orphan, left under the Guardianship of old <i>Acasto</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Yates</i> .
<i>Serina</i> , <i>Acasto</i> 's Daughter.		Miss <i>Plym</i> .
<i>Elorella</i> , <i>Monimia</i> 's Woman.		Mrs. <i>Bennet</i> .

S C E N E, B O H E M I A.

At Covent-Garden.

M E N.

<i>Acasto</i> ,	Mr. <i>Walker</i> .
<i>Castalio</i> ,	Mr. <i>Ross</i> .
<i>Polydore</i> ,	Mr. <i>Clarke</i> .
<i>Chamont</i> ,	Mr. <i>Dyer</i> .
<i>Ernesto</i> ,	Mr. <i>Redman</i> .
<i>Paulino</i> ,	
<i>Cordelio</i> ,	
Chaplain.	

W O M E N.

<i>Monimia</i> ,	Miss <i>Macklin</i> .
<i>Serina</i> ,	Miss <i>Vincent</i> .
<i>Elorella</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Pitt</i> .

The ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paulino and Ernesto.

PAULINO.

IS strange, *Ernesto*, this Severity
Should still reign powerful in *Acasto's* Mind,
'T To hate the Court, where he was bred, and
liv'd, [give.
All honours heap'd on him that Pow'r cou'd

Ern. 'Tis true, he thither came a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and noble, as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are justly his :
He has purchas'd them in War ; thrice has he led
An Army 'gainst the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory : The World has not
A truer Soldier, or a better Subject.

Paul. It was his Virtue at first made me serve him ;
He is the best of Masters as of Friends :
I know he has lately been invited thither ;
Yet still he keeps his stubborn Purpose ; cries,
He's old, and willingly would be at Rest :
I doubt there's deep Resentment in his Mind,
For the late Slight his Honour suffer'd there.

Ern. Has he not Reason ? When for what he had borne,
Long, hard, and faithful Toil, he might have claim'd
Places in Honour, and Employment high ;
A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace, was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds just Value for the King,
Nor ever names him but with highest Reverence,
'Tis noble that——

Ern. Oh ! I have heard him wanton in his Praise,
Speak things of him might charm the Ears of Envy.

Paul. Oh ! may he live till Nature's self grow old,
And from her Womb no more can bless the Earth !
For when he dies, farewell all Honour, Bounty,
All generous Encouragement of Arts ;
For Charity herself becomes a Widow.

Ern. No, he has two Sons, that were ordain'd to be
As well his Virtue's, as his Fortune's Heirs.

Paul. They're both of Nature mild, and full of Sweetness,

They came Twins from the Womb, and still they live
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave :
Neither has any Thing he calls his own,
But of each other's Joys as Grievs partaking ;
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Ern. Never was Parent in an Off-spring happier ;
He has a Daughter too, whose blooming Age
Promises Goodness equal to her Beauty.

Paul. And as there is Friendship 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature chosen too
A faithful Partner of her Thoughts and Wishes,
And kind Companion of her harmless Pleasures.

Ern. You mean the beauteous Orphan, fair *Monimia* !

Paul. The same, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont*.
He was our Lord's Companion in the Wars ;
Where such a wond'rous Friendship grew between 'em
As only Death cou'd end ; *Chamont's* Estate
Was ruin'd in our late and civil Discords ;
Therefore, unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Master's Care ;
To such a Care, as she scarce lost a Father.

Ern. Her Brother to the Emperor's Wars went early,
To seek a Fortune, or a noble Fate ;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty Marks of that Great Prince's Favour.

Paul. Our Master never would permit his Sons
To launch for Fortune in th' uncertain World ;
But warns 'em to avoid both Courts and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant Man,
To throw herself away on Fools and Knaves.

Ern. They have both forward, gen'rous, active Spirits.
'Tis daily their petition to their Father,
To send them forth where Glory's to be gotten :
They cry they're weary of their lazy Home,
Restless to do something that Fame may talk of.
To-day they chas'd the Boar, and near this Time
Shou'd be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal Sport ?
We yet may see the old Man in a Morning,

Lully

Lusty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,
And there pursue the Chace, as if he meant
To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again. [Ex.

Enter Castalio, Polydore, and Page. 2.

Cast. Polydore! our Sport
Has been to-day much better for the Danger;
When on the Brink the foaming Boar I met,
And in his Side thought to have lodg'd my Spear,
The desperate Savage rush'd within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Pol. But then——

Cast. Ay then, my Brother, my Friend Polydore,
Like *Perseus* mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leapt
To save *Castalio*. 'Twas a Godlike Act!

Pol. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh, my Heart danc'd to see your Danger past!
The Heat and Fury of the Chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy.

Cast. So, Polydore, methinks we might in War
Rush on together; thou should'st be my Guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank Diseases here at home?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busy in the World, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless Dunghil Weed,
Fixt to one Spot, and rot just as I grow.

Cast. Our Father——
Has ta'en himself a Surfeit of the World,
And cries, it is not safe that we shou'd take it:
I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me;
And though I'd hazard all to raise my Name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a Father,
I cou'd not do a Thing to cross his Will.

Pol. *Castalio*, I have doubts within my Heart,
Which you, and only you can satisfy:
Will you be free and candid to your Friend?

Cast. Have I a Thought my Polydore shou'd not know?
What can this mean?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,

By all the strictest Bonds of faithful Friendship,
To shew your Heart as naked in this Point,
As you wou'd purge you of your Sins to Heav'n.

Cast. I will.

Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the Suff'rance of a tender Friend.

Cast. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artist's Hand that ministers his Cure.

Pol. That's kindly said. You know our Father's Ward,
The fair *Monimia*; Is your Heart at Peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?

Cast. Suppose I should?

Pol. Suppose you should not, Brother.

Cast. You'd say, I must not.

Pol. That would sound too roughly
Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are.

Cast. Is Love a Fault?

Pol. In one of us it may be:
What if I love her?

Cast. Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preserve the Birth-right of my Passion.

Pol. You will.

Cast. I will.

Pol. No more, I've done.

Cast. Why not?

Pol. I told you I had done:
But you, *Castalio*, would dispute it.

Cast. No;

Not with my *Polydore*; though I must own
My Nature obstinate and void of Suff'rance,
Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspicions.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendship,
I am so much in Love, and fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you will break this Friendship!

Cast. Not for Crowns.

Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Woman's Toy.
Unjust *Castalio*!

Cast. Prithee where's my Fault?

Pol. You love *Monimia*.

Cast. Yes.

I

Pol.

Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.

Cast. No, sure we're such Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

Pol. I doat upon *Monimia*.

Cast. Love her still;
Win and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cast. No matter
Whose Chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed *Monimia*, would you?

Cast. Wed her!

No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
She should nor cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
When I am old and weary of the World,
I may grow desperate,
And take a Wife to mortify withal.

Pol. It is an elder Brother's Duty so
To propagate his Family and Name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?

Cast. Mere Vanity, and silly Dotage all:
No, let me live at large, and when I die——

Pol. Who shall possess th' Estate you leave?

Cast. My Friend,
If he survives me; If not, my King,
Who may bestow't again on some brave Man,
Whose Honesty and Services deserve one.

Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cast. By yon Heaven, I love
My *Polydore* beyond all worldly Joys,
And would not shock his Quiet, to be blest
With greater Happiness than Man e're tasted.

Pol. And by that Heaven eternally I swear,
To keep the kind *Castalio* in my Heart.
Whose shall *Monimia* be?

Cast. No Matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last Night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But th' Opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the Scene of Love:

But

But have a Care, by Friendship I conjure thee,
That no false Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy Pow'rs to make thy Passion prosper :
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blast me if I do.

Cast. If't prove thy Fortune, *Polydore*, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the Arts of soft Persuasion !)
Trust me, and let me know thy Love's Success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my Soul than Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,
To great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Castalio*, I'd forget her.

For if ye Pow'rs have Happiness in Store,
When ye would show'r down Joys on *Polydore*,
In one great Blessing all your Bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a Friend.

[*Ex. Cast. & Pol. Manet Page.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So soon return'd from Hunting ? This fair Day
Seems as if sent to invite the World abroad.
Pass'd not *Castalio* and *Polydore* this way.

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure my ill Fate's upon me.
Distrust and Heaviness sit round my Heart,
And Apprehension shocks my tim'rous Soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents ? and at Rest as they are ?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into Cares.

Castalio ! O Castalio ! thou hast caught
My foolish Heart ; and like a tender Child,
That trusts his Play-thing to another Hand,
I fear its Harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, *Cordelio*. I must chide you. Sir.

Page. Why, Madam, have I done you any Wrong ?

Mon. I never see you now ; you have been kinder ;
Sat by my Bed, and sung me pretty Songs ;
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's Money for you :
Will you oblige me ? shall I see you oftner !

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my Soul :
But in the Morning when you call me to you,
As by your Bed I stand and tell you stories,
I am ashamed to see your swelling Breasts,

It makes me blush, they are so very white.

Mon. Oh Men for Flatt'ry and Deceit renown'd !
Thus when y' are young ye learn it all like him,
Till as your Years increase, that strengthens too,
T' undo poor Maids, and make our Ruin easy.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly Converse, and their Bosom Secrets ;
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me ?

Page. Oh Madam ! very wickedly they have talk'd !
But I am afraid to name it ; for, they say,
Boys must be whipt that tell their Master's Secrets.

Mon. Fear not, *Cordelio* ! It shall ne'er be known ;
For I'll preserve the Secret as 'twere mine.

Polydore cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless Sports,
With pretty Toys, and thou shalt be my Page.

Page. And truly, Madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my Lord ;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do ?

Mon. Inform me how thou'st heard
Castalio, and his Brother, use my Name.

Page. With all the Tendernefs of Love ;
You were the Subject of their last Discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd ;
But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,
And yielded to the Frailty of his Friend ;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd——

Mon. What, good *Cordelio* ?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I wou'd not have 'em, by my dearest Hopes ;
I wou'd not be the Argument of Strife.
But surely my *Castalio* won't forsake me,
And make a Mock'ry of my easy Love.
Went they together ?

Page. Yes, to seek you, Madam.
Castalio promis'd *Polydore* to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his Wishes.

Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common Stake, a Prize for Love in Jest ?
Was not *Castalio* very loth to yield it ;
Or was it *Polydore*'s unruly Passion,

That

That heighten'd the Debate?

Page. The Fault was *Polydore's*.

Castalio play'd with Love, and smiling shew'd
The Pleasure, not the Pangs of his Desire,
He said no Woman's Smiles should buy his Freedom:
And Marriage is a mortifying Thing.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if *Castalio's* false.
Where is there Faith and Honour to be found?
Ye Gods that guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak, protect, and take me to your Care.
O but I love him! There's the Rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my Sex's Softness,
Yet want the Canning to conceal its Follies?
I'll see *Castalio*, tax him with his Falshoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs:
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter Castalio and Polydore.

He comes, the Conqueror comes: lie still my Heart,
And learn to bear thy Injuries with Scorn.

Cast. Madam, my Brother begs he may have Leave,
To tell you something that concerns you nearly;
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My Lord *Castalio*!

Cast. Madam?

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? What means this Usage?
Why am I left with *Polydore* alone?

Cast. He best can tell you. Business of Importance
Calls me away; I must attend my Father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cast. But for a Moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise; the Time has been,
When Business might have staid, and I been heard.

Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this Time
Matters of such odd Circumstances press me,
That I must go——

[Exit.

Mon. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.
Well, my Lord *Polydore*, I guess your Business,
And read th' ill-natur'd Purpose in your Eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than Misers Wealth,
Or dying Men an Hour of added Life;
If softest Wishes, and a Heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for Love disdain'd,

Speak

Speak an ill Nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I must not hear it.

Pol. Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us Words: Man when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his Vassal-Beasts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleasures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love.

Mon. The first created Pair indeed were blest'd;
They were the only Objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear Eyes; for every Glance they send
Darts through my Soul, and almost gives Enjoyment.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my Undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.
There always was a Friendship 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity and his Bounty took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his Care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And those who taught it first were Hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my Knees by Heav'n's blest Pow'r I
swear, [Kneels.

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the World a Beggar,
And live on sordid Scraps at proud Mens Doors;
For though to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My Mother's Virtues, and my Father's Honour.

Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right; y' are always false,
Or silly; ev'n your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites; you think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none.

To day

To-day y' are nice, To-morrow not so free ;
 Now smile, then frown ; now sorrowful, then glad ;
 Now pleas'd, now not ; and all you know not why !
 Virtue you affect, Inconstancy's your Practice ;
 And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
 No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast ;
 Ev'ry Rank Fool goes down——

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
 I own my Sex's Follies ; I have 'em all.
 And, to avoid its Faults must fly from you.
 Therefore believe me, could you raise me high
 As most fantastick Woman's Wish could reach,
 And lay all Nature's Riches at my Feet ;
 I'd rather run a Savage in the Woods
 Amongst brute Beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
 As Wildness and most rude Neglect could make me,
 So I might still enjoy my Honour safe
 From the destroying Wiles of faithless Men.—— [*Exit.*

Pol. Who'd be that sordid thing call'd Man,
 To cringethus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
 Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him ?
 The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field,
 And from the Herd singling his Female out,
 Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
 It shall be so ; I'll yet possess my Love,
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours ;
 Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
 And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,
 I'th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
 I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,
 Beat down her Guard of Honour, all before me,
 Surfeit on Joys, till ev'n Desire grows sick ;
 Then by long Absence Liberty regain,
 And quite forget the Pleasure and the Pain.

[*Ex. Pol. and Page.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydore, Attendants.

Acast. **T**O-day has been a Day of glorious Sport :
 When you *Castalio*, and your Brother left me,
 Forth

Forth from the Thickets rush'd another Boar,
So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,
They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back ;
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Best to observe which Way he'd lead the Chace,
Whetting his huge large Tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his Prey ;
'Till brandishing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
With this bold executing Arm, I struck
The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.

Cast. The Actions of your Life were always wondrous.

Acast. No Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live
by't ;

It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
Use to cajole and soften Fools withal.
If thou hast Flattery in thy Nature, out with't,
Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Pol. Why there ?

Acast. 'Tis, next to Money, current there ;
To be seen daily in as many Forms
As there are Sorts of Vanities, and Men ;
The supercilious Statesman has his Sneer,
To smoothe a poor Man off with, that can't bribe him ;
The grave dull Fellow of small Business sooths
The Humourist, and will needs admire his Wit.
Who, without Spleen, could see a hot-brain'd Atheist,
Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon ;
Or a grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the Hand and praise his good Com-
plexion ?

Pol. Courts are the Places where best Manners flourish ;
Where the deserving ought to rise, and Fools
Make shew. Why should I vex and chafe my Spleen,
To see a gaudy Coxcomb shine, when I
Have seen enough to soothe him in his Follies,
And ride him to Advantage as I please ?—

Acast. Who merit, ought indeed to rise i'th' World ;
But no wise Man that's honest shou'd expect.
What Man of Sense would rack his generous Mind,
To practise all the base Formalities
And Forms of Business, force of grave starch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart ?

Seem

Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin.
Such Things are done. ———

Cast. Your Lordship's Wrongs have been
So great, that you with Justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger Minds ne'er felt
Fortune's Deceits, to court her as she's fair:
Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Worth wou'd cease, and half the World grow idle.

Acast. Go to, y' are Fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long since to bear Revenge, or scorn my Wrongs,
According to the Value of the Doer.

You both wou'd fain be great, and to that End
Desire to do Things worthy your Ambition.
Go to the Camp, Preferment's noblest Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the fairest Play, you'll find
Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,
Almost in ev'ry Band: How many Men
Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's Service,
Yet now pine under Want, while selfish Slaves,
That ev'n wou'd cut their Throats whom now they
fawn on,

Like deadly Locusts eat the Honey up,
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for!

Cast. These Precepts suit not with my active Mind;
Methinks I would be busy.

Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my Life at home, and know
No farther than one Prospect gives me Leave.

Acast. Busy your Minds then, study Arts and Men;
Learn how to value Merit, though in Rags,
And scorn a proud ill manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter Serina, Monimia, and Maid.

Ser. My Lord, my Father!

Acast. Blessings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome News:
The young *Chamont*, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd, and entering.

Acasto. By my Soul,
And all my Honours he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter

Enter Chamont.

Welcome, thou Relict of the best lov'd Man:
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards
Of certain Danger, and uncertain Fortune;
Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.

Cham. Words wou'd but wrong the Gratitude I owe
you:

Shou'd I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all Day.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Oh my Sister! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms. I've not beheld thy Face
These many Days; by Night I've often seen thee
In gentle Dreams, and satisfy'd my Soul
With fancy'd Joys, 'till Morning Care's awak'd me.
Another Sister! sure it must be so; *= Serina*
Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my Heart that prompts,
And tells me she has Claim and Interest there.

Acast. Young Soldier, you've not only study'd War,
Courtship, I see, has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

Cham. Is she your Daughter? then my Heart told true,
And I'm at least her Brother by Adoption:
For you have made yourself to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have Leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me Men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love:
Is *Chamont* so? No, sure, he's more than Man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.

Acast. Thus happy, who wou'd envy pompous Pow'r,
The Luxury of Courts, or Wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy thro' all the House this Day!
In ev'ry Room let Plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-day of my Royal Master:
You have not visited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?

Cham. I have no Bus'ness there;
I have not slavish Temperance enough
T' attend a Fav'rite's Heels, and watch his Smiles,
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his Favour.

Acast. This you could do.

[To his Sons.

Cast. I'd serve my Prince.

Acast.

Acast. Who'd serve him?

Cast. I would, my Lord.

Pol. And I; both would.

Acast. Away;

He needs not any Servant such as you:

Serve him! he merits more than Man can do!

He is so good, Praise cannot speak his Worth:

So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in Wrath;

So just, that were he but a private Man,

He cou'd not do a Wrong. How wou'd you serve him?

Cast. I'd serve him with my Fortune here at home,

And serve him with my Person in his Wars,

Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Die for him,

As ev'ry true-born loyal Subject ought.

Acast. Let me embrace you both: Now by the Souls
Of my brave Ancestors, I'm truly happy;

For this be ever blest my Marriage-Day,

Blest be your Mother's Memory that bore you,

And doubly blest be that auspicious Hour

That gave ye Birth. Yes, my aspiring Boys,

Ye shall have Business, when your Master wants you.

You cannot serve a nobler: I have serv'd him;

In this old Body yet the Marks remain

Of many Wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd

His Right, ev'n in the Face of rank Rebellion;

And when a foul-mouth'd Traitor once prophan'd

His sacred Name, with my good Sabre drawn,

Ev'n at the Head of all his giddy Rout,

I rush'd, and clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, th' expected Guests are just arriv'd.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

Cham. My Lord, I stand in need of your Assistance
In something that concerns my Peace and Honour.

Acast. Spoke like the Son of that brave Man I lov'd:
So freely, friendly we convers'd together.

Whate'er it be, with Confidence impart it,

Thou shalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendship, nor your
Justice,

Your Bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,

My Orphan Sister must not be forgotten!

Acast.

Acast. Prithee no more of that, it grates my Nature.

Cham. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One Fate surpris'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em;
My Father with his dying Breath bequeath'd
Her to my Love: My Mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her Side,
Took me in her fainting Arms, wept and embrac'd me;
Then pressed me close, and as she observ'd my Tears,
Kiss'd them away: Said she, *Chamont*, my Son,
By this and all the Love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of *Monimia*; watch her Youth;
Let not her Wants betray her to Dishonour:
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some Friend. Then sigh'd,
Kiss me again; so bless'd us, and expir'd.
Pardon my Grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest Nature.

Cham. The Friend Heaven rais'd was you, you took
her up
An Infant, to the desert World expos'd,
And prov'd another Parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my Fears.

Acast. Then why this Argument? [bear it.

Cham. My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'll

Acast. Go on.

Cham. Great Spirits bear Misfortunes hardly:
Good Offices claim Gratitude; and Pride,
Where Pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay Over-price.

Acast. I cannot guess your Drift;
Distrust you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her Weakness
May make her pay her Debt at any Rate;
And to deal freely with your Lordship's Goodness,
I've heard a Story lately much disturbs me. [found

Acasto. Then first charge her! and if th' Offence be
Within my Reach, tho' it should touch my Nature,
In my own Off-spring, by the dear Remembrance
Of thy brave Father, whom my Heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest Vengeance. [Exit.

Cham. I thank you from my Soul.

Mon. Alas my Brother!

What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My Heart quakes in me; in your settled Face,
And clouded Brow, methinks I see my Fate:
You will not kill me!

Cham. Prithee, why dost talk so?

Mon. Look kindly on me then: I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me;
My Heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with Sobbing.
But use me gently like a loving Brother,
And search through all the Secrets of my Soul.

Cham. Fear nothing, I will shew myself a Brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving Brother.
You've not forgot our Father?

Mon. I shall never.

Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a Man
That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful Thing but once,
Tho' kept in Darkness from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.
This was the only Portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't, than if possess
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.
'Twas a large Trust, and must be manag'd nicely;
Now if, by any Chance, *Monimia*,
You have soil'd this Gem, and taken from its Value,
How will you account with me?

Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
To censure all the Actions of my past
Unhappy Life, and taint me if they can!

Cham. I'll tell thee then; three Nights ago, as I
Lay Musing in my Bed, all Darkness round me,
A sudden Damp struck to my Heart, cold Sweat
Dew'd all my Face, and Trembling seiz'd my Limbs:
My Bed shook under me, the Curtains started,
And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
The Form of Thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy Garments flowing loose, and in each Hand
A wanton Lover, which by Turns carefs'd thee
With all the Freedom of unbounded Pleasure:
I snatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment

Darted

Darted it at the Phantom, straight it left me :
Then rose and call'd for Lights, when, O dire Omen !
I found my Weapon had the Arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous Tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy *Theban* slew his Father.

Mon. And for this Cause my Virtue is suspected !
Because in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking !

Cham. Have a care ;
Labour not to be justify'd too fast :
Hear all, and then let Justice hold the Scale.
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me :
Through a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
And meditating on the last Night's Vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself ;
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red ;
Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd Remnant of an old strip'd Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold ;
So there was nothing of a Piece about her :
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness :
I ask'd her of my Way, which she inform'd me ;
Then crav'd my Charity, and bad me hasten
To save a Sister : At that Word I started !

Mon. The common Cheat of Beggars every Day !
They flock about our Doors, pretend to Gifts
Of Prophecy, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cham. Oh ! but she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great Circumstance of Truth ;
Castalio and *Polydore*, my Sister.

Mon. Hah !

Cham. What, alter'd ! does your Courage fail ?
Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honest ;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy Honour at a sordid Game ?

Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my Misfortune loads me.
That both have offer'd me their Loves, most true.

Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon.

Mon. Though they both with earnest Vows
Have prest my Heart, if e're in Thought I yielded
To any but *Castalio*——

Cham. But *Castalio*?

Mon. Still will you cross the Line of my Discourse.
Yes, I confess that he has won my Soul
By gen'rous Love, and honourable Vows:
Which he this Day appointed to compleat,
And make himself by holy Marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy Virtue white, without a Blot untainted? [Pray'rs!

Mon. When I'm unchaste may Heaven reject my
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cham. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me
Than all the Comforts ever yet blest Man.
But let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruin.
Trust not a Man; we are by Nature false,
Dissembling, subtil, cruel, and unconstant:

When a Man talks of Love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee:
I charge thee let no more *Castalio* soothe thee;
Avoid it as thou would'st preserve the Peace
Of a poor Brother, to whose Soul th' art precious.

Mon. I will!

[Ones.

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great
When Merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
His Heart will cool, and all his Pains grow easy. [Ex.

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
For, Oh *Castalio*! thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to *Polydore*'s ill Usage.
He comes; and now for once, Oh Love, stand neuter,
Whilst a hard Part's perform'd! for I must tempt,
Wound his soft Nature, tho' my own Heart akes for't.

[Exit.

Enter *Castalio*.

Cast. *Monimia*, *Monimia*!——She's gone;
And seem'd to part with Anger in her Eyes;
I am a Fool, and she has found my Weakness;
She uses me already like a Slave
Fast bound in Chains, to be chastis'd at Will,
'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother;
I might have trusted him with all the Secret,
Open'd my silly Heart, and shewn it bare.

But

But then he loves her too ; but not like me.
I am a doating honest Slave, design'd
For Bondage, Marriage Bonds, which I have sworn
To wear : It is the only Thing I e'er
Hid from his Knowledge ; and he'll sure forgive
The first Transgression of a wretched Friend
Betray'd to Love, and all its little Follies.

Enter Polydore, and Page at the Door.

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my Brother
thoroughly :

If he should chance to meet *Monimia*, make
Just Observation of each Word and Action ;
Pass not one Circumstance without Remark :
Sir, 'tis your Office, do't, and bring me Word. [*Ex. Pol.*]

Enter Monimia.

Cast. *Monimia*, my Angel ! 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn ;
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest.
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. O the bewitching Tongues of faithless Men !
'Tis thus the false *Hyæna* makes her Moan
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den ;
Your Sex are so, such false Dissemblers all,
With Sighs and Complaints y' entice poor Womens Hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

Cast. What means my Love ? Oh, how have I deserv'd
This Language from the Sov'reign of my Joys ;
Stop, stop those Tears, *Monimia*, for they
Like baneful Dew from a distemper'd Sky ;
I feel 'em chill me to the very Heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, *Castalio*, most forsworn.
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith ;
My Heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more.

Cast. Who told you so ? what hell-bred Villain durst
Prophane the sacred Business of my Love ? [*here,*]

Mon. Your Brother, knowing on what Terms I'm
Th' unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of Love,
And durst affront me with his brutal Passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.
For, Oh! he loves thee too, and this Day own'd it,
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a Right above me.

Mon. And was your Love so very tame, to shrink;
Or rather than lose him, abandon me?

Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his Heat, and to conceal my Happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly Will;
Talk'd as he talk'd, and granted all he ask'd;
Lest he in rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* lost.

Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this *Monimia*? surely no; till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne'er distrust the Poison that it hides.

Mon. When Love ill-plac'd would find a Means to
break——

Cast. It never wants Pretences or Excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
Rough as the Winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty Aspect given him for Command,
Easily soften'd, when he would betray.
Like conqu'ring Tyrants, you our Breasts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while;
But soon you find new Conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waste.
If so, *Castalia*, you have serv'd my Heart,
I find that Desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover Peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal Mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
But, Oh *Monimia*! When th' hast banish'd me,
No creeping Slave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her Ends would chuse,
Shall ever dote as I have done: For, Oh!
No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pains can tell,
'Tis Heaven to have thee, and without thee Hell.

Mon. Castalio! stay! we must not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace.
These little Quarrels Love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsy Thoughts, and wake my Soul.
Oh! charm me with the Musick of thy Tongue,
I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy Vows,
And listen to the Language of thy Heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely Paradise is round me,
Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
And every Sense is full of thy Perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a mad Man's Frenzy,
Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.
To touch thee's Heaven, but to enjoy thee. Oh!
Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece;
Sure framing thee Heaven took unusual Care,
As its own Beauty it design'd thee fair;
And form'd thee by the best-lov'd Angel there. [*Ex.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydore, and Page.

Pol. WERE they so kind? Express it to me all
In Words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Page. At first I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Castalio* grew disturb'd;
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd Submission, though Love all the while
The Rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Page. Oh 'twas wond'rous pretty!
For of a sudden all the Storm was past,
A gentle Calm of Love succeeded it:
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, *Castalio* swore;
As you, my Lord, I well remember, did
To my young Sister in the Orange-Grove,
When I was first prefer'd to be your Page.

Pol. Happy *Castalio*! Now by my great Scu',
M'ambitious Soul, that languishes to Glory,
I'll have her yet, by my best Hopes I will.
She shall be mine, in spite of all her Arts.

But for *Castalio* why was I refus'd?
 Has he supplanted me by some foul Play?
 Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durst not do.
 It must be so: We parted, and he met her,
 Half to Compliance brought by me; surpriz'd
 Her sinking Virtue, till she yielded quite:
 So Poachers basely pick up tired Game,
 While the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
 Boy!

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Go to your Chamber, and prepare your Lute:
 Find out some Song to please me, that describes
 Womens Hypocrisies, their subtil Wiles,
 Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconstancies;
 Their painted Outsides, and corrupted Minds;
 The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falshoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappy'st Tidings Tongue e'er told!

Pol. The Matter!

Serv. Oh! your Father my good Master,
 As with his Guests he sat in Mirth rais'd high,
 And chas'd the Goblet round the joyful Board,
 A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs;
 His Eyes distorted grew; his Visage pale!
 His Speech forfok him; Life itself seem'd fled,
 And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acasto leaning on two.

Acast. Support me, give me Air; I'll yet recover;
 Twas but a Slip, decaying Nature made;
 For she grows weary near her Journey's End.
 Where are my Sons? Come near, my *Polydere*;
 Your Brother; where's *Castalio*?

Serv. My Lord,
 I've searched, as you commanded, all the House!
 He and *Monimia* are not to be found.

Acasto. Not to be found! then where are all my
 Friends? 'Tis well;
 I hope they'll pardon an unhappy Fault
 My unmannerly Infirmary has made!
 Death could not come in a more welcome Hour!
 For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and, methinks,
 Would live and die with all my Friends about me.

Enter

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest Father's Life,
Bless it with long, uninterrupted Days!
Oh! may he live till Time itself decay,
Till good Men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Acast. Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both your Hands,
And bear me up; I'd walk: So, now methinks,
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My Lord, your Chaplain.

Acasto. Let the good Man enter.

Chap. Heav'n guard your Lordship, and restore your
Health.

Acasto. I have provided for thee, if I die:
No Fawning! 'tis a Scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united, ever live;
And for th' Estate, you'll find when I am dead,
I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you shar'd my Love;
Only to sweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd
Ten thousand Crowns; a little Portion for her,
To wed her honourably as she's born.
Be not less Friends because you're Brothers; shun
The Man that's singular, his Mind's unsound,
His Spleen o'erweighs his Brains; but above all,
Avoid the politic, the factious Fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave.
The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason;
Calls saucy loud Suspicion, public Zeal,
And Mutiny, the Dictates of his Spirit:
Be very careful how you make new Friends.
Men read not Morals now; 'was a Custom:
But all are to their Fathers Vices born;
And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.
Let Marriage be the last mad Thing you do,
For all the Sins and Follies of the past.
If you have Children, never give them Knowledge,
'Twill spoil their Fortune; Fools are all the Fashion;
If you've Religion, keep it to yourselves:
Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't: Never shew Religion.
Except you mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
And cheat believing Fools that think ye honest.

*Enter Serina.**Ser.* My Father!*Acasto.* My Heart's Darling!*Ser.* Let my Knees

Fix to the Earth. Ne'er let my Eyes have Rest,
But wake and weep, till Heav'n restore my Father.

Acasto. Rise to my Arms, and thy kind Pray'rs are
answer'd.

For thou'rt a wond'rous Extract of all Goodness,
Born for my Joy, and no Pain's felt when near thee.

*Chamont!**Enter Chamont.*

Cham. My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen :
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a Blessing too!

Acasto. May'st thou be happy!*Cham.* Where?*Acasto.* In all thy Wishes.

Cham. Confirm me so, and, make this Fair One mine :
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtship,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art :
Onsets in Love seem best like those in War,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the Force ;
So I would open my whole Heart at once,
And pour out the Abundance of my Soul.

Acast. What says *Serina*? Canst thou love a Soldier?
One born to Honour, and to Honour bred?
One that has learnt to treat e'en Foes with Kindness;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praise himself?

Ser. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy must be a Stranger to my Heart,
When you're in Danger. May *Chamont's* good Fortune
Render him lovely to some happier Maid!
Whilst I at friendly Distance see him blest,
Praise the kind Gods, and wonder at his Virtues.

Acast. *Chamont*, pursue her, conquer and possess her,
And, as my Son, a Third of all my Fortune
Shall be thy Lot,

But keep thy Eyes from wand'ring, Man of Frailty.
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements; Ruin like a Vulture
Waits on their Conquests: Falshood too's their Business,
They put false Beauty off to all the World,

Use

Use false Endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry, to their silly Husbands
They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.

Mon. Hear ye that, my Lord?

Pol. Yes, my fair Monitor, old Men always talk thus.

Acast. *Chamont*, you told me of some Doubts that prest
Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your Friend? [you

Cham. My Lord, I would not lose that Satisfaction
For any Blessing I could wish for:

As to my Fears already I have lost 'em;
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acast. I thank you. Daughter you must do so too.
My Friends, 'tis late;

Now my Disorder seems all past and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new Health.

Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite:

Acast. Yes, I'll to Bed; old Men must humour
Weakness:

Let me have Musick then, to lull and chase
This melancholy Thought of Death away. [night!
Good-night! my Friends, Heav'n guard ye all! Good-
To morrow early we'll salute the Day,
Find out new Pleasures, and redeem lost Time.

[*Ex. all but Chamont and Chaplain.*

Cham. Hift, hift, Sir *Gravity*, a Word with you.

Chap. With me, Sir!

Cham. If you're at Leisure Sir, we'll waste an Hour:
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be Charity
To lend your Conversation to a Stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a Soldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a Soldier;
And had been one myself, but that my Parents
Would make me what you see me: Yet I'm honest,
For all I wear Black.

Cham. And that's a Wonder.
Have you had long Dependance on this Family?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my Time's
Spent pleasantly. My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical; he has good Nature,
And I have Manners:

His Sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;

I meddle with no Man's Business but my own ;
 I rise in a Morning early, study moderately,
 Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,
 Take my innocent Pleasures freely ;
 So meet with Respect, and am not the Jest of the Family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy.

A pleasant Fellow this, and may be useful.

Knew you my Father the old *Chamont* ?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why ? didst thou love him ? [Friend.

Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him ; besides he was my Master's

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very Notion.

If thou didst love my Father, I could think

Thou would'st not be an Enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no Man's Foe.

Cham. Then prythee tell me,

Think'st thou the Lord *Castalia* loves my Sister ?

Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy Office

Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.

Then if thou'rt honest, use this Freedom kindly.

Chap. Love your Sister !

Cham. Ay, love her.

Chap. Sir, I never ask'd him,

And wonder you should ask it me.

Cham. Nay, but thou'rt an Hypocrite ; is there not one
 Of all thy Tribe that's honest in your Schools ?
 The Pride of your Superiors makes ye Slaves :
 Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile Lives ;
 Not free enough to practise gen'rous Truth,
 Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

Chap. I would deserve a better Thought from you.

Cham. If thou wouldst have me not condemn thy Office
 And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
 Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worst Professor,
 Inform me ; for I tell thee, Priest, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cham. How wrong'd her ? have a care, for this may lay
 A Scene of Mischief to undo us all.

But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou ?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a Secret worth a Monarch's Fortune :
 What shall I give thee for't ! thou dear Physician
 Of sickly Souls, unfold this Riddle to me,
 And comfort mine——

Chap.

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. Nay then again thou'rt honest. Would'st thou

Chap. Yes, if I durst. [tell me ?

Cham. Why ? what affrights thee ?

Chap. You do,

Who art not to be trusted with the Secret.

Cham. Why, I am no Fool.

Chap. So indeed you say.

Cham. Prythee be serious then.

Chap. You see I am so,

And hardly shall be mad enough To-night

To trust you with my Ruin.

Chap. Art thou then

So far concern'd in't ? What has been thy Office ?

Curse on that formal steady Villain's Face !

Just so do all Bawds look ; nay, Bawds, they say

Can pray upon Occasion, talk of Heav'n,

Turn up their goggling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,

Dissemble, lye, and preach like any Priest.

Art thou a Bawd ?

Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

Cham. Be just then.

Chap. So I shall be to the Trust

That's laid upon me.

Cham. By the reverenc'd Soul

Of that great honest Man that gave me Being,

Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my Honour.

And if e'er I reveal it to thy Wrong

May this good Sword ne'er do me Right in Battle !

May I ne'er know that blessed Peace of Mind,

That dwells in good and pious Men like thee !

Chap. I see your Temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou ?

Chap. I will ; but if it ever 'scape you——

Cham. It never shall.

Chap. Swear then.

Cham. I do, by all

That's dear to me, by th' Honour of my Name,

And that Pow'r I serve, it never shall.

Chap. Then this good Day when all the House was busy,

When Mirth and kind Rejoycing fill'd each Room,

As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

Cham. What met them in the Grove together ? tell me.

How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, hah!

Chap. I, by her own Appointment, met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage-Vows, and join'd their Hands.

Cham. How! marry'd!

Chap. Yes, Sir.

Cham. Then my Soul's at Peace:
But why would you so long delay to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what Reception it may find
With old *Acasto*; may be I was too cautious
To trust the Secret from me.

Cham. What's the Cause
I cannot guess, though 'tis my Sister's Honour,
I do not like this Marriage,
Huddled i'th' dark, and done at too much Venture;
The Business looks with an unlucky Face.
Keep still the Secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new-matched Pair. Farewel.
Believe my Truth, and know me for thy Friend. [*Ex.*]

Enter Castalio and Monimia.

Cast. Young *Chamont* and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No Matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; though this sad Look
Seems no good boding Omen to her Blifs;
Else prythee tell me why that Look cast down?
Why that sad Sigh as if thy Heart was breaking?

Mon. *Castalio*, I am thinking what we've done:
The heav'nly Powers were sure displeas'd To-day;
For at the Ceremony as we stood,
And as your Hand was kindly join'd with mine;
As the good Priest pronounc'd the sacred Words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear.
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling seiz'd my Soul,
What shou'd that mean?

Cast. Oh, thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as sympathising Nature!
When a sad Story has been told, I've seen
Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds;
But now let Fear be banish'd, think no more
Of Danger; for there's Safety in my Arms,
Let them receive thee: Heav'n grows jealous now;
Sure she's too good for any mortal Creature!
I cou'd grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to Madness.

But

But wherefore do I dally with my Blifs?
The Night's far spent, and Day draws on apace;
To Bed, my Love, and wake till I come thither.

Pol. So hot, my Brother? [*Polydore at the Door.*]

Mon. 'Twill be impossible;
You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
And the least Noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible? impossible? alas!
Is't possible to live one Hour without thee?
Let me behold these Eyes; they'll tell me Truth:
Hast thou no Longing: Art thou still the same
Cold, icy Virgin? No! thou'rt alter'd quite:
Haste, haste to Bed, and let loose all thy Wishes.

Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord; I pray be rul'd!

Cast. Try if th'ast Power to stop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempest make the Seas be calm;
And when that's done, I'll conquer my Desires:
No more, my Blessing. What shall be the Sign?
When shall I come; for to my Joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my Freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft Strokes upon the Chamber-door;
And at that Signal you shall gain Admittance:
But speak not the least Word; for if you shou'd
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cast. Oh! doubt it not, *Monimia*; our Joys
Shall be as silent as th' ecstatic Blifs
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse:
Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and every Power dissolv'd:
Away, my Love; first take this Kiss. Now haste:
I long for that to come, yet grudge each Minute past.

[*Exit. Mon.*]

My Brother wand'ring too so late this Way?

Pol. *Castalio*!

Cast. My *Polydore*, how dost thou?
How does our Father: Is he well recover'd?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Rest;
He's still as gay as if his Life was young.
But how does fair *Monimia*?

Cast. Doubtless well:
A cruel Beauty with her Conquest pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her Mind in Health.

Pol. Is she the same *Monimia* still she was?

May we not hope she's made of mortal Mould?

Cast. She's not Woman else:

Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious Hoping;
We've in a barren Desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may Relief be unexpected found,
And Love's sweet Manna cover all the Field.
Met ye To-day?

Cast. No; she has still avoided me:
H^er Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my Father.
I wish I'd never meddled with the Matter:
And wou'd enjoin thee, *Polydore*——

Pol. To what?

Cast. To leave this peevish Beauty to herself.

Pol. What quit my Love? as soon I'd quit my Post
In Fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars, I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her Rescue in another.

Cast. Nay, she has Beauty that might shake the
Leagues

Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds:
But I have wondrous Reasons on my Side,
That wou'd persuade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em:

What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Castalio*, have a care;
Use honest Dealing with a Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love so blinded,
But can discern your Purpose to abuse me:
Quit your Pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do;
You love Capitulations, *Polydore*,
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say you've Reasons; why are they con-
ceal'd?

Cast. To morrow I may tell you:
It is a Matter of such Circumstance,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.
But prithee cease to think I wou'd abuse thee,
'Till more be known.

Pol. When you, *Castalio*, cease
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease

To think *Castalio* faithless to his Friend:
Did I not see you part this very Moment?

Cast. It seems you've watch'd me then?

Pol. I scorn the Office.

Cast. Prithee avoid a Thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is, henceforward making Leagues with you.

Cast. Nay, if y're angry, *Polydore*, good Night. [*Exit.*

Pol. Good Night, *Castalio*, if y're in such Haste.

He little thinks I've over-heard th' Appointment:

But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,

Then come and take Possession of my Love:

This is the utmost Point of all my Hopes;

Or now she must, or never can be mine.

Oh! for a Means now how to counterplot,

And disappoint this happy elder Brother:

In ev'ry thing we do or undertake,

He soars above me, mount what Height I can,

And keeps the Start he got of me in Birth.

Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Come hither, Boy.

Thou hast a pretty forward lying Face,

And may'st in Time expect Preferment; canst thou

Pretend to Secrecy, cajole and flatter

Thy Master's Follies, and assist his Pleasures?

Page. My Lord, I could do any thing, for you,

And ever be a very faithful Boy.

Command, whate'er's your Pleasure I'll observe;

Be it to run, or watch, or to convey

A Letter to a beauteous Lady's Bosom;

At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis Pity then thou should'st not be employ'd.

Go to my Brother, he is in his Chamber now

Undressing, and preparing for his Rest;

Find out some Means to keep him up awhile:

Tell him a pretty Story that may please

His Ear: Invent a Tale, no Matter what:

If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone

To Bed, and sent you there to know his Pleasure,

Whether he'll hunt To-morrow. Well said, *Polydore*,

Dissemble with thy Brother! That's one Point.

But do not leave him till he's in his Bed,

Or if he chance to walk again this Way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little Offices of Service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my Lord: He has been always kind
To me; would often set me on his Knees,
Then give me Sweet-meats, call me pretty Boy,
And ask me what the Maids talk'd of at Nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosp'rous be thy Wishes.
[Exit Page.]

Here I'm alone and fit for Mischief; now
To cheat this Brother, wil't be honest that?
I heard the Sign she order'd him to give:
Oh for the Art of *Proteus*, but to change
Th' unhappy *Polydore* to blest *Castalio*!
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her Arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily possess'd of more
Than Sense can think, all loosen'd into Joy,
To hear my disappointed Brother come,
And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!
What a malicious Pleasure will that be!
Just three soft Strokes against the Chamber-door,
But speak not the least Word; for if you should,
It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a Mistress that contrives
With Care to lay the Business of her Joys!
One that has Wit to charm the very Soul!
And give a double Relish to Delight!
Blest Heav'ns assist me but in this dear Hour,
And my kind Stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! *Monimia!* [Gives the Sign]

[Maid at the Window.] Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid. My Lord *Castalio*?

Pol. The same.

How does my Love, my dear *Monimia*?

Maid. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind Delay;
You've staid so long that at each little Noise

The Wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the Door be open'd.

[*Maid descends.*]

Now boast, *Castalio*, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange Stories of a promis'd Bliss.

[*The Door unbolts.*]

It opens: Hah! what means my trembling Flesh!

Limbs, do your Office, and support me well,

Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

Enter Castalio and Page.

Page. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning;
Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go you're an idle Prattler,
I'll stay at home To-morrow; if your Lord
Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: Go leave me,
I must to Bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your Lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to Repose.

Cast. No, my kind Boy, the Night is too far wasted;
My Senses too are quite disrob'd of Thought,
And ready all with me to go to Rest.
Good Night; Commend me to my Brother.

Page. Oh!
You never heard the last new Song I learn'd;
It is the finest, prettiest Song indeed,
Of my Lord and my Lady, you know who, that were
caught

Together, you know where. My Lord, indeed it is.

Cast. You must be whipt, Youngster, if you get such
Songs as those are.

What Means this Boy's Impertinence To-night?

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear Lord?

Cast. Psalms, Child, Psalms.

Page. O dear me! Boys that go to School learn Psalms:
But Pages, that are better bred, sing Lampoons.

Cast. Well, leave me; I'm weary.

Page. Oh! but you promised me, last time I told you
what Colour my Lady *Monimia*'s Stockings were of, and
that she garter'd them above Knee, that you would give
me a little Horse to go a Hunting upon, so you did. I'll
tell you no more Stories, except you keep your Word
with me.

Cast. Well go, you Trifler, and To-morrow ask me.

Page.

Page. Indeed, my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed, my Lord, I was not ;
But I know what I know.

Cast. What dost thou know ? Death ! what can all this

Page. Oh ! I know who loves Somebody. [mean ?

Cast. What's that to me, Boy ?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. 'That's a Wonder ! prithee tell it me,

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the Horse then ?

Cast. I will, my Child.

Page. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you
tell her I told you : She'll give me no more Play-things
then. I heard her say so, as she lay a Bed, Man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me when in her Bed, *Cordelio* ?

Page. Yes, and I sung her the Song you made too ;
And she did so sigh, and look with her Eyes ;
And her Breasts did so lift up and down ; I could have
found in my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me
asham'd.

Cast. Hark ! What's that Noise ?

Take this, begone, and leave me.

You Knave, you little Flatterer, get you gone. [*Ex. Page.*
Surely it was a Noise, Hift——only Fancy.

For all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,

And the perpetual Motion standing still.

So much she from her Work appears to cease,

And ev'ry warring Element's at Peace ;

All the wild Herds are in the Coverts couch'd ;

The Fishes to their Banks or Ouzes repair'd,

And to the Murmurs of the Waters sleep ;

The feeling Air's at rest, and feels no Noise,

Except of some soft Breaths among the Trees,

Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon 'em.

'Tis now that, guided by my Love, I go

To take possession of *Monimia*'s Arms.

Sure *Polydore*'s by this Time gone to Bed.

At Midnight thus the Us'rer steals untrack'd

To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,

And feasts his Eyes upon the shining Mammon. [*Knocks.*

She hears me not ; sure she already sleeps,

Her Wishes could not brook so long Delay,

And her poor Heart has beat itself to rest, [*Knocks again.*
Monimia! my Angel—hah—not yet—
 How long's the shortest Moment of Delay,
 To a Heart impatient of its Pangs like mine,
 In Sight of Ease, and panting to the Goal? [*Knocks again.*
 Once more—

Maid. Who's there
 That comes thus rudely to disturb our Rest?

Cast. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you, what's your Name?

Cast. Suppose the Lord *Castalio*.

Maid. I know you not,
 The Lord *Castalio* has no Business here,

Cast. Hah! have a Care; what can this mean?
 Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly;
 Tell her I'm here and wait upon my Doom.

Maid. Whoe'er ye are, ye may repent this Outrage;
 My Lady must not be disturb'd. Good-night!

Cast. She must, tell her she shall; go, I'm in haste,
 And bring her Tidings from the State of Love;
 Th' are all in Consultation met together,
 How to reward my Truth, and crown her Vows.

Maid. Sure the Man's mad?

Cast. Or this will make me so;
 Obey me, or by all the Wrongs I suffer,
 I'll scale the Window, and come in by Force,
 Let the sad Consequence be what it will;
 This Creature's trifling Folly makes me mad!

Maid. My Lady's Answer is, You may depart;
 She says she knows you: you are *Polydore*,
 Sent by *Castalio*, as you were To-day,
 T' affront and do her Violence again.

Cast. I'll not believ't.

Maid. You may, Sir.

Cast. Curses blast thee!

Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool Ev'ning! and I hope
 May cure the raging Fever in your Blood.
 Good-night.

Cast. And farewell all that's just in Woman!
 This is contriv'd, a studied Trick to abuse
 My easy Nature, and torment my Mind:
 Sure now she 'as bound me fast, and means to lord it,
 To rein me hard, and ride me at her Will.

'Till

'Till by degrees she shape me into Fool,
 For all her future Uses. Death and Torment;
 'Tis Impudence to think my Soul will bear it:
 Oh, I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my Hair!
 'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's short!
 Let but To-morrow, but To morrow come,
 And try if all thy Arts appease my Wrong;
 'Till when, be this detested Place my Bed, [*Lies down.*
 Where I will ruminate on Woman's Ills;
 Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant Sex:
 Faithless *Monimia*! Oh *Monimia*!

Enter Ernesto.

Ern. Either

My Sense has been deluded, or this Way
 I heard the Sound of Sorrow; 'tis late Night,
 And none, whose Mind's at Peace, would wander now.

Cast. Who's there?

Ern. A Friend.

Cast. If thou art so, retire,
 And leave this Place; for I would be alone.

Ern. *Castalio*! My Lord, why in this Posture,
 Stretch'd on the Ground? your honest true old Servant,
 Your poor *Ernesto* cannot see you thus;
 Rise, I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art *Ernesto*,
 As by thy Honesty thou seem'st to be,
 Once leave me to my Folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,
 And not the Reason know of your Disorders.
 Remember how, when young, I in my Arms
 Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your Pleasures,
 And sought an early Share in your Affection:
 Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why?

Cast. Because my Thoughts
 Are full of Woman; thou, poor Wretch, art past 'em.

Ern. I hate the Sex.

Cast. Then I'm thy Friend, *Ernesto*. [*Rises.*
 I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman!
 Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty!
 What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
 Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman.

Who

Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World? A Woman.
 Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
 And laid at last old *Troy* in Ashes? Woman!
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
 Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n;
 When Innocence and Love were in their Prime,
 Happy awhile in Paradise they lay,
 But quickly Woman long'd to go astray;
 Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
 And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;
 To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acasto solus.

BLEST be the Morning that has brought me Health;
 A happy Rest has soften'd Pain away,
 And I'll forget it, though my Mind's not well;
 A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart;
 I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark Dreams,
 Sick Fancy's Children, have been over-busy,
 And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains:
 Methought I heard the Mid-night Raven cry;
 Wak'd with th' imagin'd Noise, my Curtains seem'd
 To start, and at my Feet my Son's appear'd,
 Like Ghosts, all pale and stiff; I strove to speak,
 But could not: Suddenly the Forms were lost,
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody Cloud.
 'Twas odd, and for the present shook my Thoughts;
 But 'twas th' Effect of my distemper'd Blood;
 And when the Health's disturb'd, the Mind's unruly.

Enter Polydore.

Good Morning, *Polydore*.

Pol. Heav'n keep your Lordship.

Acast. Have you yet seen *Castalio* To day?

Pol. My Lord, 'tis early Day; he's hardly risen.

Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chapel.

[*Exit Polydore.*]

I cannot think all has gone well To-night;

For

For as I waking lay (and sure my Sense
Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Castalio's Voice; but it seem'd low and mournful:
Under my Window too I thought I heard it:
M' untoward Fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every Thing: and I will search the Truth out.

Enter Monimia, and her Maid.

Already up, *Monimia*! you rose
Thus early surely to outshine the Day!
Or was there any Thing that cross'd your Rest?
They were naughty Thoughts that would not let you
sleep.

Mon. Whatever are my Thoughts, my Lord, I've
learnt

By your Example to correct their Ills,
And Morn and Evening give up the Account.

Acast. Your Pardon, sweet One, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are so good, I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you're more fair To-day;
For Beauty's heightened in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms seem up, and ready in your Eyes.

Mon. The little Share I have 's so very mean,
That it may easily admit Addition;
Though you, my Lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much Praise, and make me proud.

Acast. Proud of an old Man's Praises! No, *Monimia*!
But if my Prayers can work thee any Good,
Thou shalt not want the largest Share of 'em:
Heard you no Noise To-night?

Mon. Noise! my good Lord!

Acast. About Midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must sure! went you early to your Rest?

Mon. About the wonted Hour. Why this Enquiry?

[Aside.

Acast. And went your Maid to Bed too?

Mon. My Lord, I guess so;
I've seldom known her disobey my Orders.

Acast. Sure Goblins then, or Fairies haunt the Dwelling;
I'll have Enquiry made through all the House,
But I'll find out the Cause of these Disorders.

Good Day to thee, *Monimia*—I'll to Chapel. *[Ex. Acast.*

Mon. I'll but dispatch some Orders to my Woman,

And

And wait upon your Lordship there.
 I fear the Priest has play'd us false; if so,
 My poor *Castalio* loses all for me:
 I wonder though he made such haste to leave me;
 Was't not unkind, *Florella*? surely 'twas!
 He scarce afforded one kind parting Word,
 But went away so cold; the Kiss he gave me,
 Seem'd the cold Compliment of fated Love.
 Would I had never marry'd!

Maid. Why?

Mon. Methinks

The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the same;
 I've bound up for myself a Weight of Cares,
 And how the Burden will be borne, none knows.
 A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false!
 And should *Castalio* e'er prove so to me,
 So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
 'Twould ruin and distract my Rest for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, *Florella*? where?

Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
 I'll meet him there the Myst'ries of our Love
 Should be kept private as religious Rites,
 From the unhallow'd View of common Eyes.

[Exit. *Mon.* and *Maid.*

Enter Castalio.

Cast. With'd Morning's come! And now upon the
 Plains

And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
 The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
 And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
 The lustly Swain comes with his well fill'd Scrip
 Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
 With much Content and Appetite he eats,
 To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
 And dress the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
 The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
 And looking tow'rd's the neighb'ring Pastures, raise
 The Voice, and bid their Fellow-Brutes Good-morrow;
 The chearful Birds too, on the Tops of Trees,
 Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.

There's

There's no Condition sure so curs'd as mine ;
 I'm marry'd ! 'Sdeath ! I'm sped. How like a Dog
 Look'd *Hercules*, thus to a Distaff chain'd ?
Monimia ! oh Monimia !

Enter Monimia and Maid.

Mon. I come,
 I fly to my ador'd *Castalio's* Arms,
 My Wishes Lord. May ev'ry Morn begin
 Like this ; and with our Days our Loves renew.
 Now I may hope y'are satisfy'd ———

[Looking languishingly on him.]

Cast. I am
 Well satisfy'd, that thou art ——— Oh ———

Mon. What ? speak :
 Art thou not well, *Castalio* ? Come lean
 Upon my Breast, and tell me where's thy Pain.

Cast. 'Tis here ; 'tis in my Head ; 'tis in my Heart ;
 'Tis every where ; it rages like a Madness ;
 And I most wonder how my Reason holds.
 Nay, wonder not, *Monimia* : The Slave
 You thought you had secur'd within my Breast,
 Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
 And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

Mon. Am I not then your Wife, your lov'd *Monimia* ?
 I once was so, or I've most strangely dreamt.
 What ails my Love ?

Cast. Whate'er thy Dreams have been,
 Thy waking Thoughts ne'er meant *Castalio* well.
 No more, *Monimia*, of your Sex's Arts,
 They're useless all : I'm not that pliant Tool,
 That necessary Utensil you'd make me ;
 I know my Charter better ——— I am Man,
 Obstinate Man ; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear't : Indeed my Nature's easy ;
 'll ever live your most obedient Wife !
 Nor ever any Privilege pretend
 Beyond your Will : for that shall be my Law :
 Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not, Madam ;
 By yon bright Heav'n, you shall not : All the Day
 'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee ;
 'Till by Afflictions, and continu'd Cares,
 We worn thee to a homely Household Drudge :

Nay,

Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser Pleasures,
For thou hast wrong'd *Castalio*.

Mon. No more ;

Oh kill me here, or tell me my Offence,
I'll never quit you else ; but on these Knees,
Thus follow you all Day, 'till they're worn bare ;
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Castalio——

Cast. Away ; last Night, last Night.

Mon. It was our Wedding Night.

Cast. No more ; forget it.

Mon. Why ? Do you then repent ?

Cast. I do.

Mon. Oh Heaven !

And will you leave me thus ? Help, help, *Florella*.

[*He drags her to the Door, and breaks from her.*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.

Oh, my Heart breaks—I'm dying, Oh—stand off ;

I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakness ; still

Chast and fomented let my Heart swell on,

'Till with its Injuries it burst, and shake

With the dire Blow this Prison to the Earth.

Maid. What sad Mistake has been the Cause of this ?

Mon. *Castalio* ! Oh ! how often has he swore.

Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,

Ere he would falsify his Vows to me !

Make haste, Confusion, then ; Sun, lose thy Light,

And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth ;

For my *Castalio*'s false.

Maid. Unhappy Day !

Mon. False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather ;
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey :

I feel him in my Breast, he tears my Heart,

And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood ;

Must I be long in Pain ?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In Tears, *Monimia* !

Mon. Whoe'er thou art,

Leave me alone to my belov'd Despair.

Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and see who comes to chear
Tell me the Story of thy Wrongs, and then [thee :
See if my Soul has Rest, 'till thou hast Justice.

Mon.

Mon. My Brother !

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'st
That I deserve the Name, I am thy Brother.

Mon. Oh *Castalio* !

Cham. Hah !

Name me that Name again ! my Soul's on Fire
'Till I know all : There's Meaning in that Name,
I know he is thy Husband : Therefore trust me
With all the following Truth——

Mon. Indeed, *Chamont*,
There's nothing in it but the Fault of Nature ;
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with Grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, *Monimia* :
And I might think with Justice most severely
Of this unfaithful Dealing with your Brother.

Mon. Truly, I'm not to blame : suppose I'm fond
And grieve for what as much may please another ?
Should I upbraid the dearest Friend on Earth
For the first Fault ? you would not do so ; would you ?

Cham. Not, if I'd cause to think it was a Friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful Dealing ?
I ne'er conceal'd my Soul from you before :
Bear with me now, and search my Wounds no farther ;
For every Probing pains me to the Heart.

Cham. 'Tis sign there's Danger in't, and must be prob'd.
Where's your new Husband ? Still that Thought dis-
turbs you :

What ! only answer me with Tears ? *Castalio* !

Nay, now they stream ;

Cruel, unkind *Castalio* ! I't not so ?

Mon. I cannot speak, Grief flows so fast upon me.
It choaks, and will not let me tell the Cause.
Oh !

Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As Honour to my Name : Dear as the Light
To Eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of Blindness.
Why wilt thou not repose within my Breast
The Anguish that torments thee ?

Mon. Oh ! I dare not.

Cham. I have no Friend but thee : We must confide
In one another : Two unhappy Orphans,
Alas, we are, and when I see thee grieve,

Methinks

Methinks it is a Part of me that suffers.

Mon. Oh, shouldst thou know the Cause of my lamenting
I am satisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou would'st scorn me;
Thou would'st despise the abject lost *Monimia*;
No more would'st praise this hated Beauty: But
When in some Cell distracted, as I shall be,
Thou seest me lie; these unregarded Locks
Matted like Furies Tresses; my poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground, and 'stead of the Delights
Which happy Lovers taste, my Keeper's Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish,
Of wretched Sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
Prithee have Charity and Pity for me;
Let me enjoy this Thought.

Cham. Why wilt thou rack
My Soul so long, *Monimia*? Ease me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into Madness first.

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cham. Secret as the Grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your Fury
Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid Mischief? For indeed, *Chamont*,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul
A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm; but has *Castalio* wrong'd thee?
Has he already wasted all his Love?
What has he done? Quickly, for I'm all trembling
With Expectation of a horrid Tale.

Mon. Oh! could you think it!

Cham. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cham. Hah!

Mon. Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me:
Which if it last, I'm sure must break my Heart.

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me:
Nothing so kind as he when in my Arms!
In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted;
At dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
Oh then!

Cham. Go on!

Mob. He threw me from his Breast,
Like a detested Sin.

Cham. How?

Mon. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries.

Cham. How? did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with Scorn?

Mon. He did! and more I fear, will ne'er be Friends,
Though I still love him with unbated Passion.

Cham. What, throw thee from him!

Mon. Yes, indeed he did.

Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to th' Earth, like a dead Dog despis'd:
Lameness and Leprosy, Blindness and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the Name of Villain,
Light on me, if *Castalio*, I forgive thee.

Mon. Nay, now *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is:
Didst thou not promise me thou would'st be calm?
Keep my Disgrace conceal'd? Why shouldst thou kill
him?

By all my Love this Arm should do him Vengeance.
Alas! I love him still; and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him (Gods!) where e'er he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Sure some ill Fate is tow'rd's me; in my House
I only meet with Oddness and Disorder;
Each Vassal has a wild distracted Face,
And looks as full of Business as a Blockhead
In Times of Danger. Just this very Moment
I met *Castalio* too——

Cham. Then you met a Villain.

Acast. Hah!

Cham. Yes, a Villain,

Acast. Have a care, young Soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with *Acasto's* Fame:
I have a Sword, my Arm's good old Acquaintance,
Villain to thee——

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous Age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy Throat,

And

And tear the Root up of that cursed Bramble!

Acast. Ungrateful Russian! sure my good old Friend
Was ne'er thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I scorn t' upbraid thee, Boy:
But I could put thee in Remembrance——

Cham. Do.

Acast. I scorn it——

Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the Story,
For I would fain know all, to see which Scale
Weighs most——Hah! is not that good old *Acasto*?
What have I done? Can you forgive this Folly?

Acast. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude O'erflowing
Of too much Passion: Pray my Lord, forgive me,

[*Kneels.*

Acast. Mock me not, Youth: I can revenge a Wrong.

Cham. I know it well; but for this Thought of mine,
Pity a mad Man's Frenzy, and forget it.

Acast. I will; but henceforth prithee be more kind.

[*Raises him.*

Whence came the Cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame;
But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father:
You've been her Father too—— [*Takes Mon. by the Hand.*

Acast. Forbear the Prologue——
And let me know the Substance of thy Tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,
Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye,
Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.

Acast. You talk to me in Parables, *Chamont*;
You may have known that I'm no wordy Man;
Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Knaves,
Or Fools, that use 'em, when they want good Sense;
But Honesty
Needs no Disguise nor Ornament. Be plain

Cham. Your Son——

Acast. I've two; and both, I hope, have Honour.

Cham. I hope so too—but——

Acast. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you,
Once more, *Castalio*!

Acast. Still *Castalio*!

Cham. Yes.

Your Son *Castalio* has wrong'd *Monimia*,

Acast. Hah! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest Heav'n, there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his Heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not, by the Gods
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falshood to out-do *Castalio*,
Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has *Castalio* wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him: I say, my Sister's wrong'd:
Monimia, my Sister, born as high
And noble as *Castalio*——Do her Justice,
Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.
I'll do't; hark you, my Lord, your Son *Castalio*,
Take him to your Closet, and there teach him Manners.

Acast. You shall have Justice.

Cham. Nay—I will have Justice.
Who'll sleep in Safety that has done me Wrong?
My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The Cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your House's Honour) ask it of *Castalio*.

Acast. I will.

Cham. 'Till then, farewell——

[Exit.

Acast. Farewel, proud Boy.
Monimia!

Mon. My Lord.

Acast. You are my Daughter.

Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father.

[Exit.

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth

Is there so wretched as *Monimia* ?
 First by *Castalio* cruelly forsaken ;
 I've lost *Acasto* now : His parting Frowns
 May well instruct me, Rage is in his Heart :
 I shall be next abandon'd to my Fortune.
 Thrust out a naked Wand'rer to the World,
 And branded for the mischievous *Monimia* !
 What will become of me ? My cruel Brother
 Is framing Mischiefs too, for ought I know,
 That may produce Bloodshed, and horrid Murder :
 I would not be the Cause of one Man's Death
 To reign the Empress of the Earth ; nay more,
 I'd rather lose for ever my *Castalio*,
 My dear unkind *Castalio* !

Enter Polydore.

Pol. *Monimia* weeping !
 So Morning Dews on new-blown Roses lodge,
 By the Sun's am'rous Heat to be exhal'd.
 I come, my Love, to kiss all Sorrow from thee,
 What mean these Sighs ? And why thus beats thy Heart ?

Mon. Let me alone to Sorrow : 'Tis a Cause
 None e'er shall know : but it shall with me die.

Pol. Happy, *Monimia*, he to whom these Sighs,
 These Tears, and all these Languishings, are paid !
 I am no Stranger to your dearest Secret ;
 I know your Heart was never meant for me,
 That Jewel's for an elder Brother's Price.

Mon. My Lord !

Pol. Nay, wonder not ; last Night I heard
 His Oaths, your Vows, and to my Torment saw
 Your wild Embraces : Heard the Appointment made
 I did, *Monimia*, and I curs'd the Sound.
 Wilt thou be sworn, my Love ? wilt thou be ne'er
 Unkind again ?

Mon. Banish such fruitless Hopes !
 Have you sworn Constancy to my Undoing ?
 Will you be ne'er my Friend again ?

Pol. What means my Love ?

Mon. Away ; what meant my Lord
 Last Night ?

Pol. Is that a Question now to be demanded ?
 I hope *Monimia* was not much displeas'd.

Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Prostitute ?

T' assault my Lodging at the Dead of Night,
And threaten me if I deny'd Admittance——
You said you were *Castalio*——

Pol. By those Eyes
It was the same; I spent my Time much better;
I tell thee, ill-natur'd Fair-one, I was posted
To more Advantage, on a pleasant Hill
Of springing Joy, and everlasting Sweetness.

Mon. Hah—have a Care——

Pol. Where is the Danger near me?

Mon. I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your Soul in Wretchedness for ever;
A thousand horrid Thoughts crowd on my Memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one Question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my Life; on those soft Breasts
Breathe out the choicest Secrets of my Heart,
Till I had nothing in it left but Love.

Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By th' Honour of your Name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last Night?

Pol. Within thy Arms
I triumph'd: Rest had been my Foe.

Mon. 'Tis done——

[*She faints.*]

Pol. She faints! No Help! Who waits? A Curse
Upon my Vanity, that could not keep
The Secret of my Happiness in Silence.
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon,
And consequently all must be betray'd.

Monimia! She breathes——*Monimia*——

Mon. Well——
Let Mischiefs multiply! Let ev'ry Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horror!
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever;
May every thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature!

Pol. What means all this?

Mon. Oh, *Polydore*, if all
The Friendship e'er you vow'd to good *Castalio*
Be not a Falshood; if you ever lov'd

Your

Your Brother, you've undone yourself and me.

Pol. Which Way can Ruin reach the Man that's rich,
As I am, in Possession of thy Sweetness?

Mon. Oh! I'm his Wife.

Pol. What says *Monimia*! hah!
Speak that again.

Mon. I am *Castalio*'s Wife.

Pol. His marry'd, wedded Wife?

Mon. Yesterday's Sun
Saw it perform'd.

Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife?

Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of Misery, that Guilt is thine.

Pol. Must we be miserable then?

Mon. Oh!

Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.

Mon. Could'st thou be
Happy, with such a Weight upon thy Soul?

Pol. It may be yet a Secret; I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Castalio* to thee;
Whilst from the World I take myself away,
And waste my Life in Penance for my Sin.

Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me; heap a Load
Of added Sins upon my wretched Head:
Would thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring Pollution to his Arms? curst Thought!
Oh! when shall I be mad indeed!

Pol. Nay then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an Eternal Misery together.

Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?
Never grow fond of chearful Peace again?
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
And find out Ways how to increase Affliction?

Pol. We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.
First, if the Fruit of our detested Joy
A Child be born, it shall be murder'd—

Mon. No;
Sure that may live.

Pol. Why?

Mon. To become a Thing

More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
With all our Infamy, and curse its Birth.

Pol. That's well contriv'd; then thus let's go together,
Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched Pair expell'd their Paradise.
Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsome and venomous : Where Poisons hang
Like Gums against the Walls : where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes : There we'll inhabit,
And live up to the Height of Desperation ;
Desire shall languish like a withering Flow'r,
And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of.
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms,
But when I'm dying take me in thy Arms. [Ex.] }

ACT V. SCENE I.

Castalio lying on the Ground.

S O N G.

I.

COME, all ye Youths. whose Hearts e'er bled
By cruel Beauty's Pride ;
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide :
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love ;
And see, when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

II.

The happy'st Mortal once was I ;
My Heart no Sorrows knew,
Pity the Pain with which I die ;
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heav'n whose Stamp she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

Cast.

Cast. See where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Sister, mingled all together:
No Discontent they know, but in delightful
Wildness and Freedom, pleasant Springs, fresh Herbage,
Calm Harbours, lusty Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their Portion; if they see a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monster——
Once in a Season too they taste of Love:
Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. *Castalio! Castalio!*

Cast. Who's there

So wretched but to name *Castalio*?

Acast. I hope my Message may succeed!

Cast. My Father,

'Tis Joy to see you, tho' where Sorrow's nourish'd.

Acast. I'm come in Beauty's Cause; you'll guess the rest.

Cast. A Woman! if you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me; but to think
Of Woman, were enough to taint my Brains,
'Till they ferment to Madness: Oh! my Father!

Acast. What ails my Boy?

Cast. A Woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

Acast. Forget *Monimia*!

Cast. She to choose: *Monimia*!
The very Sound's ungrateful to my Sense.

Acast. This might seem strange, but you, I've found,
will hide

Your Heart from me; you dare not trust your Father.

Cast. No more *Monimia*.

Acast. Is she not your Wife?

Cast. So much the worse; who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife:
But a new-marry'd Wife's a teeming Mischief,
Full of herself! Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that wedded Yesterday!

Acast. *Castalio*, you must go along with me,
And see *Monimia*.

Cast. Sure my Lord but mocks me :
Go see *Monimia* ! Pray, My Lord, excuse me,
And leave the Conduct of this Part of Life
To my own Choice.

Acast. I say, no more Dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

Cast. Who has complain'd ?

Acast. Her Brother to my Face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
And in such Terms they've warm'd me.

Cast. What Terms ? Her Brother ! Heav'n !
Where learnt she that ?
What, does she send her Hero with Defiance ?
He durst not sure affront you ?

Acast. No, not much.

But————

Cast. Speak what said he ?

Acast. That thou wert a Villain ;
Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

Cast. Shame on th' ill-manner'd Brute !
Your Age secur'd him ; he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my Sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely :
Though I have pass'd my Word she shall have Justice.

Cast. Justice ! to give her Justice would undo her :
Think you this Solitude I now have chosen,
Left Joys just op'ning to my Sense, fought here
A Place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out
My Grave at length, wish'd to have grown one Piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a Cause ?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero, famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence and breaking Vows ;
Whose mighty Spirit, and whose stubborn Heart,
No Woman can appease, nor Man provoke ?

Acast. I guess, *Chamont*, you come to seek *Castalio*,

Cham. I come to seek the Husband of *Monimia*.

Cast. The Slave is here.

Caom. I thought e'er now to 'ave found you
Attoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont* ;
For you have wrong'd the dearest Part of him.

Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this Heart ;
And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn

From

From her poor Eyes, are Drops of Blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are *Chamont*?

Cham. Yes, and I hope no Stranger
To great *Castalio*.

Cast. I've heard of such a Man
That has been very busy with my Honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You sent me by my Father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [Draws.

Acast. By this good Sword who first presumes to Violence,
Makes me his Foe—— [Draws and interposes.

Young Man, it once was thought [To *Cast.*

I was fit Guardian of my House's Honour;
And you might trust your Share with me——For you,
[To *Cham.*

Young Soldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do *Monimia* Right;
And thought my Word a Pledge I would not forfeit:
But you, I find, would fright us to Performance.

Cast. Sir, in my younger Years with Care you taught me
That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppose not then the Justice of my Sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your Love.

Cham. Into thy Father's Arms thou fly'st for Safety,
Because thou know'st that Place is sanctify'd
With the Remembrance of an antient Friendship.

Cast. I am a Villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the Wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'st for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my Heart,
Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia*'s;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Virtue fairer.

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the Ashes of the Dead
With thy capricious Follies: The Remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature that once fill'd these Arms——

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cast. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall

Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute
Of Friends and Fortune, though th' unhappy Sister
Of poor *Chamont*, whose Sword is all his Portion,
B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud imperious Traitor.

Cast. Hah! set me free

Cham.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Ser. Alas ! alas !

The Cause of these Disorders ; my *Chamont* !
Who i'th has wrong'd thee ?

Cast. Now, where art thou fled
For Shelter ?

Cham. Come from thine, and see what Safeguard
Shall then betray my Fears.

Ser. Cruel *Castalio*,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me :
Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breast,
If any of my Friends have done thee Injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This Opportunity to shew your Vanity,
Let's meet some other Time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our Wrongs together.

Cham. Till then, I am *Castalio*'s Friend.

Cast. *Serina*,
Farewell, I wish much Happiness attend you.

Ser. *Chamont*'s the dearest thing I have on Earth ;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the World forsake me.

Cham. Witness the Gods, how happy I'm in thee !
No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind *Castalio*,
Suppose I should a while lay by my Passions,
And be a Beggar in *Monimia*'s Cause,
Might I be heard ?

Cast. Sir, 'twas my last Request,
You would (tho' I find you will not) be satisfy'd ;
So, in a word, *Monimia* is my Scorn ;
She basely sent you here to try my Fears,
That was your Business ;
No artful Prostitute, in Falshoods practis'd,
To make Advantage of her Coxcomb's Follies,
Could have done more——Disquiet vex her for't.

Cham. Farewel.

[Exit *Cham.* and *Ser.*

Cast. Farewel——My Father, you seem troubled.

Acast. Would I'd been absent when this boist'rous
Brave

Came to disturb thee thus : I'm griev'd I hinder'd

Thy

Thy just Resentment——But *Monimia*——

Cast. Damn her.

Acast. Don't curse her.

Cast. Did I?

Acast. Yes.

Cast. I'm sorry for't.

Acast. Methinks, as if I guess the Fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.

Cast. No.

Acast. What has she done?

Cast. That she's my Wife may Heaven and you forgive me.

Acast. Be reconcil'd then.

Cast. No.

Acast. Go see her.

Cast. No.

Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.

Cast. No,

Acast. For my Sake,

Castalio, and the Quiet of my Age.

Cast. Why will you urge a Thing my Nature starts at?

Acast. Prithee forgive her.

Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me:

I tell you, were she prostrate at my Feet,
Full of her Sex's best dissembled Sorrows,
And all that wond'rous Beauty of her own,
My Heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My Lord, where are you? Oh *Castalio*!

Acast. Hark.

Cast. What's that?

Flor. Oh shew me quickly, where's *Castalio*?

Acast. Why, what's the Business?

Flor. Oh, the poor *Monimia*!——

Cast. Hah!

Acast. What's the Matter?

Flor. Hurry'd by Despair,

She flies with Fury over all the House,
Through every Room of each Apartment, crying,
Where's my *Castalio*? Give me my *Castalio*!
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted.

Cast. Hah! will she? Does she name *Castalio*?
And with such Tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely Mourner. Oh my Father! *Acast.*

Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy Purpose.

Cast. I cannot hear *Monimia's* Soul's in Sadness,
And be a Man; my Heart will not forget her.
But do not tell the World you saw this of me.

Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy Love.

Cast. Oh! I will throw m' impatient Arms about her,
In her soft Bosom sigh my Soul to Peace,
'Till through the panting Breast she finds the Way
To mould my Heart, and make it what she will.

Monimia! Oh! [Exit *Acasto* and *Cast.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me Room,
I will not rest till I have found *Castalio*,
My Wish's Lord, comely as the rising Day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known.
Flowers spring up where e'er he treads, his Eyes,
Fountains of Brightness, chearing all about him!
When will they shine on me?—Oh stay my Soul!
I cannot die in Peace till I have seen him.

Castalio Re-enters.

Cast. Who talks of dying with a Voice so sweet,
That Life's in love with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
So in a Camp, tho' at the Dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful Noise is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Rest,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?

Cast. Here, my Love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cast. Have I been in a Dream then all this while?
And art thou but the Shadow of *Monimia*!
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few past Hours,
We might be happy.

Cast. Is't then so hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my Ruin.
Which Way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And satisfy the lovely Pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee,

Yet

Yet prithee, Tyrant, break not quite my Heart,
But when my Task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

Mon. If I am dumb *Castalio*, and want Words
To pay thee back this mighty Tenderness;
It is because I look on thee with Horror,
And cannot see the Man I have so wrong'd.

Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee?

Cast. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the Dark, *Castalio*,
But wilt e'er long stumble on horrid Danger.

Cast. What means my Love?

Mon. Could'st thou but forgive me; —————

Cast. What?

Mon. For my Fault last Night: Alas, thou can'st not.

Cast. I can, and do.

Mon. Thus crawling on the Earth
Would I that Pardon meet; the only Thing
Can make me view the Face of Heav'n with Hope.

Cast. Then lets draw near.

Mon. Ah me!

Cast. So in the Fields,
When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,
The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking when Danger's past to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such Degrees approach:
'Till joining thus they bill, and spread their Wings,
Murmuring Love, and joy their Fears are over.

Mon. Yet have a care, be not too fond of Peace,
Lest in pursuance of the goodly Quarry,
Thou meet a Disappointment that distracts thee.

Cast. My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What Danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didst thou (prithee smile, and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent Desires;
The dropping Dews fell cold upon my Head,
Darkness inclos'd, and the Winds whistled round me;
Which with my mournful Sighs made such sad Musick,
As might have mov'd the hardest Heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my Cries, and senseless of my Pains?

Mon.

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear Enquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my Face, that speaks
Wonderful Change, and Horror from within me?

Cast. Then there is something yet which I've not
known:

What dost thou mean by Horror, and Forbearance
Of more Enquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And don't betray me to a second Madness.

Mon. Must I?

Cast. If lab'ring in the Pangs of Death,
Thou would'st do any thing to give me Ease;
Unfold this Riddle ere my Thoughts grow wild,
And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me.

Mon. My Heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia*, tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again——

Cast. What means my Destiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee!
Ne'er meet again!

Mon. No, never.

Cast. Where's the Power
On Earth, that dare not look like thee, and say so?
'Thou art my Heart's Inheritance; I serv'd
A long and painful faithful Slav'ry for thee:
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought Blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all; but now let this content
you.

Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I'm resolv'd
(With Torment I must tell thee, *Castalio*)

Ever to be a Stranger to thy Love;
In some far distant Country waste my Life,
And from this Day to see thy Face no more.

Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst Enchantment,
And never more shall find the Way to Rest;
But, Oh, *Monimia*! art thou indeed resolv'd
To punish me with everlasting Absence?

Why turn'st thou from me; I'm alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked Beach,
Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the Vessel sails away,

Where all the Treasure of my Soul's embark'd,
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those Eyes but speak,
I should

I should know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their Beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind Word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my Heart's breaking.

Mon. Ah, poor *Castalio*!

[*Exit Monimia.*]

Cast. Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me; then thou wilt go eternally?
What means all this? Why all this Stir to plague
A single Wretch? If but your Word can shake
This World to Atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. To live, and live a Torment to myself,
What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition?
We've little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Cast. Who's there? —

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My Brother *Polydore*?

Pol. My Name is *Polydore*,

Cast. Canst thou inform me —

Pol. Of what?

Cast. Of my *Monimia*?

Pol. No, Good-day.

Cast. In haste:

Methinks my *Polydore* appears in Sadness.

Pol. Indeed, and so to me does my *Castalio*.

Cast. Do I?

Pol. Thou do'st.

Cast. Alas! I've wond'rous Reason:
I'm strangely alter'd, Brother, since I saw thee.

Pol. Why?

Cast. Oh! to tell thee would but put thy Heart
To Pain: Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly Bosom all my Follies;
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first;
Friends may be false. Is there no Friendship false?

Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a false Friendship, when with open Arms
And streaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breast?

Oh,

Oh, 'tis in thee alone I must have Comfort!

Pol. I fear, *Castalio*, I have none to give thee.

Cast. Do'st thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh more than Life:

I never had a Thought of my *Castalio*

Might wrong the Friendship we had vow'd together.

Hast thou dealt so by me?

Cast. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this Mourning; this Disorder?

Cast. Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my Friend
Knows any Thing which he's ashamed to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy Thoughts from *Polydore*?

Cast. Oh! much too oft;
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind Affection of a Brother,
(For I'm ashamed to call myself thy Friend)
Forgive me. —————

Pol. Well, go on.

Cast. Our Destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love!
Thou, like a Friend, a constant gen'rous Friend,
In its first Pangs didst trust me with thy Passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my Pain with Smiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Cast. Still new Ways I study'd to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a Stranger to my Passion,
'Till Yesterday I wedded with *Monimia*.

Pol. Ah, *Castalio*, was that well done?

Cast. No; to conceal't from thee, was much a Fault.

Pol. A Fault! when thou hast heard
The Tale I tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Cast. How my Heart throbs!

Pol. First, for thy Friendship, Traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this Day I'll ne'er
Hold Trust or Converse with the false *Castalio*:
This, witness Heav'n.

Cast. What will my Fate do with me?
I've lost all Happiness, and know not why:
What means this, Brother?

Pol.

Pol. Perjur'd, treach'rous Wretch,
Farewel.

Cast. I'll be thy Slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cast. Oh! think a little what thy Heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the same Desires,
The same Aversions still employ'd our Thoughts:
Whene'er had I a Friend, that was not *Polydore's*?
Or *Polydore* a Foe that was not mine!
E'en in the Womb w' imbrac'd, and wilt thou now
For the first Fault, abandon and forsake me,
Leave me amidst Afflictions to myself,
Plung'd in the Gulph of Grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'lt find
Repose; she has the Art of healing Sorrows.

Cast. What Arts?

Pol. Blind Wretch! thou Husband! there's a Question!
Go to her fulsome Bed, and wallow there;
Till some hot Russian, full of Lust and Wine,
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy Bargain.

Cast. Hold there I charge thee.

Pol. Is she not a——

Cast. Whore?

Poi. Ay, Whore; I think that Word needs no explaining.

Cast. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee:
But let me tell thee, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of such low Revenge,
To wrong that Virtue which thou could'st not ruin!

Pol. It seems I lye then!

Cast. Should the bravest Man
That e'er wore conqu'ring Sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the work of Liars:
My Friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn th' Evasion;
Thou mean'st the worst; and he's a base-born Villain
That said I ly'd.

Cast. Do, draw thy Sword, and thrust it through my
Heart;
There is no Joy in Life, if thou art lost.

A base-

A base-born Villain !

Pol. Yes, thou never cam'st
From old *Acasto's* Loins ; the Midwife put
A Cheat upon my Mother, and instead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me,
Plac'd some coarse Peasant's Cub, and thou art he.

Cast. Thou art my Brother still.

Pol. Thou ly'st.

Cast. Nay then : [He draws.]
Yet I am calm.

Pol. A Coward's always so.

Cast. Ah—ah—that stings home : Coward !

Pol. Ay, base-born Coward, Villain !

Cast. This to thy Heart then, tho' my Mother bore thee.

[Fight ; Polydore drops his Sword, and runs on Castalio's.]

Pol. Now my *Castalio* is again my Friend.

Cast. What have I done ! my Sword is in thy Breast.

Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of Men.

Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend.

Cast. Ye Gods, we're taught that all your Works are
Justice :

Y'are painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence :

If so, then why these Plagues upon my Head ?

Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns ; here lies thy Fate,
Castalio ;

Th'are not the Gods, 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee ;

I've stain'd thy Bed ; thy spotless Marriage Joys

Have been polluted by thy Brother's Lust.

Cast. By thee !

Pol. By me ; last Night the horrid Deed
Was done, when all Things slept, but Rage and Incest.

Cast. Now where's *Monimia*, Oh !

Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me ?

Methought I heard a Voice,
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.
But what means this ? here's Blood.

Cast. Ay, Brother's Blood ;
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting Pains ?

Pol. Oh, let me charge thee by th' eternal Justice,
Hurt not her tender Life !

Cast. Not kill her ? Rack me,

Ye Pow'rs above, with all your Choicest Torments,
Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise Cruelty upon her,
And wreak Revenge some Way yet never known.

Mon. That Task myself have finish'd, I shall die
Before we part; I've drank a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh, she's innocent.

Cast. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a Wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Had'st thou, *Castalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy:
But ignorant of that,

Hearing th' Appointment made, inrag'd to think
Thou hadst outdone me in successful Love,
I in the dark went and supply'd thy Place;
Whilst all the Night, 'midst our Triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceived *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, caress'd and call'd me her *Castalio*.

Cast. And all this is the Work of my own Fortune:
None but myself cou'd ere have been so curst.
My fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodly'st Frame the Gods e'er made,
Or ever human Eyes and Hearts ador'd.
I've murder'd too my Brother.

Why would'st thou study Ways to damn me farther,
And force the Sin of Parricide upon me?

Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous Trespas of my Tongue;
'Twas a hard Violence; I could have dy'd
With Love of thee, e'en when I us'd thee worst;
Nay, at each Word that my Distraction utter'd,
My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas half Death to speak 'em.

Mon. Now, my *Castalio*, the most dear of Men,
Wilt thou receive Pollution to thy Bosom,
And close the Eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cast. Oh, I'm th' unhappy Wretch, whose cursed Fate,
Has weigh'd thee down into Destruction with him;
Why then thus kind to me?

Mon. When I'm laid low i'th' Grave and quite for-
gotten,
May'st thou be happy in a fairer Bride;

But

But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
 When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
 (For the grim Tyrant grasps my Heart already)
 Speak well of me; and if thou find ill Tongues
 Too busy with my Fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
 'Twill be a noble Justice to the Memory
 Of a poor Wretch once honour'd with thy Love.
 How my Head swims; 'tis very dark. Good-night.

[Dies.]

Cast. If I survive thee! what a Thought was that!
 Thank Heav'n, I go prepar'd against that Curse.

*Enter Chamont, disarm'd and seiz'd by Acasto and
 Servants.*

Cham. Gape Hell, and swallow me to quick Dam-
 nation.

If I forgive your House, if I not live
 An everlasting Plague to thee, *Acasto*,
 And all thy Race. Y' have overpower'd me now;
 But hear me Heav'n!—Ah! here's a Scene of Death,
 My Sister, my *Monimia* breathless!—Now,
 Ye Pow'rs above, if ye have Justice, strike,
 Strike Bolts thro' me, and thro' the curst *Castalio*.

Acasto. My *Polydore*.

Pol. Who calls?

Acasto. How cam'st thou wounded?

Cast. Stand off, thou hot-brain'd, boist'rous noisy
 Ruffian,

And leave me to my Sorrows.

Cham. By the Love
 I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;
 But here remain, 'till my Heart burst with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish I charge thee, or— [Draws a Dagger.]

Cham. Thou can'st not kill me;
 That would be Kindness, and against thy Nature.

Acasto. What means *Castalio*? Sure thou wilt not pull
 More Sorrows on thy aged Father's Head.
 Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad Cause
 Of all this Ruin.

Pol. That must be my Task:
 But 'tis too long for one in Pains to tell;
 You'll in my Closet find the Story written
 Of all our Woes. *Castalio's* innocent,
 And so's *Monimia*! only I'm to blame;

Enquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind *Chamont*,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy Hate,
And fought the Life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble Vengeance,
Come join with me and curse.

Cham. What?

Cast. First thyself,
As I do, and the Hour that gave thee Birth:
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all Trust and Converse amongst Men;
'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism:
'Till all Things move against the Course of Nature:
'Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have Patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the Winds,
The roaring Seas or raging Fires! the Knaves
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common Needs of Life,
Scald me with Leprosy, let Friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curst to the Degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me Patience:
Thus I find Rest, and shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*

Pol. Castalio! Oh!

Cast. I come.

Chamont, to thee my Birth-right I bequeath;
Comfort my mourning Father, heal his Grievs;

[*Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.*

For I perceive they fall with Weight upon him.

And for *Monimia's* Sake, whom thou wilt find

I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina*.

Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave

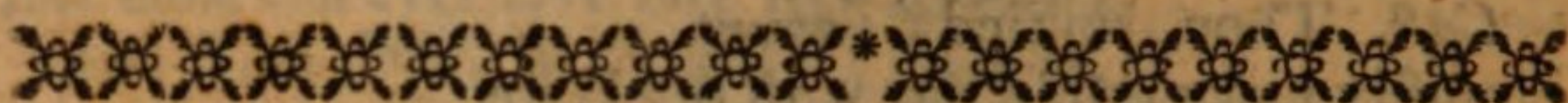
Thus with my Love. Farewel. I now am—nothing.

[*Dies.*

Cham. Take care of good *Acasto*, whilst I go
To search the Means by which the Fates have plagu'd us.
'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain;
It may afflict, but Man must not complain.

Exeunt Omnes.

EPI-



EPILOGUE.

YOU'VE seen one Orphan ruin'd here; and I
May be the next, If old Acasto die:
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find
Who 'tis would to the Fatherless be kind.
To whose Protection might I safely go?
Is there among you no Good-nature? No.
What shall I do? Should I the Godly seek,
And go a conventicling twice a Week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane Pollution,
Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution;
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
Or shall I, (as I guess the Poet may
Within these three Days) fairly run away?
No; to some City-Lodgings I'll retire;
Seem very Grave, and Privacy desire;
Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
Fled to escape a cruel Guardian's Hands:
Which may produce a Story worth the telling
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.

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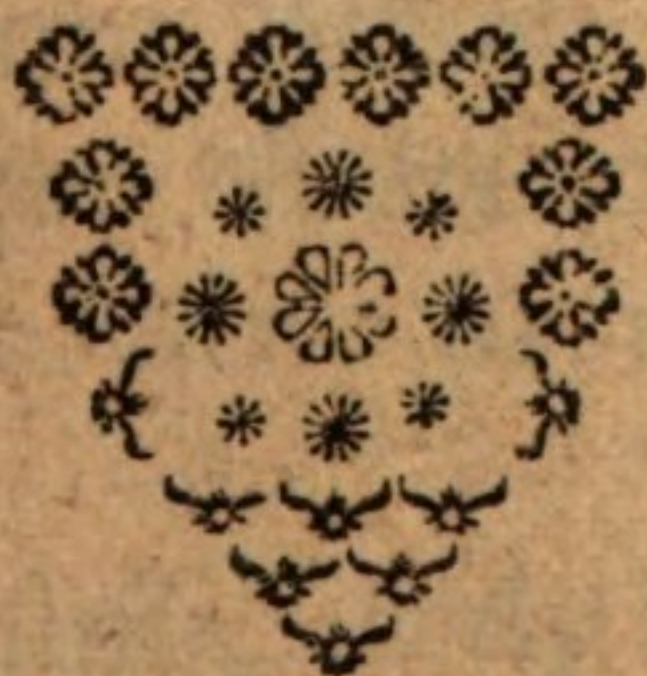


Dupuis sculp.

PHÆDRA
AND
HIPPOLITUS,
A
TRAGEDY.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH, of Christ-
Church, Oxford.

The FOURTH EDITION.



LONDON, Printed for
Mess. CROWDER, LOWNDS, CASLON, and KEARSLEY.
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To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S,

Lord H A L L I F A X.

MY LORD,

AS soon as it was made known that your Lordship was not displeased with this PLAY, my friends began to value themselves upon the interest they had taken in its success; I was touch'd with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the immortality of my work.

And I had sufficiently shewn this vanity in inscribing this PLAY to your Lordship, did I only consider you as one to whom so many admirable pieces, to whom the praises of Italy, and the best Latin poem since the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryswick, are

Epistle Dedicatory.

consecrated. But it had been intolerable presumption to have address'd it to you, my Lord, who are the nicest judge of poetry, were you not also the greatest encourager of it; to you who excel all the present age as a poet, did you not surpass all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muses were most encouraged, the best writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greatest men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of poets, whereas your Lordship's will fill those of the historians.

For what transactions can they write of which have not been managed by some who were recommended by your Lordship? It is by your Lordship's means, that the universities have been real nurseries for the state; that the courts abroad are charm'd by the wit and learning, as well as the sagacity of our ministers; that Germany, Switzerland, Muscovy, and even Turkey itself begins to relish the politeness of the English; that the poets at home adorn that
court,

Epistle Dedicatory.

court, which they formerly used only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predecessor Homer, and with an equipage he could not bestow, even on the heroes he designed to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, shews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgement no less than your generosity; you have distinguished between those who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleasure only, and those that were fit for the service of your country; you made the one easy, and the other useful: You have left the one no occasion to wish for any preferment, and you have obliged the publick by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may seem odd that I should dwell on the topick of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious family from which you are sprung, and yet of the great merit which was necessary to set you on a level with it, and to raise you to that house of peers, which was already filled with your relations;

Epistle Dedicatory.

tions ; when I ought to consider the brightness of your wit in private conversation, and the solidity of your eloquence in public debates ; when I ought to admire in you the politeness of a courtier, and the sincerity of a friend ; the openness of behaviour which charms all who address themselves to you, and yet that hidden reserve which is necessary for those great affairs in which you are concerned.

To pass over all these great qualities, my Lord, and insist only on your generosity, looks as if I solicited it for myself ; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your Lordship's great judgment in the choice of those you advance ; so that all at present my ambition aspires to is, that your Lordship would be pleased to pardon this presumption, and permit me to profess myself, with the most profound respect,

Your LORDSHIP's most humble,

and most obedient servant,

EDM. SMITH.

T H E
P R O L O G U E,

By Mr. A D D I S O N.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

*L*ONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combate in trills, and in a feuge expire;
While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarlatti yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play:
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

T H E
E P I L O G U E,

By Mr. P R I O R.

Spoken by Mrs. O L D F I E L D.

*L*ADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before :
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Eu—ripides makes Phædra speak ;
And comes to town to let us moderns know
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play,
Egad, we know all that as well as they :
Shew us the youthful handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career ;
Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames :
Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast,
And ev'ry dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs ;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play ;
Something, at last, in justice, should be said,
But this Hippolitus so fills one's head——
Well ! Phædra liv'd as chaste as she cou'd,
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood ;

Her

The EPILOGUE.

*Her aukward love, indeed, was oddly fated,
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood in statu quo:
There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude:
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest;
The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone, impatient for her dear.*

*But if these gay reflections come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate,
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care;
My spotless flames to your protection take,
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

THESEUS, king of Crete, Mr. *Betterton*.

HIPPOLITUS, his son, in love with }
Ismena, Mr. *Booth*.

LYCON, minister of state, Mr. *Keen*.

CRATANDER, captain of the guards, Mr. *Corey*.

W O M E N.

PHÆDRA, Theseus's queen, in love }
with Hippolitus, Mrs. *Barrey*.

ISMENA, a captive princess, in love }
with Hippolitus, Mrs. *Oldfield*.

Guards, Attendants.

PHÆDRA



PHÆDRA
AND
HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

Lycon.

✻✻✻✻ I S strange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
✻✻✻✻ 'T Should still continue resolute in grief,
✻✻✻✻ And obstinately wretched :
✻✻✻✻ That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
✻✻✻✻ Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

Crat. Is there not cause, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her husband call'd to war ?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate ?

Lyc. The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence : oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes and languish o'er her beauties,
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing ; whilst dejected Theseus,
With mournful loving eyes pursu'd her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

Crat.

Crat. Ha! this is hatred,
This is aversion, horror, detestation:
Why did the queen, who might have cull'd mankind,
Why did she give her person and her throne
To one she loath'd?

Lyc. Perhaps she thought it just
That he should wear the crown his valour sav'd.

Crat. Could she not glut his hopes with wealth and
honour,

Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen and widow;
Why did she wed old Theseus? while his son,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth
And equal beauty might have fill'd her arms.

Lyc. Hippolitus (in distant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's son)
'Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete:
And sure the queen could wish him still unknown:
She loaths, detests him, flies his hated presence,
And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

Crat. Well may she hate the prince she needs must fear;
He may dispute the crown with Phædra's son.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and lov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very sports are war.

Lyc. Oh! he's all hero, scorns th' inglorious ease
Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,
To wield the sword, and launch the pointed spear;
To tame the gen'rous horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion;
To join the struggling coursers to his chariot,
To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, or stop, or stretch along the plain.
Now the queen's sick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.---I fear Hippolitus. [*Exit Crat.*]
Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A senseless hero, fit to be a tool
To those whose godlike souls are turn'd for empire.
An open honest fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,

He

He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What still attending on the queen, Ismena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas slain?
And all his wretched race, by conqu'ring Theseus?
And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra?
And still repay such cruelty with love?

Ism. Let them be cruel that delight in mischief:
I'm of a softer mould; poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the rising sun has chear'd the world,
Since she renew'd her strength with due refreshment;
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes:
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

Ism. But now her grief has wrought her into phrenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for musick, light, and air.
Nor air, nor light, nor musick, calm her pains;
Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigor not her own.

Lyc. Then life is on the wing; then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

Ism. My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd; the Pythian goddess
Is dumb and sullen, 'till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets

Burst

4 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tortur'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods, how pale, how weak!

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Phæd. Stay, virgins, stay; I'll rest my weary steps:
My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flashing light; my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight. Support me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

Lyc. Afford her ease, kind Heav'n!

Phæd. Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head?
Why all this labour'd elegance of dress?
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings?
Take, snatch 'em hence. Alas! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
All, all conspire to make your queen unhappy.

Ism. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous darkness
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you fought.

Phæd. Oh, my Lycon!

Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender flow'ry beds and springing grass,
To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.

Lyc. I'll soothe her phrenzy. Come, Phædra, let's away;
Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid streams.

Phæd. Come, let's away; and thou most bright Diana,
Goddeß of woods, immortal, chaste Diana,
Goddeß presiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty ring,
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory;
See how they mount and shake the flowing reins,
See from the goal the fiery coursers bound,
Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the vale;
How the car rattles, how its kindling wheels
Smoak in the whirl! the circling sand ascends,
And in the noble dust the chariot's lost.

Lyc. What, madam!

Phæd. Ah, my Lycon! ah, what said I?
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy?
My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
And on my face unbidden blushes glow.

Lyc. Blush then, but blush for your destructive silence,
That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! should you die (ye pow'rs forbid her death)
Who then would shield from wrongs your helpless orphan?
Oh! he might wander, Phædra's son might wander,
A naked suppliant thro' the world for aid;
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.

Phæd. O Heav'ns!

Lyc. Ha, Phædra, are you touch'd at this?

Phæd. Unhappy wretch! what name was that you spoke?

Lyc. And does his name provoke your just resentments?
Then let it raise your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd him;
Think how you drove him hence a wand'ring exile
To distant climes; then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan.
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits;
Feed with new oil the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your life.

Phæd. Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.

Lyc. Guilty! what guilt? has blood, has horrid murder
Imbru'd your hands?

Phæd. Alas! my hands are guiltless,
But oh! my heart's defil'd.
I've said too much; forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die to save the black confession.

Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.
Will you not tell? O lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal I've shew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

Phæd.

6 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Phæd. What shall I say, malicious cruel pow'rs ?
O where shall I begin ? O cruel Venus !
How fatal love has been to all our race !

Lyc. Forget it, madam ; let it die in silence.

Phæd. O Ariadne ! O unhappy sister !

Lyc. Cease to record your sister's grief and shame.

Phæd. And since the cruel god of love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

Lyc. Do you then love ?

Phæd. Alas ! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame of impious love.

Lyc. Forbid it, Heaven !

Phæd. Do not upbraid me, Lycon :
I love.—Alas ! I shudder at the name ;
My blood runs backward, and my fault'ring tongue
Sticks at the sound—I love.—O righteous Heav'n !
Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt ?
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your sharpest tortures,
Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine.—I'll think no more ;
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes.
Come, let's away ; hark, the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntsmens cries rend the wide heav'ns.
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding stag ;
Come, chase the lion and the foamy boar ;
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me.

Lyc. Hippolitus !

Phæd. Who's he that names Hippolitus ?
Ah ! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd.
Oh ! give me poison, swords, I'll not live, nor bear it ;
I'll stop my breath.

Ism. I'm lost, but what's that loss ?
Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me :
Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,
Should he be false, I would not wish him ill ;
With my last parting breath I'd bless my lord :
Then in some lonely desert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death shall never reach him,
Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys. [*Aside.*
Lyc.

Lyc. Think still the secret in your royal breast,
For by the awful majesty of Jove,
By the all-seeing sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods we swear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives we'll keep the fatal secret.

Ism. &c. We swear, all swear to keep it ever secret.

Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The tale, the whisper of the babbling vulgar:
Oh! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,
That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes
Of one who knows my black detested crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her son?

Lyc. Unhappy queen! august, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?

Phæd. His love indeed; for that unhappy hour
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of Theseus
My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight!
The god of love, ev'n the whole god, possess me.

Lyc. At once, at first possess you!

Phæd. Yes, at first.

That fatal ev'ning we pursu'd the chace,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous boar rusht forth: his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me:
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well-aim'd jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks,
Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hippolitus!
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,

His

8 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

His crimson cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely sparkling eyes shot martial fires.
O godlike form ! O extasy and transport !
My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
Alas ! I'm pleas'd ; the horrid story charms me.---
No more---That night with fear and love I sicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits ;
Then would he talk with such an heav'nly grace,
Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
'Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love.
And shall I drag an execrable life ?

And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure vengeance ?

Lyc. No ; labour, strive, subdue that guilt, and live.

Phæd. Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing pow'rs ?
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid ?
Burn clouds of incense on your loaded altars ?
Oh ! I call'd heav'n and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue :
I struggled, rav'd ; the new-born passion reign'd.
Almighty in its birth.

Lyc. Did you e'er try
To gain his love ?

Phæd. Avert such crimes, ye pow'rs !
No ; to avoid his love I sought his hatred :
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete ;
I sent him, drove him from my longing sight :
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n were by my erring tongue
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into love.

Phæd. No ; did his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.

Yes,

Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

Lyc. Perhaps that lord, that husband is no more;
He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.

Phæd. Alas! that shocks me.
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss.
Yet stay; his sight will melt my just resolves:
But oh! I beg with my last fallying breath,
Cherish my babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know: Your royal husband's dead.

Phæd. Dead! O ye pow'rs!

Lyc. O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn, ye
Cretans;

Since he is dead whose valour fav'd your isle,
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your tow'ring Ida,
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say how he dy'd.

Mess. He dy'd as Theseus ought,
In battle dy'd: Philotas, now a prisoner,
That rushing on fought next his royal person,
That saw his thund'ring arm beat squadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall.
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud Barbarian glitt'ring in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil.

Phæd. Is he then dead?
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead?
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn?

What!

What! not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint?
 Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
 From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
 But savage love, the tyrant of my heart,
 Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

Lyc. Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy:
 He's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead;
 Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
 And take the youthful hero to your arms.

Phæd. I dare not now admit of such a thought,
 And bless'd be Heav'n that steel'd my stubborn heart;
 That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
 And give him empire, but refuse him love.

Lyc. Then may his happier son be blest with both;
 Then rouse your soul, and muster all your charms,
 Soothe his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
 And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

Phæd. But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love!
 O should he throw me from his loathing arms!
 I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
 Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
 When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
 Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
 And bears the mounds along; they're hurry'd on,
 And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
 I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live,
 And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

Lyc. Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
 What's most expedient for your royal service.

Phæd. Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra.
 And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
 That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy pow'r;
 O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes,
 On this cold Scythian let thy pow'r be known,
 And in a lover's cause assert thy own:
 Then Crete as Paphos shall adore thy shrine;
 This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall shine,
 And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.

[Exit Phæd. &c.]

Lycon

Lycon solus.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.----
Say I confine him!---If she dies he's safe;
And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd with ease I'll work to vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
That when her reason hates, her rage may act.

When barks glide slowly thro' the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driv'n by winds they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ships obey. [Exit.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

Enter Phædra, Lycon, and Ismena. [Enter Mess.

Mess. **M**ADAM, the prince Hippolitus attends.
Phæd. Admit him. Where, where, Phædra's
now thy soul?

What---Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
Let this insulting victor know his pow'r?
Or shall I still confine within my breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?
But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.---
He rushes on me like a blaze of light;
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe.

[Swoons.

Enter

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal Gods!

What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence?

What have I done to shake her shrinking nature

With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

Lyc. Alas! another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

Lyc. But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

Hip. Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus honour!
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thund'ring Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

Phæd. Hippolitus.

Hip. Yes, 'tis that wretch, who begs you to dismiss
This hated object from your eyes for ever.
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

Phæd. Oh, Hippolitus!

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you;
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul!
Oh, could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

Hip. My hate to Phædra!

Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

Phæd. Why your queen and mother?
More humble ties would suit my lost condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,

And

And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

Hip. Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heav'n's dart your judgment on this faithless head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

Phaed. A father's love!
Oh, doubtful sounds! oh, vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul.
Death! he's not dead: he lives, he breathes, he speaks;
He lives in you, he's present to my eyes;
I see him, speak to him.—My heart! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

Hip. Oh, glorious folly!
See, Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

Phaed. Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him.
Forfake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus;
(But not that hoary venerable Theseus)
But Theseus, as he was when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when ev'ry grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the son;
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

Hip. Ha! amazement strikes me:
Where will this end?

Lyc. Is't difficult to guess?
Does not her flying paleness, that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now succeeds a momentary lustre)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you?

Hip. What do I hear? what, does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confess'd? All-seeing fun!
Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head;
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,

14 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

Phæd. Alas, my lord! believe me not so vile.
No; by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much-lov'd lord Arsamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.

No; for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves, less cruel than his Phædra.

Hip. If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd
Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

Phæd. Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my ven-
geance;

You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage
With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
'To do a deed my reason would abhor.

Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes;
To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
As when convulsions cleave the lab'ring earth,
Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;
He's safe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that sees its opening bosom dies.

[*Exit*]

Hip. Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[*Ismena shows herself, listening.*]

Lyc. Alas, my lord!

You must not leave the queen to her despair.

Hip. Must not! from thee? from that vile upstart Lycon!

Lyc. Yes; from that Lycon who derives his greatness
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal signet,
And in her faithful slave obey the queen.

[*Enter guards.*]

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful distance,

With

With that respect, it may not seem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

Hip. So, confinement is
The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son.
Am I confin'd? and is't so soon forgot,
When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your streets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd shrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smoak'd on the earth, when the red sky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful lustre):
Then, then my father flew to your assistance;
Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and honours.
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's son?

Lyc. Take not an easy short confinement ill,
Which your own safety and the queen's requires.
But fear not ought from one that joys to serve you.

Hip. Oh, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee;
Nor will I hear of services from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falsehood
Smiles in thy looks, and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In ev'ry cringing bow and fawning smile.
Why else d'ye whisper out your dark suspicions?
Why with malignant elogies encrease
The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?
Why thro' the troubled streets of frighted Gnosus
Do bucklers, helms, and polish'd armour blaze?
Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war,
Whilst still the foe's unknown?

Lyc. Then quit thy arts;
Put off the statesman, and resume the judge. [*Aside.*
Thou, Proteus, shift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the god.—That foe's too near.

[*To Hip.*

The queen's disease, and your aspiring mind,
Disturb all Crete, and give a loose to war.

Hip. Gods! dares he speak thus to a monarch's son?
And must this earth-born slave command in Crete?
Was it for this my godlike father fought?
Did Theseus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,

See there your king, the successor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

Lyc. You may as well provoke
That Jove you worship, as this slave you scorn.
Go seize Almæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treason.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls;
For know on me depends thy instant doom.
Then learn, proud prince, to bend thy haughty soul,
And, if thou think'st of life, obey the queen.

Hip. Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom,
Whate'er's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life.

[*Ex. Lyc. and Crat.*

Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lyon
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But when he struggles in th' entangling toils,
Insult the dying prey.-----'Tis kindly done, Ismena,

[*Ism. enters.*

With all your charms to visit my distress;
Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.
Is it then giv'n me to behold thy beauties!
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?
What's fame or greatness? take 'em, take 'em, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Enclose me thus for ever.

Ism. O Hippelitus!

Oh, I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord:
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain,
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your godlike soul a wretched maid:
Take to your arms (assist me, Heav'n! to speak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee?

What! part, for ever part? unkind Ismena!
Oh! can you think that death is half so dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?

Say,

Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,
Say, couldst thou bear it? could thy tender soul
Endure the torment of despairing love,
And see me settled in a rival's arms?

Ism. Think not of me: Perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena
With all her charms o'er-rule your sullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.

Hip. Speak: if I can, I'm ready to obey.

Ism. Give the queen hopes.

Hip. No more--my soul disdains it.
No; should I try, my haughty soul would swell,
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
Oh, should I stoop to cringe, to lie, forswear?
Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

Ism. Oh, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heav'n knows I value much above my own.
What! not yet mov'd? are you resolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the pow'rs
This steel shall end my fears and life together.

Hip. You sha'n't be trusted with a life so precious.
No; to the court I'll publish your design:
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.

Ism. Phædra! come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra:
I'll tell her all the secrets of our love;
Give to her rage her close destructive rival:
Her rival sure will fall; her love may save you.
Come, see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

Hip. What's your design? ye pow'rs! what means my
love?

Ism. She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one she can't preserve.

Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once-lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

Hip. Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you;
Give up my fame, and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.

Ism. Say what occasion, chance, or Heav'n inspires;
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.
Bless him, ye pow'rs! and if it be a crime, [Exit Hip.
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.

He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
That pants, and struggles with the whirling waves,
And catches ev'ry slender reed to save him.

Cho. But should he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, should he wed her?

Ism. Should he wed the queen?
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

Cho. Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?

Ism. Can I then live? can I, who lov'd so well
To part with all my bliss to save my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
Oh, 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a reverse is this! perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? is this thy boasted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honest, and that one deceives me. [Aside,
Ismena here!—

'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love;
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endearments:

She

She doats, she dies ; and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

Ism. Does he then wed the queen ?

Lyc. At least I think so.

I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd,
Pale with my doubts : he spoke ; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires ; he blushing bow'd,
She, trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own.
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bad me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewel, Ismena. [*Exit*

Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

Cho. Stay and learn more.

Ism. Ah ! wherefore should I stay ?

What ! shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him ?
To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms ?
For could you think that open gen'rous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman ?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling ?
Ah ! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his tongue,
And all his soul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him ;
Perhaps ---- alas ! how many things might charm him !

Cho. Wait the success : it is not yet decided.

Ism. Not yet decided ! did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd ?
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes ?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear false things that charm'd the poor Ismena.
He comes ; be still, my heart ; the tyrant comes,
Charming tho' false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? why flow your swelling eyes?
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus.

Ism. My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success.
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

Hip. Your death! my love! my marriage! and to
Phædra!
Hear me, Ismena.

Ism. No, I dare not hear you.
But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness tow'rd's you;
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.

Hip. Die to save me! could I outlive Ismena?

Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find ev'ry blooming pleasure!
Oh, may the gods show'r blessings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
Mayst thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy ease forget the lost Ismena!
Farewel, Hippolitus.

Hip. Ismena, stay,
Stay, hear me speak; or by th' infernal powers
I'll not survive the minute you depart.

Ism. What would you say? ah! don't deceive my
weakness.

Hip. Deceive thee! why, Ismena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion?
Oh, by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the queen.

Ism.

Ism. Speak on, my lord,
My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

Hip. Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of
love;

The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
With eager hope and unsuspecting faith.
Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards;
My gen'rous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.

Ism. Art thou then true? thou art. Oh, pardon me!
Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
For still that fear, that jealousy was love.
Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight:
And when you're absent, when your godlike form
Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends,
(For sure those friends shall have my tenderest wishes);
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, but still speak on.

Hip. Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme;
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odors of thy fragrant bosom.
Come then, to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come, haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight; an hundred lusty rowers
Have wav'd their sinewy arms, and call Hippolitus;
The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.

Ism. Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee!
Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

Hip. But not from my Ismena.
Why do you force me from your heav'nly sight,
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

Ism. Oh, I could rave for ever at my fate!
 And with alternate love and fear possess'd,
 Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to my breast,
 And tremble till you go, but die till you return,
 Nay, I could go. Ye gods, if I should go,
 What would fame say? if I should fly alone
 With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul?

Hip. Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
 To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
 To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you.
 Oh! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
 By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
 By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
 Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

Ism. Hide me, ye pow'rs! I never shall resist.

Hip. Will you refuse me? can I leave behind me
 All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes?
 Will you not go? then here I'll wait my doom.
 Come, raving Phædra; bloody Lycon, come!
 I offer to your rage this worthless life,
 Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.

Ism. Oh! haste away, my lord, I go, I fly
 'Thro' all the dangers of the boist'rous deep.
 When the wind whistles thro' the crackling masts,
 When thro' the yawning ship the foaming sea
 Rows bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
 And in transporting love forget my fear.
 Oh! I will wander thro' the Scythian gloom,
 O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow;
 There when the horrid darkness shall enclose us,
 When the bleak wind shall chill my shiv'ring limbs,
 Thou shalt alone supply the distant sun,
 And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

Hip. Come, let's away, and like another Jason
 I'll bear my beauteous conquest thro' the seas:
 A greater treasure, and a nobler prize
 Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
 Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
 Securely roam; no more my early horn
 Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
 Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.

Sc

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms ;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung :
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds ;
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

The End of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. **H**Eav'n is at last appeas'd : the pitying gods
Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native isle ; for Phædra lives,
Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, she lives :
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy bloom, as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its smiling face with gaudy flow'rs.
But see she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter Phædra.

How her eyes sparkle ! how their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the sun !
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
And give the pains you suffer'd : nay, Hippolitus,
The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus,
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore.—

Phæd. 'Tis flatt'ry all.

Yet when you name the prince, that flatt'ry's pleasing ;

24 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
 The fertile province of Cydonia's thine:
 Is there aught else? has happy Phædra aught
 In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
 Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse.
 Let spacious Crete thro' all her hundred cities
 Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoke,
 And richest gums, and spice, and incense roll
 Their fragrant wreaths to Heav'n, to pitying Heav'n,
 Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
 Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
 Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness
 And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
 Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
 And glow with gen'rous wine.----Let sorrow cease,
 Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy.
 But now he comes, and with an equal passion
 Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the prince?

Mess. He's no where to be found.

Phæd. Perhaps he hunts.

Mess. He hunted not to-day.

Phæd. Ha! have you search'd the walks, the courts,
 the temples?

Mess. Search'd all in vain.

Phæd. Did he not hunt to-day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not:

My heart misgives me.

Lyc. So indeed doth mine.

Phæd. Could he deceive me? could that godlike
 youth

Design the ruin of a queen that loves him?

Oh! he's all truth, his words, his looks, his eyes,

Open to view his inmost thoughts.----He comes.

Ha! who art thou? whence com'st thou? where's Hip-
 politus?

Mess. Madam, Hippolitus with fair Ismena
 Drove tow'rd the port.-----

Phæd.

Phæd. With fair Ismena!

Curst be her cruel beauty, curst her charms,
Curst all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.
That heav'nly virgin, that exalted goodness,
Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monstrous suff'rings,
While her base malice plotted my destruction.

Lyc. A thousand reasons crowd upon my soul,
'That evidence their love.

Phæd. Yes, yes, they love;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst of glory,
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine?

Lyc. Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted cunning?
Dull, thoughtless wretch!

Phæd. O pains unfelt before!
The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this ---- Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how did their first passion rise?
Where did they breathe their sighs? what shady groves,
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Prest down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears,
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

Lyc. Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majestic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
Then haste, send forth your ministers of vengeance,
To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful presence.

Phæd. O rightly thought——Dispatch th' attending
guards;
Bid them bring forth their instruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,

And

And hurl swift vengeance on the perjur'd slave.
 Where am I, Gods? what is't my rage commands?
 Ev'n now he's gone; ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
 With sounding strokes divide the sparkling waves,
 And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
 Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
 Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
 Now they expose my weakness and my crimes;
 Now to the sporting croud they tell my follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd,
 I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena;
 I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

Phæd. Haste, bring him in.

Lyc. Be quick and seize Ismena.

Enter Hippolitus.

Phæd. Couldst thou deceive me? could a son of Theseus

Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?
 Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
 From promis'd love?

Hip. My soul disdain'd a promise.

Phæd. But yet your false equivocating tongue,
 Your looks, your eyes, your ev'ry motion promis'd.
 But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
 Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
 As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.
 Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
 From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth;
 Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

Hip. Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own:
 I still have strove to make my glorious father
 Blush, yet rejoice to see himself outdone;
 To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
 As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.

Phæd. The godlike Theseus never was thy parent.
 No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
 Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,

Begot

Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! an Amazon and chaste!
That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed;
In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

Enter Messenger, and seems to talk earnestly with Lycon.

Hip. No; she refus'd the vows of godlike Theseus,
And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge strokes resound; its frightened waves
Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
While she alone supported all his war;
Nor till she sunk beneath his thund'ring arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honest wish'd-for love.

Phæd. Not so her son;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's person and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
Between your fires; in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing earth.

Hip. In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er:
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future off-spring,
Atone for slaughter past.

Phæd. Your future off-spring!
Heav'ns! what a medly's this? what dark confusion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation!
What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take the off-spring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And be upbraided with his grandfire's fate.
Oh, barb'rous youth!

Lyc. Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps e'en now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rd the palace,

And

And rend the city with tumultuous clamours !
 Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,
 And give the crown to him and his Ismena :
 But I'll prevent it.

[*Exit.*]

Ismena brought in.

Phæd. What ! the kind Ismena,
 That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness ! oh, she watch'd me,
 As rav'nous vultures watch the dying lion,
 To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
 Hark, hark, my little infant cries for justice !
 Oh ! be appeas'd, my babe, thou shalt have justice.
 Now all the spirits of my godlike race
 Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.
 Arsamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging Sun,
 Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
 Oh ! you shall have it ; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it ;
 Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
 Gods of revenge, arise.——He comes, he comes ;
 And shoots himself thro' all my kindling blood.
 I have it here.——Now, base perfidious wretch,
 Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
 Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
 Ismena dies ; and thou her pitying lover
 Doom'd her to death.——Thou too shalt see her bleed,
 See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans :
 Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
 And laugh at dying Phædra.

Hip. Oh, Ismena !

Ism. Alas ! my tender soul would shrink at death,
 Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,
 In any cause but this.——But now I'm steel'd,
 And the near danger lessens to my fight.
 Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
 And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
 Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
 And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields ;
 And there enquire of each descending ghost
 Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour :
 That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
 Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heav'n more happy.

Hip.

Hip. O heav'nly virgin! [*Aside.*] O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, oh! spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you;
Think how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sickness!
How ev'ry rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

Ism. Oh! by those pow'rs to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults; by that bright arch of Heav'n
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by ev'ry female art,
Wrought his disdainful soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud;
'Twas woman all.

Phæd. I see 'twas woman all:
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me:
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the gods so pleas'd, had bounteous Heav'n
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I giv'n my life with joy to save him.

Hip. And can you doom her death? can Minos'
daughter
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you Phædra? once the boast of fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

Phæd. Am I that Phædra? no; another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjust? then, why was Phædra
Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to compliance,
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon

Confin'd

Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death?

Phæd. Confin'd and doom'd to death!——O cruel
Lycon!

Could I have doom'd thy death? could these sad eyes,
That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?

Yet thou couldst see me die without concern,
Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.

Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
And all the raging monsters of the deep?

Oh! think you see me on the naked shore;

Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd hair;

Break from th' embraces of my shrieking maids,

And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom;

Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

Hip. O dismal state! my bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tender'st pity.

Phæd. If you can pity, oh! refuse not love;

But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,

And nursery of gods. A hundred cities

Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crouds

Struggle for passage thro' the spacious streets;

Where thousand ships o'ershade the less'ning main,

And tire the lab'ring wind. The suppliant nations

Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails

Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone

The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.

For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors

From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their leader, not their prince;

And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians

Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conqu'ring Theseus;

That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke

From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;

That willing nations may obey your laws,

And your bright ancestor, the sun, may shine

On nought but Phædra's empire.

Phæd. Why not thine?

Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,

As to refuse my crown?——O cruel youth!

By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul,

By

By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me,
O ease, at least once more delude, my sorrows.
For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
For you but now I gave my soul to death;
For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife;
With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,
And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion.
Careless of danger, and of wasting toil,
Of pinching hunger, and impatient thirst,
I'll find all joys in thee.

Hip. Why stoops the queen
To ask, intreat, to supplicate, and pray,
To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,
To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
To be your slave, not lord?

Phæd. And is that all?
Gods! does he deign to force an artful groan?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
O Heav'n! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness?
Hence, lazy, mean, ignoble passions fly;
Hence from my soul——'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heav'n inspires my thoughts with righteous ven-
geance.

Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
No more Ismena shall upbraid my weakness.

[*Catches Hip. sword to stab herself.*
Now, all ye kindred gods, look down and see
How I'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter Lycon, and snatches away the sword.

Lyc. Horror on horror! Theseus is return'd.

Phæd. Theseus! then what have I to do with life?
May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.

Now

Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
 My fame, my virtue, nay, my phrenzy's fled :
 Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
 If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move ;
 On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
 Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.

Runs off.

Lyc. This may do service yet.

[Exit Lycon, carries off the sword.]

Hip. Is he return'd ? thanks to the pitying gods !
 Shall I again behold his awful eyes ?
 Again be folded in his loving arms ?
 Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra ;
 I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
 Oh ! should her raging passion reach his ears,
 His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
 To burning rage ; as soft Cydonian oil,
 Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,
 Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.
 But oh, ye pow'rs ! I see his godlike form.
 O extasy of joy ! he comes, he comes.
 Is it my lord ? my father ? oh ! 'tis he :
 I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces ;
 See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter Theseus, with others.

Where have you been, my lord ? what angry demon
 Hid you from Crete ? from me ? what god has sav'd you ?
 Did not Philotas see you fall ? oh, answer me ;
 And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

Thes. No ; but to save my life I feign'd my death ;
 My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
 And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
 Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds ;
 Procur'd a vessel, and, to bless me more,
 Accompanied my flight——

But this at leisure. Let me now indulge
 A father's fondness ; let me snatch thee thus,
 Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I

[Embraces Hippolitus.]
 When

When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla;
And much she lov'd me. Oh, did Phædra view me
With half that fondness!—But she's still unkind,
Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life,
And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,
Let us to Phædra.

Hip. Pardon me, my lord.

Thef. Forget her former treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.

Hip. Oh! let me fly from Crete,—from you, [*Aside.*]
and Phædra.

Thef. My son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

Hip. Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown;
To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me Theseus' son.

Thef. What can this coldness mean?—Retire, my son,
[*Exit Hippolitus.*]

While I attend the queen.—What shock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, 'till now unknown?
Where's now the joy, the extasy, and transport,
That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
Oh, had I never lov'd her, I'd been blest.

Sorrow and joy in love alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the lab'ring swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T

A C T IV.

Enter Lycon solus.

Lyc. **T**HIS may gain time 'till all my wealth's embark'd,
 To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
 And shake that empire which I can't possess.
 But then the queen---she dies---why let her die;
 Let wide destruction seize on all together,
 So Lycon live——A safe triumphant exile,
 Great in disgrace, and envied in his fall.
 The queen! then try thy art and work her passions.

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
 Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

Phæd. Off, let me loose; why, cruel barb'rous maids,
 Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge,
 That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
 Why must I drag th' insufferable load
 Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
 O length of pain! am I so often dying,
 And yet not dead? feel I so oft death's pangs,
 Nor once can find its ease?

Lyc. Would you now die?
 Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
 Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name;
 Ages to come, the universe shall learn
 The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
 And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
 The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
 Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
 Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults,
 Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

Phæd. Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
 And only live to curse the name of Phædra?
 O dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
 Only a sad inheritance of woe?

Gods!

Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
O lost estate! when life's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease?—Assist me, Lycon;
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams when damm'd forget their ancient current,
And wand'ring o'er their banks in other channels flow;
So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
So turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:
Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

Phæd. Impossible! what, woo him with these eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd---but not for Theseus?
This tongue, so us'd to sound another name?
What, take him to my arms? O awful Juno!
Touch, love, caress him, while my wand'ring fancy
On other objects strays? a lewd adultress
In the chaste bed? and in the father's arms,
(O horrid thought! O execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms, embrace the son?

Lyc. Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

Phæd. Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou'rt not betray'd.
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee;
Thy pious love and most endearing goodness
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
O wretched Phædra! O ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!

Lyc. I needs must fear them,
Spite of their vows, their oaths, their imprecations.

Phæd. Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn,
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: The hallow'd shrine

That

That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood,
 The youth, the very author of my crimes,
 Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
 The fatal eloquence that charm'd my soul
 Shall lavish all its art to my destruction.

Lyc. Oh, he will tell it all——Destruction seize him.
 With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
 And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;
 False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
 And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave;
 Then Theseus——How will indignation swell
 His mighty heart? how his majestic frame
 Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent?
 How he'll expose you to the public scorn,
 And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horror?
 Then the fierce Scythian——now methinks I see
 His fiery eyes with sullen pleasures glow,
 Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
 I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
 Point out with scorn the once-proud tyrant Phædra.

Phæd. Curst be his name! may infamy attend him!
 May swift destruction fall upon his head,
 Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores.

Lyc. By Heav'n, prophetic truth inspires your tongue:
 He shall endure the shame he means to give;
 And all the torments which he heaps on you,
 With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.

Phæd. Is't possible? O Lycon! O my refuge!
 O good old man! thou oracle of wisdom!
 Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

Lyc. Accuse him first.

Phæd. O Heav'ns! accuse the guiltless?

Lyc. Then be accus'd; let Theseus know your crime;
 Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
 Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
 Shake off this idle lethargy of pity;
 With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
 Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance;
 Be yours the fruit, security, and ease,
 The guilt, the danger, and the labour mine.

Phæd. Heav'ns! Theseus comes.

Enter

Enter Theseus.

Lyc. Declare your last resolves.

Phæd. Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[Exit Phæd.]

Lyc. Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quash 'em with despair;
Work his tumultuous passions into phrenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

Thes. Was that my queen, my wife, my idol Phædra?
Does she still shun me? Oh, injurious Heav'n!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

Lyc. Her hatred! no; she loves you with such fondness
As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal:
Yet so the gods have doom'd, so Heav'n will have it,
She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus more.

Thes. Not see her! By my suff'rings but I will,
Tho' troops embattled should oppose my passage,
And ready death should guard the fatal way.
Not see her! oh! I'll clasp her in these arms,
Break thro' the idle bands that yet have held me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

Lyc. Is this a time for joy, when Phædra's grief——

Thes. Is this a time for grief? is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?

Not this I hop'd, when urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then, to my thoughts, relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms to welcome my return;
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.

Oh! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet-untasted joys;
New pleasures fill'd my mind; all dangers, pains.
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.
And does she now avoid my eager love?
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred?

Invent new pains? detest, loath, shun my sight?
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?

Lyc. Oh, think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and wat'ry eyes to Heav'n,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.

Thef. Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner.
Oh, I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

Lyc. Does Theseus burn with such unheard-of passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him?
And with an equal ardor meet his vows?
The vows of one so dear! O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such tort'ring pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry Heav'n
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief and humble shame,
Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs.

Thef. Wrongs! is she wrong'd? and lives he yet who
wrong'd her?

Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish revenge.

Thef. Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haste, declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.

Lyc.

Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her wrongs are mighty.
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

Thes. End her! end Theseus first, and all mankind;
But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch.

Lyc. Oh, noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when, in the midst of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She groaning still invok'd, still call'd on Theseus.

Thes. Did she then name me? did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
Oh! that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this stay? I come, I fly, O Phædra!
Lead on. ——— Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou'rt known, what luxury of vengeance ———
Haste, lead, conduct me.

Lyc. Oh! I beg you stay.

Thes. What, stay when Phædra calls?

Lyc. Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;
As you respect your peace, your life, your glory;
As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;
By all your love, by all her sorrows, stay.

Thes. Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?

Lyc. Your sudden presence would surprize her soul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;
And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

Thes. My son! ——— But he's too good, too brave to
wrong her. ———

Whence then that shocking change, that strong surprize,
That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phædra?

Lyc. Was he surpriz'd? that shew'd at least remorse.

Thes. Remorse! for what? by Heav'ns, my troubled
thoughts

Prefage some dire attempts. ——— Say, what remorse?

Lyc. I would not — yet I must: This you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her fault'ring tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus;

'Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
 And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,
 Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.
 At last, with looks serenely sad, she cried,
 Go tell it all; but in such artful words,
 Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,
 As may appease his rage, and move his pity;
 As may incline him to forgive his son
 A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

Thes. Of love! what strange suspicions rack my soul!
 As you regard my peace, declare what love?

Lyc. So urg'd, I must declare. Yet, pitying Heav'n!
 Why must I speak? why must unwilling Lycon
 Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra?

Thes. Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

Lyc. Yes; at the moment first he view'd her eyes,
 Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
 His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
 And from that time he press'd her with his passion.

Thes. Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from Crete;
 I thought it hatred all. O righteous hatred!
 Forgive me, Heav'n, forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
 That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
 Oh! 'twas all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
 Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

Lyc. What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
 Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
 Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
 And post to ruin.----Go, believing fool,
 Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
 Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aside.*

Thes. Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 'tis malice.
 Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
 Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

Lyc. Am I then doubted? and can faithful Lycon
 Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
 Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
 Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!
 Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra?
 Is this her hop'd-for aid? Go, wretched matron,
 Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying Heav'n's

With

With thy vain sorrows ; since relentless Theseus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear thee.

Thes. Not hear my Phædra ! not revenge her wrongs !
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom's as fixt,
As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
And fate his voice obeys.

Lyc. Bear witness, Heav'n !
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force as well as incest.

Thes. Gods ; 'tis illusion all ! Is this the sword
By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell ?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour ?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy gen'rous promise. Oh, most injur'd Phædra !
Why did I trust to his deceitful form ?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth ?

Lyc. Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevell'd hair,
That weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and rising to the wound !
Oh ! had you seen her, when th' affrighted youth
Retir'd at your approach ; had you then seen her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,
Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom ;
Had you seen this, you could not doubt her truth.

Thes. Oh, impious monster ! oh, forgive me, Phædra !
And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul
With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.

Lyc. For Phædra's sake forbear to talk of vengeance ;
That with new pains would wound her tender breast.
Send him away from Crete, and by his absence
Give Phædra quiet, and afford him mercy.

Thes. Mercy ! for what ? oh ! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.—O most barb'rous traitor !
To wrong such beauty, and insult such goodness.
Mercy ! what's that ? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praise the weakness which supports their crime.

Be mute, and fly, lest when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.

Lyc. Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou dost,
More than I do the justice thou'rt so fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon. [*Ex.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Thes. Yet can it be?—Is this th' incestuous villain?
How great his presence, how erect his look,
How ev'ry grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
O Neptune! O great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, nor regret the son?

Hip. May I presume to ask, what secret care
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus they us'd to cheer?

Thes. Answer me first. When call'd to wait on Phædra,
What sudden fear surpriz'd your troubled soul?
Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks?
Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
To shun the queen your duty bids you please?

Hip. My lord, to please the queen I'm forc'd to shun her,
And keep this hated object from her sight.

Thes. Say, what's the cause of her invet'rate hatred?

Hip. My lord, as yet I never gave her cause.

Thes. O were it so! [*Aside.*] When last did you attend
her?

Hip. When last attend her!--O unhappy queen!
Your error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [*Aside.*
When last attend her?

Thes. Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

Hip.

Hip. My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.

Thes. What past?

Hip. I ask'd permission to retire.

Thes. And was that all?

Hip. My lord, I humbly beg,
With the most low submissions, ask no more.

Thes. Yet you don't answer with your low submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd, and lost for ever. [*Aside.*

Thes. He changes, gods! and falters at the question.
His fears, his words, his looks, declare him guilty. [*Aside.*

Hip. Why do you frown, my lord? why turn away?
As from some loathsome monster, not your son?

Thes. Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

Hip. Where am I, gods? is that my father Theseus?
Am I awake? am I Hippolitus?

Thes. Thou art that fiend.---Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art.---O fall! O fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee?
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just.
Sometimes it led me thro' the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction.
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you-----

Hip. With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt thro' bloody fields the chace of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods, how that warm'd me! how my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you should strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confess your son!
How did I think my glorious toil o'erpaid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,

With more than conquest crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus.
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practice the strictest and austereft virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theseus, thy father Theseus will reward thee.

Thes. Reward thee!-----Yes; as Minos would reward thee.

Was Minos then thy pattern? and did Minos,
The great, the good, the just, the righteous Minos,
The judge of Hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inspire adultery, force, and incest?

Ismena appears.

Ism. Ha! what's this?

[*Aside.*

Hip. Amazement! incest!

Thes. Incest with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

Hip. This charge so unexpected, so amazing,
So new, so strange, impossible to thought,
Stuns my astonish'd soul, and ties my voice.

Thes. Then let this wake thee, this once-glorious sword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpose. O abandon'd slave!
O early villain! most detested coward!
With this my instrument of youthful glory!
With this!-----O noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour!
Phædra, my life, my better half, my queen!
'That very Phædra, for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword.

Hip. Amazement! death!

Heav'ns! durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of Theseus
Against his queen, against my mother's bosom?

Thes. If not, declare when, where, and how you lost it?
How Phædra gain'd it?---O all ye gods! he's silent.
Why was it bar'd? whose bosom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
'Thy hand, heart, eyes? O villain! monstrous villain!

Hip. Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?

None

None, none, ye pow'rs! and must I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture?
Theseus, my father. No, I'll break thro' all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
I give 'em to the winds. Hear me, my lord;
Hear your wrong'd son. 'The sword—O fatal vow!
Ensnaring oaths, and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
To bind thyself in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
Beneath disgrace tho' infamous, yet honest.
Yet hear me, father: May the righteous gods
Show'r all their curses on this wretched head;
Oh, may they doom me——

Thes. Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The sword, the sword!—Now swear, and call to witness
Heav'n, Hell, and earth, I mark it not from one
That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

Hip. Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt, when thus serene,
With eyes erect, and visage unappall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge,
Amaz'd, not fearing? Say, if I am guilty;
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the down-cast haggard eyes,
Or fixt on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

Thes. This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous stamp (O Heav'ns!) of faultless virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
O harden'd fiend! can't such transcending crimes
Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow?
What, no remorse! no qualms! no pricking pangs!
No feeble struggle of rebelling honour!
Oh! 'twas thy joy, thy secret hoard of bliss,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

46 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Hip. Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heav'n,
Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

Thes. Guilty indeed.

Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And such a father (O immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory!
When thou shouldst rend the skies with clam'rous grief,
Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid lust t'insult my yet-warm urn;
Make me the scorn of Hell, and sport for fiends!
These are the fun'ral honours paid to Theseus,
These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
To which you'd call your father's hov'ring spirit.

Enter Ismena.

Ism. Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:

[*Turning to Theseus.*

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

Thes. Tho' thou'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Tho' ev'n thy beauty's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

Ism. Thus I thank you.

[*Kneels.*

Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles subdu'd his struggling heart;
For long his duty struggled with his love.

Thes. Speak, is this true? on thy obedience, speak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous truth; I own,
Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

Thes. Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
And justified by crimes? What, love my foe!
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reeks on my avenging sword!
I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate.

Haste

Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
 Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
 As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding Minos
 The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
 Tell it the chatt'ring ghosts, and hissing furies,
 Tell it the grinning fiends, till Hell found nothing
 To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Ismena.

Enter Cratander.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty sword,
 Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
 And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
 Take him away, and execute my orders.

Hip. Heav'ns! how that strikes me! how it wounds my
 soul

To think of your unutterable sorrows
 When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless!
 Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
 When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
 Oh, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
 With my last words (my words will then prevail)
 Oh, for my sake forbear to touch your life,
 Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
 Let all my virtues, all my joys survive
 Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
 The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
 Oh, let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
 Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

Thes. Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
 O blooming hypocrite! O young dissembler!
 Well hast thou shewn the care thou tak'st of Theseus.
 O all ye gods! how this enflames my fury.
 I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
 Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd Theseus,
 Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
 Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, Ismena.

Ism. Oh! take me with him, let me share his fate.
 O awful Theseus! yet revoke his doom.
 See, see the very ministers of death,
 Tho' bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

Thes. Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

Ism. Oh, tear me, cut me, till my fever'd limbs Grow to my lord, and share the pains he suffers.

Thes. Villains, away.

Ism. O Theseus! hear me, hear me.

Thes. Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch. Off, woman.

Ism. Stay, oh, stay! I'll tell you all.

[*Exit* Theseus.]

Already gone.—Tell it, ye conscious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred tongues.
O hapless youth! all Heav'n conspires against you.
The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret;
Th' untainted winds refuse th' infecting load;
And Fame itself is mute. Nay, ev'n Ismena,
Thy own Ismena's sworn to thy destruction.

But still, whate'er the cruel gods design,
In the same fate our equal stars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lyc. ACCUSE yourself! On my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
Heav'ns! will you stand the dreaded rage of Theseus?
And brand your fame, and work your own destruction?

Phæd. By thee I'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
Nor scape the ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc.

Lyc. Was it not your command? has faithful Lycon
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's consent?

Phæd. Plead'st thou consent to what thou first inspir'dst?
Was that consent? O senseless politician!
When adverse passions struggled in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul.
Yet this consent you plead, O faithless Lycon!
Oh, only zealous for the fame of Phædra!

With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what's my phrenzy shall be call'd my crime.
What then is thine? thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wise fore-thinking, weighing politician!

Lyc. Oh! 'twas so black, my frightened tongue recoil'd
At its own sound, and horror shook my soul.
Yet still, tho' pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
I broke thro' all, to save the life of Phædra.

Phæd. What's life? O all ye gods! can life atone
For all the monstrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live, when thou, O soul of honour!
O early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd?
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies.—O perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature fallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form,
His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams;
Now in short gasps his lab'ring spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring tongue,
And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear,
With his last breath he curses perjur'd Phædra;
He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos:
Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee
Whole Hell shall be employ'd, and suff'ring Phædra
Shall find some ease, to see thee still more wretched.

Lyc. O all ye pow'rs! O Phædra! hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,

By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
 By these old wither'd limbs, and hoary hairs,
 By all my tears—O Heav'ns! she minds me not;
 She hears not my complaints. O wretched Lycon!
 To what art thou reserv'd?

Phæd. Reserv'd to all
 The sharpest, slowest pains that earth can furnish,
 To all I wish——O Phædra——Guards, secure him.

Lycon carried off.

Ha, Theseus!—Gods! my freezing blood congeals,
 And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Dost thou at last repent? O lovely Phædra!
 At last with equal ardor meet my vows?
 O dear-bought blessing!—Yet I'll not complain,
 Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,
 And only heightens joy.—Then haste, my charmer,
 Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
 With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
 And in a moment love the age we've lost.

Phæd. Stand off; approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
 Far as the distant skies or deepest centre.

Thes. Amazement! death! Ye gods who guide the world,
 What can this mean? So fierce a detestation,
 So strong abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite tormentor!
 Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
 With eager raptures, and tumultuous transports?
 Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliss.
 Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
 And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
 And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
 Was it for this you rous'd my drowsy soul
 From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?
 And dost thou only shew those beauteous eyes
 To wake despair, and blast me with their beams?

Phæd. Oh, were that all to which the gods have doom'd
 me!

But

But angry Heav'n has laid in store for Theseus
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,
That the black image shocks my frightened soul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

Thes. Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings. Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy sight; thus gazing on those eyes
I can support the utmost spite of fate,
And stand the rage of Heav'n.---Approach, my fair.

Phæd. Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight.
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

Thes. Forget the villain; drive him from your soul.

Phæd. Can I forget, or drive him from my soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

Thes. And mine and all. O most abandon'd villain!
O lasting scandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime so foul as incest.

Phæd. Incest! Oh, name it not!
The very mention shakes my inmost soul;
The gods are startled in their peaceful mansions;
And nature sickens at the shocking sound.
Thou brutal wretch! thou execrable monster!
To break thro' all the laws that early flow
From untaught reason, and distinguish man;
Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
Mother and son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy soul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one so great, so good as Theseus!

Thes. To injure one so great, so good as Phædra.
O Slave! to wrong such purity as thine;
Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

Phæd. Virtue! all-seeing gods, ye know my virtue.
Must I support all this? O righteous Heav'n!
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have born,
Pointed his satire's stings, and edg'd his rage:
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,

Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
And Hell itself's relief.

Thes. What's Hell to thee?

What crimes couldst thou commit? or what reproaches
Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear?
Oh! thou'rt the chafest matron of thy sex,
The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.
Our latest annals shall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each skilful artist shall express thy form
In animated gold. The threat'ning sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;
Such heav'nly beauty on thy face shall bloom
As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;
But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,
As still shall make the monster more detested.
Where-e'er you pass, the crowded way shall sound
With joyful cries, and endless acclamations.
And when aspiring bards in daring strains
Shall raise some heav'nly matron to the pow'rs,
They'll say, She's great, she's true, she's chaste as Phædra.

Phæd. This might have been.---But now, O cruel stars!
Now, as I pass, the crowded way shall sound
With hissing scorn, and murmur'ing detestation.
The latest annals shall record my shame;
And when th' avenging muse with pointed rage
Would sink some impious woman down to Hell,
She'll say, She's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra.

Thes. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead. I saw Cratander
Give him a sword; I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast.

With

With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamor follow'd;
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

Phæd. Is he then dead?

Thef. Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command.
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

Phæd. Then thou'rt renown'd indeed.—O happy
Theseus!

Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together,
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

Thef. Wretched! for what? for what the world must
praise me;
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death.

Phæd. Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike fire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

Thef. What can this mean? declare, ambiguous Phædra,
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubted speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vex'd by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

Phæd. Canst thou not guess?
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Couldst thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the darling youth to acts of honour?
Couldst thou not find it in the gen'rous truth
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Couldst thou not perceive it in the chaste reserve,
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Couldst thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

Thef. Guiltless! O all ye gods! what can this mean?

Phæd.

Phæd. Mean ! that the guilt is mine, that virtuous
Phædra,

The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son.
And when denied, with impious accusation
Sullied the lustre of his shining honour ;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I tried in vain to shake.

Thes. Is he then guiltless ?
Guiltless ! then what art thou ? and oh, just Heav'n !
What a detested parricide is Theseus ?

Phæd. What am I ? what indeed, but one more black
Than earth or Hell e'er bore ! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder, to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon,
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me !

Thes. Lycon !-----Here, guards.-----O most abandon'd
villain !

Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter Guards.

Gua. Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure ?

Thes. Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon ?
Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon ?
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon ?
Where, wretched Theseus ! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my soul and eyes.
O beauteous fiend ! But trust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair ; your manly beauties
Charm'd ev'ry heart (O Heav'ns !) to your destruction ;
You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you died. O impious Phædra !
Incestuous fury ! execrable murd'ers !
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in Hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
Ev'n endless torture, which thou shalt not suffer ?

Phæd. And is there aught on earth I would not suffer ?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,

Thou

Thou needst not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: t' avenge thy fate
I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures,
And Phædra's suff'rings should atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thes. Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.

Lyc. O mercy, mercy!

Thes. Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve;
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.

Lyc. Oh! chain me; whip me; let me be the scorn
Of fordid rabbles, and insulting crowds:
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

Phæd. Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

Thes. O abject villain!--Yet it gives me joy
To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou'lt howl thy fearful soul away!
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport. Haste, hence, away
with him,

Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish;
Let him be rack'd and gasht, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monster, fixt on high,
Grin o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? and art thou now pleas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus?

O ungorg'd appetite! O rav'nous thirst
Of a son's blood! what, not a day, a moment?

Phæd. A day, a moment! oh, thou shouldst have staid
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch the life of that consummate youth.

Thes.

Thes. And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
Boasted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring hands to mine;
When her last breath now quiv'ring at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son,
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! descends
An early victim to the lazy shades,
(O Heav'n and earth!) by Theseus doom'd, descends.

Phæd. He's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my phrenzy,
And die for thee my headlong rage destroy'd.
Thee I pursue (O great ill-fated youth!)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires;
Thee thro' the dismal waste of gloomy death,
Thee thro' the glimm'ring dawn, and purer day,
Thro' all th' Elysian plains——O righteous Minos!
Elysian plains! There he and his Ismena
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off shall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackest ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurst than they.

Thes. I too must go;
I too must once more see the burning shore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will release me now.

Phæd. Then why this stay? come on, let's plunge together.

See, Hell sets wide its adamantine gates;
See, thro' the sable gates the black Cocytus
In smoaky circles rows its fiery waves;
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, or loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy world resound.
How huge Mægara stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!

Now

Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos :
 See how the awful judges of the dead
 Look stedfast hate, and horrible dismay !
 See, Minos turns away his loathing eyes ;
 Rage choaks his struggling words ; the fatal urn
 Drops from his trembling hand. O all ye gods !
 What, Lycon here ? O execrable villain !
 Then am I still on earth ? By Hell I am,
 A fury now, a scourge preserv'd for Lycon.
 See, the just beings offer to my vengeance
 That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge ;
 Thanks, Heav'n, 'tis here. I'll steal it to his heart.

[Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.]

Gua. Heav'ns ! 'tis your lord.

Phæd. My lord ! O equal Heav'n !

Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
 And falling life go off in parricide ?
 Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus fure of death
[Stabs herself.]

Compleat thy horrors----And if this suffice not,
 Thou, Minos, do the rest.

Thes. At length she's quiet ;
 And now earth bears not such a wretch as Theseus.
 Yet I'll obey Hippolitus, and live :
 Then to the wars ; and as the Corybantines,
 With clashing shields and braying trumpets, drown'd
 The cries of infant Jove, I'll stifle conscience,
 And nature's murmurs, in the din of arms.
 But what are arms to me ? is he not dead
 For whom I fought ? for whom my hoary age
 Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle ?
 How then to drag a wretched life beneath
 An endless round of still-returning woes,
 And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse ?
 What torment's this ?---Therefore, O greatly thought !
 Therefore do justice on thyself, and live ;
 Live above all most infinitely wretched.
 Ismena too-----Nay then, avenging Heav'n

Ismena

Ismena enters.

Has vented all its rage.——O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my godlike son,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

Ism. Ruin'd! O all ye powers! O awful Theseus!
Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd him?
O speak! the fear distracts me.

Thes. Gods! can I speak?
Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?
O lovely maid! couldst thou admit of comfort,
Thou shouldst for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
For thee alone my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease,
Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son;
For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race.
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath the easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

Ism. Must I then reign, nay, must I live without him?
Not so, O godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena:
You, for her sake, refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease,
And thus I find it. *[Offers to stab herself.]*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom.
O Heav'n and earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! she'd fall a victim?

Was it for me she'd die? O heav'nly virgin!
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

Ism. Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead? is this Elysium?
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus. Art well?
Art thou not wounded?

Thes. O unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?
Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
My sword, into thy breast?

Hip. I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king.
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

Thes. Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Ismena's arms.
Go, heav'nly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

Ism. O killing joy!

Hip. O extasy of bliss!
Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, O pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my suff'rings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've borne?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.

Thes. Deep was her anguish; for the wrongs she did you
She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all.
Oh! had not passion sully'd her renown,

None

None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre!
 So glorious liv'd, or so lamented died.
 Her faults were only faults of raging love,
 Her virtues all her own.

Ism. Unhappy Phædra!

Was there no other way, ye pitying pow'rs,
 No other way to crown Ismena's love?
 Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
 And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
 Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

Thes. O tender maid! forbear with ill-tim'd grief,
 To damp our blessings, and incense the gods;
 But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
 For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
 That Heav'n, whose mercy rescu'd erring Theseus
 From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
 Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world:
 With equal poize let steady justice sway,
 And flagrant crimes with certain vengeance pay,
 But till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

Hip. The righteous gods, that innocence require,
 Protect the goodness which themselves inspire;
 Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
 Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

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